













IRISH LITERATURE

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A GLANCE AT IRELAND'S HISTORY.

WE shall arrive at a better appreciation of Irish literature, if we know something of Irish history, for history is one expression of life, as literature is another. The first step, and the easiest and quickest way of getting a general idea of the history of a country is to acquaint one's self with the lives of the great men and women who have figured in it;—develop centers of interest along the line of biography, and the setting of the rest is easy. This the reader will have ample opportunity to do in the pages of 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

It is impossible in the brief space at our command to do more than rapidly sketch the outline of Irish history, pointing out as we go on some of the great figures who have helped to make it, the study of whose lives is absolutely necessary if one would understand the relation in which the history and the literature of the country stand to each other.

How or when Ireland was first peopled we have no means of knowing. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the earlier history of the country, which had been preserved by a special class in order to keep the genealogical records of the ruling families and the memories of their deeds, was fitted with a chronology and synchronized with the annals of historic nations. These ethnic legends of Ireland no doubt contained the main facts as to the early peopling of the country, though there must be much confusion and lack of proportion as to both the relative and the absolute time. These Irish legends record the invasion of six successive races: the Parthalonians, the Nemedians, the Fomorians, the Firbolgs, the Dedannans, and the Milesians. These names are given in the supposed order in which the invasions took place, but the dates usually assigned to them are purely mythical, and the directions from which the invaders came are not exactly known. The country of Ireland was referred to by various pagan writers before Christ, but little is known with certainty of its inhabitants until the fourth century after Christ, when they began to invade Roman Britain.

It is a little curious that the Roman invasion never became permanent in Ireland. There are no place-names in Ireland embalming a history of Roman civilization, as do those of Chester, Leicester, Manchester, etc., in England. There seems to be little doubt that Christianity and the use of letters were introduced by St. Patrick into Ireland, about A.D. 450, although until St. Columba, or Columkille, came, one hundred years later, their influence was not very widely felt. From that time onward, while the hordes of the North were sweeping over Europe and breaking the power of Rome, Ireland, being off the beaten track, in what may be called a remote corner of Europe, became the seat of Western learning, and for nearly four hundred years was known as the Island of Saints and Scholars. Monasteries and places of learning sprang up all over the country, and learned men from Ireland were welcomed with distinguished honors at every court and seat of learning in Europe.

With the ninth century came, however, the first invasion of the Danes, and for two hundred years the arts of learning and of peace were banished from Ireland. Had the people been able to present a united front to the foe, however, there is no doubt that the invasion could have been speedily repelled. Unfortunately, the country was governed by a number of petty chiefs headed by an over-king. They were constantly at war with each other, and therefore became easy prey to the Danes, until there arose in the eleventh century the ever famous Brian Boromhe—the conqueror. He succeeded in uniting the numberless factions and in driving the invaders back to their own coasts. Next to St. Patrick, Brian Boromhe stands out as the most colossal and striking figure in Irish history. Much that is legendary has grown up around his memory and his deeds, but enough of fact is known to make his life and character as well worth study as that of King Alfred or of George Washington.

At his death division and anarchy again set in, and lasted for one hundred and fifty years. Profiting by this condition, Henry II. of England, at about the end of the twelfth century, determined to conquer Ireland. For the next six and a half centuries the history of Ireland is a long, black catalogue of wars of conquest and obstinate



resistance; of confiscation and plunder, of tyranny and injustices, nay, even of extermination itself. It will, of course, be impossible within the limits of this article to enumerate the events of that dark and bloody period, or to give the names of the long list of martyrs who perished for their country.

In the reign of Edward III. the use of the Irish language was forbidden, the ancient laws abolished, and intermarriages of English and Irish declared criminal.

The infamous Poynings Act of 1495 still further muzzled the Irish people.

Till the time of Henry VIII. the tyranny was directed to the whole race of native Irish, and with the coming of the Reformation this was intensified a thousand-fold. Henry suppressed the monasteries and cut off the tribute to the papal see; there was a gleam of hope for the Irish Catholics in Mary's reign, but Elizabeth imposed Protestant clergy on the Irish and confiscated the ecclesiastical property. The suppression of the rebellion of Hugh O'Neill, which broke out in her reign, led to the whole country being parcelled out among English colonists. The untrustworthy Charles I. promised reforms, and took money from Ireland in payment for them, but never carried them out.

Under the stern Cromwell the condition of the Irish became worse than ever. A rebellion had broken out in the reign of Charles I.—the rising of 1641, which made forever famous the names of Sir Phelim O'Neill, Roger O'More, Conor M'Guire, O'Farrell, Clanricarde, Owen Roe O'Neill, and Red Hugh O'Donnell—which continued after his death, and Cromwell with the greatest cruelty reduced the island to nominal submission in nine months, but the native chiefs remained in the country undisturbed.

In the reigns of Charles II. and James II. there was some prospect of amelioration, but even under the latter, Ireland was again turned into a theater of war. And there are few more brilliant pages in history than the record of the siege of Derry, the battle of the Boyne, the defense of Limerick, and the battles of Athlone and Aughrim, while the names of McCarthy More, and Patrick Sarsfield are forever held in honor by a grateful people for their brave deeds.

The treaty of Limerick, which followed these events, was signed in 1691 and the stone on which it was signed is still to be seen beside Thomond Bridge in that city. The infamous ignoring of this treaty by the conqueror was a violation of plighted honor which has done more than any one event to keep alive Irish hatred and distrust of England.

The Penal Laws of 1695-97 imposed still further disabilities upon the people, and the history of the next hundred years contains little beyond the enforcement of these laws and the consequent rebellions against them. With the American war of independence and the French Revolution came more liberal ideas, and there was some slight attempt at relief by the repeal of Poynings' Act and the securing of the legislative independence of the Irish Parliament. The names of the famous patriot orators, Burke, Grattan, and Flood, stand out in the annals of this century. But it took another hundred years of revolt and uprising, another hundred years of English opposition and coercion, before the Irish people secured the liberties they to-day enjoy.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century patriotic societies were formed, which resulted in the rebellion of 1798—in connection with which the names of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, John and Henry Sheares, loom large. This rebellion was suppressed in 1800, and in 1801 Ireland was tricked out of its Parliament and cheated into union with Great Britain.

But the Union was no sooner accomplished than the undaunted Irishmen set about its undoing. The name of Robert Emmet will for ever be remembered as the first to wage active war against the Union. He planned an uprising in Dublin which failed, and he was hanged in that city in 1803. The great Daniel O'Connell, who won a measure of Catholic emancipation early in the nineteenth century, began to agitate for the repeal of the Union, and the movement grew until, in 1844, the leaders, including, besides O'Connell, Thomas Steele, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, John Gray, Richard Barrett, T. M. Ray, and two clergymen, were prosecuted and imprisoned.

This great movement led to the founding of *The Nation* newspaper and the outbreak of a flood of patriotic poetry

from all classes of people, the like of which can scarcely be found in the history of any other nation—it awakened the intellect of Ireland from slumber and set literary impulses at work, the results of which are felt at the present day.

In the year 1845 a terrible calamity befell the Irish people, in the failure of the potato crop, and it is calculated that in the course of a few years Ireland lost five millions of its people by famine, fever, and emigration.

No sooner had the Repeal agitation failed than the “Young Ireland” party was formed with similar objects, led by Thomas Davis, Smith O’Brien, Meagher, Mitchel, Martin, Duffy, MacManus, and others. The society was, however, broken up, its leaders were prosecuted, and the Fenian Brotherhood arose, having for its object the separation of Ireland from England. This organization was, in its turn, destroyed by the British Government. It is on record, however, that Mr. Gladstone said: “The intensity of Fenianism was one of the causes that led to the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869 and the passing of the Irish Land Act in 1870.” The Home Rule Association under the leadership of Mr. Isaac Butt was formed immediately on the collapse of the Fenian Brotherhood. Later on came the Irish National Land League, with Michael Davitt as leader, which the Government attempted to break up by imprisoning fourteen of its members, including Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, Biggar, Sexton, and T. D. Sullivan. Indeed at one time or another nearly all the Irish members were imprisoned. The Land League was ultimately suppressed, but the National League, with Mr. C. S. Parnell as its leader, raised its head immediately afterward.

And now at length the attention of the British Government was forced to a consideration of the claims which the Irish people in and out of Parliament had been so persistently making on behalf of their country. In 1886 Mr. Gladstone brought forward a measure for giving Ireland a Parliament of her own, accompanied by a land purchase scheme. This was rejected, and a second Home Rule Bill was brought forward in 1893, only to share the same fate. In 1898 a great step was made by the passing of the Local Government Act. Various other measures of relief affecting education and ownership of land have been

passed by the British Government since then, but much remains yet to be done in this and in other directions.

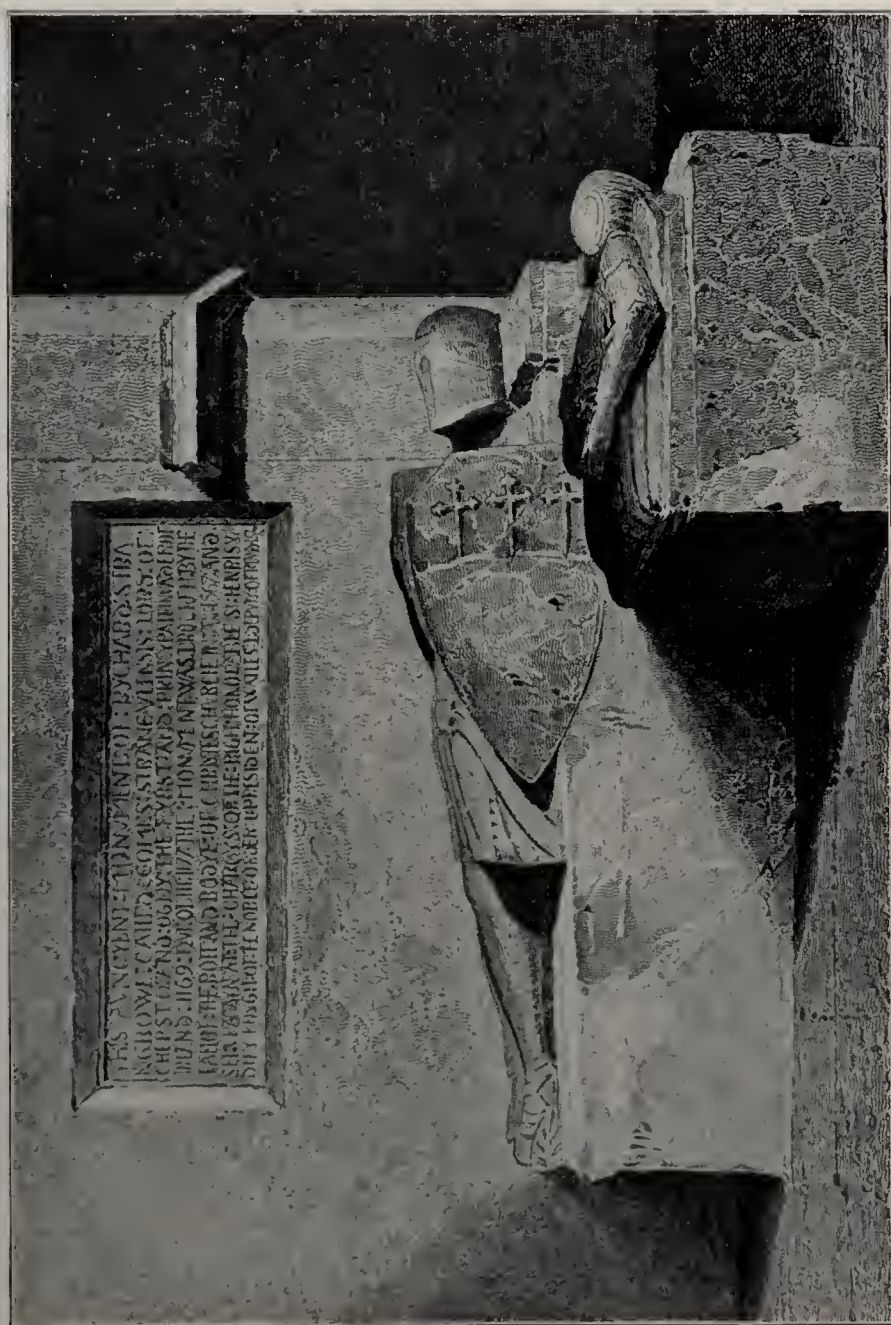
The remarkable movements in art and letters in Ireland at the close of the nineteenth and the opening of the twentieth centuries, need not be referred to here, as they are dealt with in other departments in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

Thos: Welsh

STRONGBOWS' MONUMENT IN CHRIST
CHURCH CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN

From the drawing by George Petrie, R.H.A.

THIS: AVN CYENT: MONVMENT: OF:
STRANGBOWS: CALLED: COMLS: STRANG-
VLENIS: LORD: OF: CHEPSTO: AND: OGNV:
THE: FIRST: AND: PRINCIPAL: INVADER:
OF: IRELAND: 1169: QVI: OBIT. 1177: THE:
MONVMENT: WAS: BROKEN: BY: THE: FALL:
OF: THE: ROFF: AND: BODYE: OF: CHRIS-
TES: CHVRCHE: IN: AN: 1562: AND:
SET: VP: AGAYNE: AT: THE: CHARGYS:
OF: THE: RIGHT: HONORABLE: SR: HENI-
RI: SYDNEY: KNIGHT: OF: THE: MOST:
NOBLE: ORDER: L: PRESIDENT: WAILES
DEPUTY: OF: IRELAND: 1570.



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This portrayal of the saint is from a Latin copy of the Gospels now in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. It is sometimes called the "Great Gospels of Columba," but is better known as the "Book of Kells" of which St. Columba was patron. The book was written about 660 A.D., and was a treasured possession of the monastery, except for a short time in 1006 A.D., when it was stolen, until it came into the possession of the Bishop Usher. During the wars of Cromwell, the book was confiscated and carried to England, coming later into the hands of Charles II., by whom it was given to its present custodian. The manuscript is a fine example of the Irish school of illuminating, showing the characteristic style of treating the human and animal form.

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 CALLED: COMES: STRANGVLENIS: LORD: OF: CHEP-
 STO: AND: OGNV: THE: FIRST: AND: PRINCIPAL:
 INVADER: OF: IRELAND: 1169: QVI: OBIT: 1177:
 THE: MONUMENT: WAS: BROKEN: BY: THE: FALL:
 OF: THE: ROFF: AND: BODYE: OF: CHRISTES:
 CHVRCHE: IN: AN: 1562: AND: SET: VP: AGAYNE:
 AT: THE: CHARGYS: OF: THE: RIGHT: HONORABLE:
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STREET SONGS AND BALLADS AND ANONYMOUS VERSE.

(Continued.)

[This section is arranged alphabetically according to titles, beginning on page 3271 of Volume VIII., with 'The Boyne Water,' and ending on page 3322 of Volume IX., with 'Willy Reilly.']

THE MAID OF CLOGHROE.¹

As I roved out, at Faha, one morning,
Where Adrum's tall groves were in view—
When Sol's lucid beams were adorning,
And the meadows were spangled with dew—
Reflecting, in deep contemplation,
On the state of my country kept low,
I perceived a fair juvenile female
On the side of the hill of Cloghroe.

Her form resembled fair Venus,
That amorous Cyprian queen;
She's the charming young sapling of Erin,
As she gracefully trips on the green;
She's tall, and her form it is graceful,
Her features are killing also;
She's a charming, accomplished young maiden,
This beautiful dame of Cloghroe.

Fair Juno, Minerva, or Helen,
Could not vie with this juvenile dame;
Hibernian swains are bewailing,
And anxious to know her dear name.
She's tender, she's tall, and she's stately,
Her complexion much whiter than snow;
She outrivals all maidens completely,
This lovely young maid of Cloghroe.

¹ *Air*—' *Cailin deas cruithi-na-mbo*,' 'The Pretty Girl Milking the Cow.'

At Coachfort, at Dripsey, and Blarney
 This lovely young maid is admired;
 The bucks, at the Lakes of Killarney,
 With the fame of her beauty are fired.
 Her image, I think, is before me,
 And present wherever I go;
 Sweet, charming young maid, I adore thee,
 Thou beautiful nymph of Cloghroe.

Now aid me, ye country grammarians!
 Your learned assistance I claim,
 To know the bright name of this fair one—
 This charming young damsel of fame.
 Two mutes and a liquid united,
 Ingeniously placed in a row,
 Spell part of the name of this phoenix,
 This beautiful maid of Cloghroe.

A diphthong and three semivowels
 Will give us this cynosure's name—
 This charming Hibernian beauty,
 This lovely, this virtuous young dame.
 Had Jupiter heard of this fair one,
 He 'd descend from Olympus, I know,
 To solicit this juvenile phoenix—
 This beautiful maid of Cloghroe.

MOLLY MULDOON.¹

Molly Muldoon was an Irish girl,
 And as fine a one
 As you 'd look upon
 In the cot of a peasant or hall of an earl.
 Her teeth were white, though not of pearl,
 And dark was her hair, though it did not curl;
 Yet few who gazed on her teeth and her hair,
 But owned that a power o' beauty was there.
 Now many a hearty and rattling *gorsoon*,
 Whose fancy had charmed his heart into tune,
 Would dare to approach fair Molly Muldoon,
 But for *that* in her eye
 Which made most of them shy
 And look quite ashamed, though they couldn't tell why—

¹ This poem was written about 1850, and its authorship has always been a mystery. It has been ascribed to Fitzjames O'Brien.

Her eyes were large, dark blue, and clear,
 And heart and mind seemed in them blended.
 If *intellect* sent you one look severe,
Love instantly leapt in the next to mend it.
 Hers was the eye to check the rude,
 And hers the eye to stir emotion,
 To keep the sense and soul subdued,
 And calm desire into devotion.

There was Jemmy O'Hare,
 As fine a boy as you 'd see in a fair,
 And wherever Molly was he was there.
 His face was round and his build was square,
 And he sported as rare
 And tight a pair
 Of legs to be sure, as are found anywhere.
 And Jemmy would wear
 His *caubeen* and hair
 With such a peculiar and rollicking air,
 That I 'd venture to swear
 Not a girl in Kildare,
 Nor Victoria's self, if she chanced to be there,
 Could resist his wild way—called "Devil may care."
 Not a boy in the parish could match him for fun,
 Nor wrestle, nor leap, nor hurl, nor run
 With Jemmy—no *gorsoon* could equal him—none.
 At wake or at wedding, at feast or at fight,
 At throwing the sledge with such dext'rous sleight,—
 He was the envy of men, and the women's delight.

Now Molly Muldoon liked Jemmy O'Hare,
 And in troth Jemmy loved in his heart Miss Muldoon.
 I believe in my conscience a purtier pair
 Never danced in a tent at a patthorn in June,—
 To a bagpipe or fiddle
 On the rough cabin-door
 That is placed in the middle—
 Ye may talk as ye will,
 There 's a grace in the limbs of the peasantry there
 With which people of quality couldn't compare.
 And Molly and Jemmy were counted the two
 That could keep up the longest and go the best through
 All the jigs and the reels
 That have occupied heels
 Since the days of the Murtaghs and Brian Boru.

It was on a long bright sunny day
 They sat on a green knoll side by side,
 But neither just then had much to say;
 Their hearts were so full that they only tried
 To do anything foolish, just to hide
 What both of them felt, but what Molly denied.
 They plucked the speckled daisies that grew
 Close by their arms,—then tore them too;
 And the bright little leaves that they broke from the stalk
 They threw at each other for want of talk;
 While the heart-lit look and the sunny smile,
 Reflected pure souls without art or guile;
 And every time Molly sighed or smiled,
 Jem felt himself grow as soft as a child;
 And he fancied the sky never looked so bright,
 The grass so green, the daisies so white;
 Everything looked so gay in his sight
 That gladly he'd linger to watch them till night—
 And Molly herself thought each little bird,
 Whose warbling notes her calm soul stirred,—
 Sang only his lay but by her to be heard.

An Irish courtship's short and sweet,
 It's sometimes foolish and indiscreet;
 But who is wise when his young heart's heat
 Whips the pulse to a galloping beat—
 Ties up the judgment neck and feet,
 And makes him the slave of a blind conceit?
 Sneer not therefore at the loves of the poor,
 Though their manners be rude, their affections are pure;
 They look not by art, and they love not by rule,
 For their souls are not tempered in fashion's cold school.
 Oh! give me the love that endures no control
 But the delicate instinct that springs from the soul,
 As the mountain stream gushes in freshness and force,
 Yet obedient, wherever it flows, to its source.
 Yes, give me the love that but Nature has taught,
 By rank unallured and by riches unbought;
 Whose very simplicity keeps it secure—
 The love that illuminates the hearts of the poor.

All blushful was Molly, or shy at least,
 As one week before Lent
 Jem procured her consent
 To go the next Sunday and speak to the priest.
 Shrove Tuesday was named for the wedding to be,

And it dawned as bright as they'd wish to see.
 And Jemmy was up at the day's first peep,
 For the livelong night no wink could he sleep.
 A bran-new coat, with a bright big button,
 He took from a chest and carefully put on—
 And brogues as well lamp-black'd as ever went foot on,
 Were greased with the fat of a *quare sort of mutton!*
 Then a tidier *gorsoon* couldn't be seen
 Treading the Emerald Isle so green—
 Light was his step, and bright was his eye,
 As he walked through the *slobbery* streets of Athy.
 And each girl he passed bid "God bless him" and sighed,
 While she wished in her heart that herself was the bride.

Hush! here's the Priest—let not the least
 Whisper be heard till the Father has ceased.
 "Come, bridegroom and bride,
 That the knot may be tied
 Which no power on earth can hereafter divide."
 Up rose the bride and the bridegroom too,
 And a passage was made for them both to walk through;
 And his Riv'rence stood with a sanctified face,
 Which spread its infection around the place.
 The bridegroom blushed and whispered the bride,
 Who felt so confused that she almost cried,
 But at last bore up and walked forward, where
 The Father was standing with solemn air;
 The bridegroom was following after with pride,
 When his *piercing eye something awful espied!*
 He stopped and sighed,
 Looked round and tried
 To tell what he saw, but his tongue denied;
 With a spring and a roar
 He jumped to the door,
 AND THE BRIDE LAID HER EYES ON THE BRIDEGROOM NO MORE!

Some years sped on,
 Yet heard no one
 Of Jemmy O'Hare, or where he had gone.
 But since the night of that widowed feast,
 The strength of poor Molly had ever decreased;
 Till, at length, from earth's sorrow her soul released,
 Fled up to be ranked with the saints at least.
 And the morn'ning poor Molly to live had ceased,
 Just five years after the widowed feast,
 An American letter was brought to the priest,

Telling of Jemmy O'Hare deceased!
 Who, ere his death,
 With his latest breath,
 To a spiritual father unburdened his breast,
 And the cause of his sudden departure confest.—
 "Oh, Father," says he, "I've not long to live,
 So I'll freely confess, and hope you'll forgive—
 That same Molly Muldoon, sure I loved her indeed;
 Ay, as well as the Creed
 That was never forsaken by one of my breed;
 But I couldn't have married her, after I saw—"
 "Saw what?" cried the Father, desirous to hear—
 And the chair that he sat in unconsciously rocking—
 "Not in her *karàcter*, yer Riv'rince, a flaw"—
 The sick man here dropped a significant tear,
 And died as he whispered in the clergyman's ear—
 "But I saw, God forgive her, A HOLE IN HER STOCKING!"

THE MORAL.

Lady readers, love may be
 Fixed in hearts immovably,
 May be strong and may be pure;
 Faith may lean on faith secure,
 Knowing adverse fate's endeavor
 Makes that faith more firm than ever;
 But the purest love and strongest,
 Love that has endured the longest,
 Braving cross, and blight, and trial,
 Fortune's bar or pride's denial,
 Would—no matter what its trust—
 Be uprooted by disgust:—
 Yes, the love that might for years
 Spring in suffering, grow in tears,
 Parents' frigid counsel mocking,
 Might be—where's the use of talking?—
 Upset by a BROKEN STOCKING!

THE NATIVE IRISHMAN.

BY A CONVERTED SAXON.

Before I came across the sea
 To this delightful place,
 I thought the native Irish were
 A funny sort of race;

I thought they bore shillelagh-sprigs,
And that they always said:
"Och hone, acushla, tare-an-ouns,"
"Begorra," and "bedad!"

I thought they sported crownless hats
With dhudeens in the rim;
I thought they wore long trailing coats
And knickerbockers trim;
I thought they went about the place
As tight as they could get;
And that they always had a fight
With every one they met.

I thought their noses all turned up
Just like a crooked pin;
I thought their mouths six inches wide
And always on the grin;
I thought their heads were made of stuff
As hard as any nails;
I half suspected that they were
Possessed of little tails.

.
But when I came unto the land
Of which I heard so much,
I found that the inhabitants
Were not entirely such;
I found their features were not all
Exactly like baboons';
I found that some wore billycocks,
And some had pantaloons.

I found their teeth were quite as small
As Europeans' are,
And that their ears, in point of size,
Were not peculiar.
I even saw a face or two
Which might be handsome called;
And by their very largest feet
I was not much appalled.

I found them sober, now and then;
And even in the street,
It seems they do not have a fight
With every boy they meet.

I even found some honest men
 Among the very poor;
 And I have heard some sentences
 Which did not end with "shure."

It seems that praties in their skins
 Are not their only food,
 And that they have a house or two
 Which is not built of mud.
 In fact, they 're not all brutes or fools,
 And I suspect that when
 They rule themselves they 'll be as good,
 Almost, as Englishmen!

NELL FLAHERTY'S DRAKE.¹

My name it is Nell, quite candid I tell,
 That I live near Coote hill, I will never deny;
 I had a fine drake, the truth for to spake,
 That my grandmother left me and she going to die;
 He was wholesome and sound, he would weigh twenty pound,
 The universe round I would rove for his sake—
 Bad wind to the robber—be he drunk or sober—
 That murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

His neck it was green—most rare to be seen,
 He was fit for a queen of the highest degree;
 His body was white—and would you delight—
 He was plump, fat and heavy, and brisk as a bee.
 The dear little fellow, his legs they were yellow,
 He would fly like a swallow and dive like a hake,
 But some wicked savage, to grease his white cabbage,
 Has murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

May his pig never grunt, may his cat never hunt,
 May a ghost ever haunt him at dead of the night;
 May his hen never lay, may his ass never bray,
 May his goat fly away like an old paper kite.
 That the flies and the fleas may the wretch ever tease,
 And the piercing north breeze make him shiver and shake,
 May a lump of a stick raise bumps fast and thick
 On the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

¹ Many versions of this ballad are to be found in the Irish ballad-slips. They are all corrupt and generally very gross. Note its similarity to O'Kelly's 'Curse of Doneraile.'

May his cradle ne'er rock, may his box have no lock,
May his wife have no frock for to cover her back;
May his cock never crow, may his bellows ne'er blow,
And his pipe and his pot may he evermore lack.
May his duck never quack, may his goose turn black,
And pull down his turf with her long yellow beak;
May the plague grip the scamp, and his villainy stamp
On the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his pipe never smoke, may his teapot be broke,
And to add to the joke, may his kettle ne'er boil;
May he keep to the bed till the hour that he's dead,
May he always be fed on hogwash and boiled oil.
May he swell with the gout, may his grinders fall out,
May he roll, howl and shout with the horrid toothache;
May the temples wear horns, and the toes many corns,
Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his spade never dig, may his sow never pig,
May each hair in his wig be well thrashed with a flail;
May his door have no latch, may his house have no thatch,
May his turkey not hatch, may the rats eat his meal.
May every old fairy, from Cork to Dunleary,
Dip him snug and airy in river or lake,
Where the eel and the trout may feed on the snout
Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his dog yelp and howl with the hunger and could,
May his wife always scold till his brains go astray;
May the curse of each hag that e'er carried a bag
Alight on the vag, till his hair turns gray.
May monkeys affright him, and mad dogs still bite him,
And every one slight him, asleep or awake;
May weasels still gnaw him, and jackdaws still claw him—
The monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

The only good news that I have to infuse
Is that old Peter Hughes and blind Peter McCrake,
And big-nosed Bob Manson, and buck-toothed Ned Hanson,
Each man had a grandson of my lovely drake.
My treasure had dozens of nephews and cousins,
And one I must get or my heart it will break;
To keep my mind easy, or else I'll run crazy—
This ends the whole song of my beautiful drake.

THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED.¹

The night before Larry was stretched,
 The boys they all paid him a visit;
 A bait in their sacks, too, they fetched;
 They sweated their duds till they riz it:
 For Larry was ever the lad,
 When a boy was condemned to the squeezer,
 Would fence all the duds that he had
 To help a poor friend to a sneezer,
 And warm his gob 'fore he died.

The boys they came crowding in fast,
 They drew all their stools round about him,
 Six glims round his trap-case were placed,
 He couldn't be well waked without 'em.
 When one of us asked could he die
 Without having duly repented,
 Says Larry, "That's all in my eye;
 And first by the clargy invented,
 To get a fat bit for themselves."

"I'm sorry, dear Larry," says I,
 "To see you in this situation;
 And, blister my limbs if I lie,
 I'd as lieve it had been my own station."
 "Ochone! it's all over," says he,
 "For the neckcloth I'll be forced to put on
 And by this time to-morrow you'll see
 Your poor Larry as dead as a mutton,"
 Because, why, his courage was good.

"And I'll be cut up like a pie,
 And my nob from my body be parted."
 "You're in the wrong box, then," says I,
 "For blast me if they're so hard-hearted:
 A chalk on the back of your neck
 Is all that Jack Ketch dares to give you;
 Then mind not such trifles a feck,
 For why should the likes of them grieve you?
 And now, boys, come tip us the deck."

The cards being called for, they played,
 Till Larry found one of them cheated;

¹The authorship of this extraordinary piece of poetic ribaldry has been much discussed, but has never been discovered. It is written in Dublin slang of the end of the eighteenth century.

A dart at his napper he made
 (The boy being easily heated) :
"Oh, by the hokey, you thief,
 I'll scuttle your nob with my daddle!
You cheat me because I'm in grief,
 But soon I'll demolish your noddle,
 And leave you your claret to drink."

Then the clergy came in with his book,
 He spoke him so smooth and so civil;
Larry tipped him a Kilmainham look,
 And pitched his big wig to the devil;
Then sighing, he threw back his head
 To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
And pitiful sighing, he said:
 " Oh, the hemp will be soon round my throttle
 And choke my poor windpipe to death.

" Though sure it's the best way to die,
 Oh, the devil a bettther a-livin'!
For, sure, when the gallows is high
 Your journey is shorter to Heaven:
But what harasses Larry the most,
 And makes his poor soul melancholy,
Is to think of the time when his ghost
 Will come in a sheet to sweet Molly—
 Oh, sure it will kill her alive!"

So moving these last words he spoke,
 We all vented our tears in a shower;
For my part, I thought my heart broke,
 To see him cut down like a flower,
On his travels we watched him next day;
 Oh, the throttler! I thought I could kill him;
But Larry not one word did say,
 Nor changed till he come to "King William"—
 Then, *musha!* his color grew white.

When he came to the nubbling chit,
 He was tucked up so neat and so pretty,
The rumbler jogged off from his feet,
 And he died with his face to the city;
He kicked, too—but that was all pride,
 For soon you might see 't was all over;
Soon after the noose was untied,
 And at darky we waked him in clover,
 And sent him to take a ground sweat.

ON THE COLLEEN BAWN.¹

In the gold vale of Limerick,
Beside the Shannon stream,
The maiden lives who holds my heart,
And haunts me like a dream,
With shiny showers of golden hair
And gentle as a fawn,
The cheeks that make the red rose pale,
My darling Colleen Bawn.

Although she seldom speaks to me,
I think on her with pride;
For five long years I courted her,
And asked her to be my bride.
But dreary times of cold neglect
Are all from her I've drawn,
For I am but a laboring boy,
And she the Colleen Bawn.

Her hands are whiter than the snow
Upon the mountain side,
And softer than the creamy foam,
That floats upon the tide;
Her eyes are brighter than the snow
That sparkles on the lawn;
The sunshine of my life is she,
The darling Colleen Bawn.

To leave old Ireland far behind
Is often in my mind,
And wander for another bride
And country for to find,
But that I've seen a low suitor
Upon her footsteps fawn,
Which keeps me near to guard my dear,
My darling Colleen Bawn.

Her beauty very far excels
All other females fine;
She is far brighter than the sun
That does upon us shine;
Each night she does disturb my rest,
I cannot sleep till dawn,

¹ This is from a bunch of Dublin street ballads of the nineteenth century, but its date of composition is of course uncertain.

Still wishing her to be my bride,
My darling Colleen Bawn.

The women of Limerick take the sway
Throughout old Erin's shore;
They fought upon the city walls,
They did in days of yore.
They kept away the enemy
All night until the dawn:
Most worthy of the title is
My darling Colleen Bawn.

PROTESTANT BOYS.

AN ORANGE SONG.

Tell me, my friends, why are we met here?
Why thus assembled, ye Protestant Boys?
Do mirth and good liquor, good humor, good cheer,
Call us to share of festivity's joys?

O no! 't is the cause
Of King—Freedom—and Laws,
That calls loyal Protestants now to unite;
And Orange and Blue,
Ever faithful and true,
Our King shall support, and Sedition affright.

Great spirit of William! from Heaven look down,
And breathe in our hearts our forefathers' fire—
Teach us to rival their glorious renown,
From Papist or Frenchman ne'er to retire.

Jacobin—Jacobite—
Against all to unite,
Who dare to assail our Sovereign's throne?
For Orange and Blue
Will be faithful and true,
And Protestant loyalty ever be shown.

In that loyalty proud let us ever remain,
Bound together in Truth and Religion's pure band;
Nor Honor's fair cause with foul Bigotry stain,
Since in Courage and Justice supported we stand.
So Heaven shall smile
On our emerald isle,

And lead us to conquest again and again;
 While Papists shall prove
 Our brotherly love:—
 We hate them as masters—we love them as men.

By the deeds of their fathers to glory inspired,
 Our Protestant heroes shall combat the foe;
 Hearts with true honor and loyalty fired,
 Intrepid, undaunted, to conquest will go.
 In Orange and Blue,
 Still faithful and true,
 The soul-stirring music of glory they'll sing;
 The shades of the Boyne
 In the chorus will join,
 And the welkin re-echo with "God save the King."

THE RAKES OF MALLOW.

Beauing, belling, dancing, drinking,
 Breaking windows, damning, sinking,¹
 Ever raking, never thinking,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

Spending faster than it comes,
 Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,
 Bacchus's true-begotten sons,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

One time nought but claret drinking,
 Then like politicians thinking
 To raise the sinking funds when sinking,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

When at home with dad-da dying,
 Still for Mallow water crying;
 But where there's good claret plying,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

Living short but merry lives;
 Going where the devil drives;
 Having sweethearts, but no wives,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

¹ *Sinking*, cursing extravagantly—i.e. damning you to hell and *sinking* you lower.

Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
 Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
 Wishing to spend all their days in
 Raking as at Mallow.

Then to end this raking life
 They get sober, take a wife,
 Ever after live in strife,
 And wish again for Mallow.

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT.¹

Oh! the French are on the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 The French are on the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 Oh! the French are in the Bay,
 They'll be here without delay,
 And the Orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Oh! the French are in the Bay,
 They'll be here by break of day,
 And the Orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And where will they have their camp?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 Where will they have their camp?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 On the Curragh of Kildare,
 The boys they will be there,
 With their pikes in good repair,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

To the Curragh of Kildare,
 The boys they will repair,
 And Lord Edward will be there,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Then what will the yeomen do?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;

¹ *Shan Van Vocht*, "The Poor Old Woman"—a name for Ireland. This was written in 1896, when the French fleet arrived in Bantry Bay.

What will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What should the yeomen do,
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they 'll be true
To the Shan Van Vocht?

What should the yeomen do,
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they 'll be true
To the Shan Van Vocht?

And what color will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What color will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What color should be seen
Where our fathers' homes have been,
But their own immortal Green?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

What color should be seen
Where our fathers' homes have been,
But their own immortal Green?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Yes! Ireland shall be free,
From the center to the sea;
Then hurrah for Liberty!
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Yes! Ireland shall be free,
From the center to the sea;
Then hurrah for Liberty!
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

SHULE AROON.¹

A BRIGADE BALLAD.

I would I were on yonder hill,
 'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,
 And every tear would turn a mill,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnín, slán!

Siubhail, siubhail, siubhail, a rúin!
Siubhail go socair, agus siubhail go ciúin,
Siubhail go d-ti an doras agus eulaigh liom,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnín, slán!²

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
 I'll sell my only spinning-wheel,
 To buy for my love a sword of steel,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnín, slán!
Siubhail etc.

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
 And round the world I'll beg my bread,
 Until my parents shall wish me dead,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnín, slán!
Siubhail etc.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
 I wish I had my heart again,
 And vainly think I'd not complain,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnín, slán!
Siubhail etc.

But now my love has gone to France,
 To try his fortune to advance;
 If he e'er come back, 't is but a chance,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnín, slán!
Siubhail etc.

¹The date of this ballad is not positively known, but it appears to be early in the eighteenth century, when the flower of the Catholic youth of Ireland were drawn away to recruit the ranks of the Brigade. The inexpressible tenderness of the air, and the deep feeling and simplicity of the words, have made the ballad a popular favorite, notwithstanding its meagerness and poverty.—*Note by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, 'Ballad Poetry of Ireland.'*

²In Sparling's 'Irish Minstrelsy' this is versified almost literally, as follows:

“Come, come, come, O Love!
 Quickly come to me, softly move;
 Come to the door, and away we'll flee,
 And safe for aye may my darling be!”

THE SORROWFUL LAMENTATION OF CALLAGHAN,
GREALLY, AND MULLEN.¹

"Come, tell me, dearest mother, what makes my father stay,
Or what can be the reason that he's so long away?"

"Oh! hold your tongue, my darling son, your tears do grieve
me sore;

I fear he has been murdered in the fair of Turloughmore."

Come, all you tender Christians, I hope you will draw near;
It's of this dreadful murder I mean to let you hear,
Concerning those poor people whose loss we do deplore
(The Lord have mercy on their souls) that died at Turlough-
more.

It is on the First of August, the truth I will declare,
Those people they assembled that day all at the fair;
But little was their notion what evil was in store,
All by the bloody Peelers at the fair of Turloughmore.

Were you to see that dreadful sight 't would grieve your heart,
I know,
To see the comely women and the men all lying low;
God help their tender parents, they will never see them more,
For cruel was their murder at the fair of Turloughmore.

It's for that base bloodthirsty crew, remark the word I say,
The Lord He will reward them against the judgment day;
The blood they have taken innocent, for it they'll suffer sore,
And the treatment that they gave to us that day at Turlough-
more.

¹This is a genuine ballad of the people, written and sung among them. The reader will see at once how little resemblance it bears to the *pseudo* Irish songs of the stage, or even to the street ballads manufactured by the ballad singers. It is very touching, and not without a certain unpremeditated grace. The vagueness, which leaves entirely untold the story it undertook to recount, is a common characteristic of the Anglo-Irish songs of the people. The circumstance on which it is founded took place in 1843, at the fair of Darrynacloughery, held at Turloughmore. A faction fight having occurred at the fair, the arrest of some of the parties led to an attack on the police; after the attack had abated or ceased, the police fired on the people, wounded several, and killed the three men whose names stand at the head of the ballad. They were indicted for murder, and pleaded the order of Mr. Brew, the stipendiary magistrate, which was admitted as justification. Brew died before the day appointed for his trial.—*Note by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, 'Ballad Poetry of Ireland.'*

The morning of their trial as they stood up in the dock,
The words they spoke were feeling, the people round them
flock;

"I tell you, Judge and Jury, the truth I will declare,
It was Brew that ordered us to fire that evening at the fair."

Now to conclude and finish this sad and doleful fray,
I hope their souls are happy against the judgment day;
It was little time they got, we know, when they fell like new-
mowed hay,
May the Lord have mercy on their souls against the judgment
day.

THE STAR OF SLANE.

Ye brilliant muses, who ne'er refuses,
But still infuses in the poet's mind,
Your kind sweet favors to his endeavors,
That his ardent labors should appear sublime;
Preserve my study from getting muddy,
My idea's ready, so inspire my brain;
My quill refine, as I write each line,
On a nymph divine called the Star of Slane.

In beauteous Spring, when the warblers sing,
And their carols ring through each fragrant grove;
Bright Sol did shine, which made me incline
By the river Boyne for to go to rove,
I was ruminating and meditating
And contemplating as I paced the plain,
When a charming fair, beyond compare,
Did my heart ensnare near the town of Slane.

Had Paris seen this young maid serene,
The Grecian queen he would soon disdain,
And straight embrace this virgin chaste,
And peace would grace the whole Trojan plain.
If Ancient Cæsar could on her gaze, sir,
He'd stand amazed for to view this dame;
Sweet Cleopatra he would freely part her,
And his crown he'd barter for the Star of Slane.

There's Alexander, that famed commander,
Whose triumphant standard it did conquer all,

Who proved a victor over crowns and scepters,
 And great warlike structures did before him fall;
 Should he behold her, I will uphold, sir,
 From pole to pole he would then proclaim,
 For the human race in all that wide space,
 To respect the chaste blooming Star of Slane.

To praise her beauty then is my duty,
 But alas! I'm footy¹ in this noble part,
 And to my sorrow, sly Cupid's arrow
 Full deep did burrow in my tender heart;
 In pain and trouble yet I will struggle,
 Though sadly hobbled by my stupid brain,
 Yet backed by Nature I can tell each feature
 Of this lovely creature called the Star of Slane.

Her eyes it's true are an azure blue,
 And her cheeks the hue of the crimson rose;
 Her hair behold it does shine like gold,
 And is finely rolled and so nicely grows;
 Her skin is white as the snow by night,
 Straight and upright is her supple frame;
 The chaste Diana, or fair Susanna,
 Are eclipsed in grandeur by the Star of Slane.

Her name to mention it might cause contention,
 And it's my intention for to breed no strife;
 For me to woo her I am but poor,
 I'm deadly sure she won't be my wife;
 In silent anguish I here must languish
 Till time does banish all my love-sick pain,
 And my humble station I must bear with patience,
 Since great exaltation suits the Star of Slane.

TIPPERARY RECRUITING SONG.

'Tis now we'd want to be wary, boys,
 The recruiters are out in Tipperary, boys;
 If they offer a glass, we'll wink as they pass—
 We're old birds for chaff in Tipperary, boys.

Then, hurrah for the gallant Tipperary boys,
 Although we're "cross and contrary," boys;

¹ *Footy*, poor, mean, insignificant.

The never a one will handle a gun,
Except for the Green and Tipperary, boys.

Now mind what John Bull did here, my boys,
In the days of our famine and fear, my boys;
He burned and sacked, he plundered and racked,
Old Ireland of Irish to clear, my boys.

Now Bull wants to pillage and rob, my boys,
And put the proceeds in his fob, my boys;
But let each Irish blade just stick to his trade,
And let Bull do his own dirty job, my boys.

So never to 'list be in haste, my boys,
Or a glass of drugged whisky to taste, my boys;
If to India you go, it's to grief and to woe,
And to rot and to die like a beast, my boys.

But now he is beat for men, my boys,
His army is getting so thin, my boys,
With the fever and ague, the sword and the plague,
O, the devil a fear that he'll win, my boys.

Then mind not the nobblin' old schemer, boys,
Though he says that he's richer than Damer, boys;
Though he bully and roar, his power is o'er,
And his black heart will shortly be tamer, boys.

Now, isn't Bull peaceful and civil, boys,
In his mortal distress and his evil, boys?
But we'll cock each *caubeen* when his sergeants are seen,
And we'll tell them to go to the devil, boys.

Then hurrah for the gallant Tipperary boys!
Although "we're cross and contrary," boys;
The never a one will handle a gun,
Except for the Green and Tipperary, boys.

TRUST TO LUCK.¹

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
Sure the heart must be aisy when it's in the right place:

¹This has for years been a favorite with the street singers and the people, and its refrain has been sung by more than one notable criminal before his execution, as a sort of *Nunc dimittis*.

Let the world wag away, let your friends turn to foes,
 Let your pockets run dry and threadbare be your clothes;
 Should woman deceive, when you trust to her heart,
 Never sigh—'t won't relieve it, but add to the smart.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
 Sure the heart must be aisy when it's in the right place.

Be a man, be a man, wheresoever you go,
 Through the sunshine of wealth, or the teardrop of woe.
 Should the wealthy look grand and the proud pass you by
 With the back of their hand and the scorn of their eye,
 Snap your fingers and smile as you pass on your way,
 And remember the while every dog has his day.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
 Sure the heart must be aisy when it's in the right place.

In love as in war sure it's Irish delight,
 He's good-humored with both, the sweet girl and a fight;
 He coaxes, he bothers, he blarneys the dear,
 To resist him she can't, and he's off when she's near,
 And when valor calls him, from his darling he'd fly,
 And for liberty fight and for ould Ireland die.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
 The heart must be aisy, if it's in the right place.

THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN.

Oh, Paddy dear! an' did ye hear the news that's goin' round?
 The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground.
 No more St. Patrick's Day we'll keep, his color can't be seen,
 For there's a cruel law agin the wearin' o' the green!
 I met wid Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
 And he said, "How's poor Ould Ireland, and how does she
 stand?"

She's the most disthressful country that iver yet was seen,
 For they're hangin' men and women there for wearin' o' the
 green.

An' if the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
 Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed;
 Then pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on the
 sod,—

And never fear, 't will take root there, tho' under foot 't is
 trod!

When law can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they
grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their color dare not show,
Then I will change the color, too, I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to wearin' o' the green.

WILLY REILLY.¹

"Oh! rise up, Willy Reilly, and come along with me,
I mean for to go with you and leave this counterie,
To leave my father's dwelling, his houses and free land;"
And away goes Willy Reilly and his dear *Coolen Ban*.

They go by hills and mountains, and by yon lonesome plain,
Through shady groves and valleys, all dangers to refrain;
But her father followed after with a well-armed band,
And taken was poor Reilly and his dear *Coolen Ban*.

It's home then she was taken, and in her closet bound;
Poor Reilly all in Sligo jail lay on the stony ground,
Till at the bar of justice, before the Judge he'd stand,
For nothing but the stealing of his dear *Coolen Ban*.

"Now in the cold, cold iron my hands and feet are bound,
I'm handcuffed like a murderer, and tied unto the ground.
But all the toil and slavery I'm willing for to stand,
Still hoping to be succored by my dear *Coolen Ban*."

The jailor's son to Reilly goes, and thus to him did say:
"Oh! get up, Willy Reilly, you must appear this day,
For great Squire Foillard's anger you never can withstand,
I'm afeered you'll suffer sorely for your dear *Coolen Ban*."

"This is the news, young Reilly, last night that I did hear:
The lady's oath will hang you or else will set you clear."
"If that be so," says Reilly, "her pleasure I will stand,
Still hoping to be succored by my dear *Coolen Ban*."

¹ 'Willy Reilly' was the first ballad I ever heard recited, and it made a painfully vivid impression on my mind. I have never forgotten the smallest incident of it. The story on which it is founded happened some sixty years ago; and as the lover was a young Catholic farmer, and the lady's family of high Orange principles, it got a party character, which, no doubt, contributed to its great popularity. There is no family under the rank of gentry, in the inland counties of Ulster, where it is not familiarly known. Nurses and sempstresses, the honorary guardians of national songs and legends, have taken it into special favor, and preserved its popularity.—
Note by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

Now Willy's drest from top to toe all in a suit of green,
His hair hangs o'er his shoulders most glorious to be seen;
He's tall and straight, and comely as any could be found;
He's fit for Foillard's daughter, was she heiress to a crown.

The Judge he said: "This lady being in her tender youth,
If Reilly has deluded her she will declare the truth."
Then, like a moving beauty bright before him she did stand,
"You're welcome there, my heart's delight and dear *Coolen*
Ban."

"Oh, gentlemen," Squire Foillard said, "with pity look on me,
This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family,
And by his base contrivances this villainy was planner;
If I don't get satisfaction I'll quit this Irish land."

The lady with a tear began, and thus replied she:
"The fault is none of Reilly's, the blame lies all on me;
I forced him for to leave this place and come along with me;
I loved him out of measure, which wrought our destiny."

Out bespoke the noble Fox, at the table he stood by:
"Oh gentlemen, consider on this extremity;
To hang a man for love is a murder, you may see:
So spare the life of Reilly, let him leave this counterie."

"Good my lord, he stole from her her diamonds and her rings,
Gold watch and silver buckles, and many precious things,
Which cost me in bright guineas more than five hundred
pounds,
I'll have the life of Reilly should I lose ten thousand pounds."

"Good my lord, I gave them him as tokens of true love,
And when we are a-parting I will them all remove;
If you have got them, Reilly, pray send them home to me."
"I will, my loving lady, with many thanks to thee."

"There is a ring among them I allow yourself to wear,
With thirty locket diamonds well set in silver fair,
And as a true-love token wear it on your right hand,
That you'll think on my poor broken heart when you're in
foreign land."

Then out spoke noble Fox: "You may let the prisoner go;
The lady's oath has cleared him, as the Jury all may know.
She has released her own true love, she has renewed his name;
May her honor bright gain high estate, and her offspring rise
to fame!"

ALEXANDER MARTIN SULLIVAN.

(1830—1884.)

ALEXANDER MARTIN SULLIVAN was born in Bantry in 1830. At an early age he discovered that his true vocation was journalism, and in 1853 he began to contribute to *The Nation*. Two years afterward Duffy threw up in despair Irish journalism and Irish politics, and Mr. Sullivan succeeded him as editor of *The Nation*. For upward of twenty years his pen was constantly active in defense of the Nationalist side in politics. His post, as well as his natural disposition and talents, threw him into political warfare, and there has been no movement of importance in Irish politics for the last quarter of a century in which he has not taken a prominent part.

In 1857 he took a short vacation, paying a visit to this country, and he has left a record of his impressions in a volume entitled 'A Visit to the Valley of Wyoming.' In 1868 he came into collision with the authorities, like most National Irish journalists, and having been indicted on two charges in connection with the processions in memory of the three Fenians executed at Manchester, he was convicted on one of the charges and sent to prison. During his incarceration he learned that the corporation of Dublin had determined to give him the most significant mark of its respect by nominating him to the position of Lord Mayor; but he refused the flattering proposal.

Mr. Sullivan was started in 1864 to run for Louth in opposition to an important member of the Liberal administration—Mr. Chichester Fortescue (afterward Lord Carlingford)—and was returned. In 1876 he was admitted to the Irish bar, and in 1877 he joined the bar of England, receiving the unusual honor of a "special call" to the Inner Temple. He had in 1876 resigned his connection with *The Nation*. He died in Dublin in October, 1884.

He was not long in the House when he established his right to occupy a prominent position there; and he succeeded in placing himself in the ranks of those speakers whose voices controlled divisions. Mr. Sullivan published several works. Of these one of the most popular was an Irish history called 'The Story of Ireland,' which had a very large sale. His best-known work, however, was 'New Ireland.'

SARSFIELD'S RIDE.

From 'The Story of Ireland.'

Early on the 9th of August, 1690, William drew from his encampment at Caherconlish, and, confident of an easy victory, sat down before Limerick. That day he occupied himself in selecting favorable sites for batteries to

command the city, and in truth, owing to the formation of the ground, the city was at nearly every point nakedly exposed to his guns. He next sent in a summons to surrender, but De Boisseleau courteously replied that "he hoped he should merit his opinion more by a vigorous defense than a shameful surrender of a fortress which he had been intrusted with."¹

The siege now began. William's bombardment, however, proceeded slowly; and the Limerick gunners, on the other hand, were much more active and vigorous than he had expected. On Monday, the 11th, their fire compelled him to shift his field train entirely out of range; and on the next day, as if intent on following up such practice, their balls fell so thickly about his own tent, killing several persons, that he had to shift his own quarters also. But in a day or two he meant to be in position to pay back these attentions with heavy interest, and to reduce those old walls despite all resistance. In fine, there was coming up to him from Waterford a magnificent battering train, together with immense stores of ammunition, and, what was nearly as effective for him as the siege train, a number of pontoon boats of tin or sheet copper, which would soon enable him to pass the Shannon where he pleased. So he took very coolly the resistance so far offered from the city. For in a day more Limerick would be absolutely at his mercy!

So thought William; and so seemed the inevitable fact. But there was a bold heart and an active brain at work at that very moment, planning a deed destined to immortalize its author to all time, and to baffle William's now all-but-accomplished designs on Limerick!

On Sunday, the 10th, the battering train and its convoy had reached Cashel. On Monday, the 11th, they reached a place called Ballyneety, within nine or ten miles of the Williamite camp. The country through which they had passed was all in the hands of their own garrisons or patrols; yet they had so important and precious a charge that they had watched it jealously so far; but now they were virtually at the camp—only a few miles in its rear; and so the convoy, when night fell, drew the siege train and the vast line of ammunition wagons, the pontoon

¹ 'Memoirs of King James the Second.'

boats and store-loads, into a field close to an old ruined castle, and, duly posting night sentries, gave themselves to repose.

That day an Anglicized Irishman, one Manus O'Brien, a Protestant landholder in the neighborhood of Limerick, came into the Williamite camp with a piece of news. Sarsfield, at the head of five hundred picked men, had ridden off the night before on some mysterious enterprise in the direction of Killaloe; and the informer, from Sarsfield's character, judged rightly that something important was afoot, and earnestly assured the Williamites that nothing was too desperate for that commander to accomplish.

The Williamite officers made little of this. They thought the fellow was only anxious to make much of a trifle, by way of securing favor for himself. Besides, they knew of nothing in the direction of Killaloe that could affect them. William, at length, was informed of the story. He, too, failed to discern what Sarsfield could be at; but his mind anxiously reverting to his grand battering train—albeit it was now but a few miles off—he, to make safety doubly sure, ordered Sir John Lanier to proceed at once with five hundred horse to meet the convoy. By some curious chance, Sir John—perhaps deeming his night ride quite needless—did not greatly hurry to set forth. At two o'clock, Tuesday morning, instead of nine o'clock on Monday evening, he rode leisurely off. His delay of five hours made all the difference in the world, as we shall see.

It was indeed true that Sarsfield, on Sunday night, had secretly quitted his camp on the Clare side, at the head of a chosen body of his best horsemen; and true enough also that it was upon an enterprise worthy of his reputation he had set forth. In fine, he had heard of the approach of the siege train, and had planned nothing less than its surprise, capture, and destruction!

On Sunday night he rode to Killaloe, distant twelve miles above Limerick on the river. The bridge here was guarded by a party of the enemy; but, favored by the darkness, he proceeded further up the river, until he came to a ford near Ballyvally, where he crossed the Shannon, and passed into Tipperary county. The country around him now was all in the enemy's hands; but he had one

with him as a guide on this eventful occasion, whose familiarity with the locality enabled Sarsfield to evade all the Williamite patrols, and but for whose services it may be doubted if his ride this night had not been his last. This was Hogan, the Rapparee chief, immortalised in local traditions as "Gallop[ing] Hogan." By paths and passes known only to riders "native to the sod," he turned into the deep gorges of Silver Mines, and ere day had dawned was bivouacked in a wild ravine of the Keeper mountains. Here he lay *perdu* all day on Monday.

When night fell there was anxious tightening of horse-girths and girding of swords with Sarsfield's five hundred. They knew the siege train was at Cashel on the previous day, and must by this time have reached near to the Williamite lines. The midnight ride before them was long, devious, difficult, and perilous; the task at the end of it was crucial and momentous indeed. Led by their trusty guide, they set out southward, still keeping in by-ways and mountain roads. Meanwhile, as already mentioned, the siege train and convoy had that evening reached Ballyneety, where the guns were parked and the convoy bivouacked. It was three o'clock in the morning when Sarsfield, reaching within a mile or two of the spot, learnt from a peasant that the prize was now not far off ahead of him. And here we encounter a fact which gives the touch of true romance to the whole story! It happened, by one of those coincidences that often startle us with their singularity, that the pass-word with the Williamite convoy on that night was "*Sarsfield!*" That Sarsfield obtained the pass-word before he reached the halted convoy is also unquestionable, though how he came by this information is variously stated. The painstaking historian of Limerick states that from a woman, wife of a sergeant in the Williamite convoy, unfeelingly left behind on the road by her party in the evening, but most humanely and kindly treated by Sarsfield's men, the word was obtained.¹

Riding softly to within a short distance of the place indicated, he halted, and sent out a few trusted scouts to scan the whole position narrowly. They returned reporting that besides the sentries there were only a few score troopers drowsing beside the watch fires on guard; the

¹ Lenihan's 'History of Limerick,' p. 232.

rest of the convoy being asleep in all the immunity of fancied safety. Sarsfield now gave his final orders—silence or death, till they were in upon the sentries; then, forward like a lightning flash upon the guards. One of the Williamite sentries fancied he heard the beat of horse-hoofs approaching him; he never dreamt of foes; he thought it must be one of their own patrols. And, truly enough, through the gloom he saw the figure of an officer, evidently at the head of a body of cavalry, whether phantom or reality he could not tell. The sentry challenged, and, still imagining he had friends, demanded the “word.”

Suddenly, as if from the spirit land, and with a wild, weird shout that startled all the sleepers, the “phantom troop” shot past like a thunderbolt; the leader crying, as he drew his sword, “*Sarsfield is the word, and Sarsfield is the man!*” The guards dashed forward, the bugles screamed the alarm, the sleepers rushed to arms, but theirs was scarcely an effort. The broadswords of Sarsfield’s five hundred were in their midst; and to the affrighted gaze of the panic-stricken victims that five hundred seemed thousands! Short, desperate, and bloody, was that scene—so short, so sudden, so fearful, that it seemed like the work of incantation. In a few minutes the whole of the convoy were cut down or dispersed; and William’s splendid siege train was in Sarsfield’s hands!

But his task was as yet only half accomplished. Morning was approaching; William’s camp was barely eight or ten miles distant, and thither some of the escaped had hurriedly fled. There was scant time for the important work yet to be done. The siege guns and mortars were filled with powder, and each muzzle buried in the earth; upon and around the guns were piled the pontoon boats, the contents of the ammunition wagons, and all the stores of various kinds, of which there was a vast quantity. A train of powder was laid to this huge pyre, and Sarsfield, removing all the wounded Williamites to a safe distance drew off his men, halting them while the train was being fired. There was a flash that lighted all the heavens, and showed with dazzling brightness the country for miles around. Then the ground rocked and heaved beneath the gazers’ feet, as with a deafening roar that seemed to rend the firmament

that vast mass burst into the sky; and as suddenly all was gloom again! The sentinels on Limerick walls heard the awful peal. It rolled like a thunderstorm away by the heights of Cratloe, and wakened sleepers amidst the hills of Clare. William heard it too; and he at least needed no interpreter of that fearful sound. He knew in that moment that his splendid siege train had perished, destroyed by a feat that only one man could have so planned and executed; an achievement destined to surround with unfading glory the name of Patrick Sarsfield!

Sir John Lanier's party, coming up in no wise rapidly, saw the flash, that, as they said, gave broad daylight for a second, and felt the ground shake beneath them as if by an earthquake, and then their leader found he was just in time to be too late. Rushing on, he sighted Sarsfield's rear-guard; but there were memories of the Irish cavalry at the Boyne in no way encouraging him to force an encounter. From the Williamite camp two other powerful bodies of horse were sent out instantly on the explosion being heard, to surround Sarsfield and cut him off from the Shannon. But all was vain, and on Tuesday evening he and his Five Hundred rode into camp amidst a scene such as Limerick had not witnessed for centuries. The whole force turned out; the citizens came with laurel boughs to line the way; and as he marched in amidst a conqueror's ovation, the gunners on the old bastions across the river gave a royal salute to him whom they all now hailed as the saviour of the city!

OUR EXILES.

From a Speech in London in 1882 after his return from America.

For my own part I am a student of what is passing around me in the world, and I cannot disguise from myself that the Almighty God ruling this universe in His own divine providence never gives an opportunity for justice to the wronger that he does not reserve a penalty for refusing to avail of that opportunity. I have met American statesmen; I have met members of the Ameri-

can Senate; I have met governors of the American States who, whatever opinion they held or hold about Ireland as to the solution of the Irish question, failed to understand — and the day will come when America, speaking through her established Government, will give utterance to this thought that she fails to understand—why this international trouble which is disturbing her peace as well as the peace of England could not be settled upon the reasonable plan of giving to Ireland the rights and liberties that a State in the American Union possesses under that system.

That is American public opinion; and in view of the recent elections there, and of others that are soon to follow, I think it is not a far-fetched idea that, following the example of England—who a few years ago carried her advice to Continental rulers as to how they ought to govern—some day Uncle Sam may come to what is called the mother country, and say, “This Irish question has now become an American question, and we invite you, in diplomatic language, to meet us in a friendly conference to determine how it is to be settled.” Ah, gentlemen, what of those millions across the way! You cannot know, you cannot measure the intensity of their devotion. Would to heaven to-night that the statesmen of England could see with their own eyes that element of power, for good or for mischief, that lies in the unchangeable devotion and fond fidelity of that Irish race. You will pardon me if I mention an incident which occurred during one of my journeys in the West. As the train stopped at a little wayside station a man came to me and said, “Sir, I have driven—there being no railway—ninety miles to see you and shake hands with you,” and the tears came to his eyes, “and to tell you to tell the men at home that we are all praying for their success and victory.”

The gaze of those millions are upon your every movement. Something was said a moment ago, and I desire to speak with all solemnity on this subject, of what might befall if any man or men by defection or apathy or hostility could wreck this organization. I tell you that never again in your generation will any Irish movement, constitutional or unconstitutional, armed or unarmed, so largely enlist the active sympathy and support of the millions of the Irish

race in America. And realizing, as I have done, that it is not likely that the Irish millions in America would again give themselves to this extent in purse, in pocket, in heart and deed to the movements at home (seeing how many of them have come to nought)—realizing the fact that if their hopes in this movement and this leadership be wrecked your generation will see effort from them no more—I have felt that the man had better never been born who by any act or word should take from the confidence and earnestness of the Irish people in the movement now leading to national independence.

Every day some sneers are raised at the Parliamentary party as “*Parliamentarians*”; as if in our day accepting a seat in that assembly brought with it for the Irish party aught but toil, and drudgery, and pain, and physical exertion. The days are gone when the life of an Irish national member of Parliament was that of easy enjoyment in London. The men around me know that they had better be toiling on the hillside in Ireland as to physical endurance than going through the duties of that assembly; and yet never in the history of the Irish race for 200 years have the movements of so many men been watched with such throbbing hearts as are the movements of these men by the Irish millions in America. They watch the conflict passing, as it were, before them. They know the disparity of numbers, where fifty men fight against five hundred. They see, as it were, the shock of conflict; the smoke of battle hides the scene for a moment from their view, and with palpitating hearts they wait until it has cleared away to see if the Irish flag is still flying in the air. Passing near Fort M’Henry, where there was confined during the war of 1812 the patriot poet who wrote one of the American national songs, I was strongly reminded by this attitude of the Irish race of the circumstances under which that American anthem was composed in the prison cell. He had been taken captive by the invading British expedition that sailed up to capture Washington, and he and a number of patriot Americans lay in the works of that fort in the hands of their British captors. Their jailors would tell them not as to how the battle went, and they had only one signal to tell them whether the cause of their country was still intact. They gazed, as the sun rose, through the

casemates every morning to see if the flag beyond was the English red or the American stripes and stars; and the prisoner gave utterance to his and their feelings in these lines:—

“O, say can you see, by the dawn’s early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight’s last gleaming?—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the clouds of the
fight
O’er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming !
And the rocket’s red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night, that our flag was still there ;
O say, does that Star-spangled banner yet wave
O’er the land of the Free and the home of the Brave ?”

Even so on that shore ten millions of our race now nightly pray, and watch the morning with streaming eyes to know how the struggle is waged upon the Irish shore. I am one of those who believe that in this world moral sympathy counts for a great deal—that Almighty God cannot be left out of the account; and convinced am I that that evening prayer and the morning anxiety, representing the fond and holy devotion and the desperate determination of ten million of Irish hearts, will yet have their way, and conduce to the establishment and restoration of the national liberties of Ireland.

FAREWELL.

Sail bravely on, thou gallant bark,
Across the Western sea;
And safely guard the precious freight
Thou bear’st away from me.
Sail on, nor heed the frowning skies,
Nor angry wave nor wind;
Nor reck the grief of aching hearts
Thou leavest here behind.

Keep well thy watch, O seaman bold,
Out o’er the rushing prow;
Nor glimpse of land, nor guiding light,
Can aid thy vision now.
The night comes dark, and o’er the way
Big clouds are gathering wild!

Great God! Protector of the world,
Guard Thou both wife and child.

Like miser watching from the shore
The argosy that bears
O'er ocean paths to distant lands
The treasures prized of years,
I sit and gaze, through streaming eyes,
Across the darkening main,
'And fain would have the good ship turn
And bring back again.

Sail on, brave ship; a priceless stake
Is on thy fate for me!
May angels waft thee on thy course,
And calm each threatening sea!
Sancta Maria! to thy care
Are child and mother given,
Whether we meet again on earth,
Or meet our next in heaven!

Queenstown, 13th September, 1866.

TIMOTHY DANIEL SULLIVAN.

(1827——)

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, journalist, politician, and poet, was born in May, 1827, in Bantry, County Cork. At an early age he gave indications of a strong tendency toward literature; *The Nation* gladly accepted the poetic contributions which he sent to it. In 1855 he entered on a permanent engagement, and from that day till the present he has maintained his association with that journal. In 1876 he became editor of *The Nation* on the retirement of his brother, the late Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P.

Mr. Sullivan published in 1868 'Dunboy and other Poems.' This was followed in 1879 by 'Green Leaves,' and in 1887 by 'Lays of the Land League.' 'Poems' was published in 1888; 'Prison Poems and Lays of Tullamore' in the same year; 'Blanaid and other Poems' in 1892; and a volume of selections in 1899.

He was Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1886-87; he was imprisoned for two months in Tullamore jail in 1888, for a press offense under the Coercion Act (publishing reports of "Suppressed Branches" of the Land League); was previously prosecuted with Mr. Parnell and about eighteen others at state trials in Dublin for connection with the Land League movement, when the jury disagreed, on Jan. 25, 1881; was examined before Parnell Commission, May 23 and 24, 1889; delivered speeches in many parts of Great Britain during the Home Rule struggle; was Member of Parliament for Westmeath in 1880-85; for Dublin City in 1885-92; and for West Donegal in 1892-1900.

The most popular perhaps among his lyrical compositions are 'Thiggin Thu,' 'God Save Ireland,' 'The Little Wife,' and 'Our Own Green Isle.' His best work is in the 'simple ballads of fatherland and home, and his style when dealing with congenial themes is clear, direct, and sincere. His political pasquinades with their humor, satire and catchy rhythms have won him much popularity.

RACKRENTERS ON THE STUMP.

A REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION.

The first public meeting held under the auspices of the newly-formed Irish landlord organization was held on Thursday last, in a field close by the charming residence of W. L. Cromwellian Freebooter, Esq., J.P., and is considered by all who took part in it to have been a great success. The Government gave the heartiest co-operation to the project; they undertook to supply the audience; they sent an engineer from the Royal Barracks, Dublin, to select a strategic site for the meeting, and to superin-

tend the erection of the platform; and they offered any amount of artillery that might be considered requisite to give an imposing appearance to the assembly, and to inspire a feeling of confidence in the breasts of those who were to take part in it. All the police stations within a radius of thirty miles were ordered to send in contingents to form the body of the meeting, and a number of military pensioners were also directed to proceed to the spot and exert themselves in cheering the speakers. When the meeting was fully constituted it was calculated that there could hardly have been less than two hundred and fifty persons on the ground.

At about one o'clock P.M. the carriages containing the noble lords and gentlemen who were to occupy the platform began to arrive at Freebooter Hall, where they set down the ladies of the party, who were to figure in the grand ball which was to be held there that evening. At 1.30 the noblemen and gentlemen proceeded to the scene of the meeting, and took their place on the platform, amidst the plaudits of the constabulary, which were again renewed in obedience to signals given by the sub-inspectors. The view from the platform, which was situated on a rising ground, was particularly fine. Some years ago a number of peasant homes and three considerable villages existed on the property; but Mr. Freebooter, being of opinion that they spoiled the prospect and tended to favor over-population in the country, had the people all evicted and their houses leveled to the ground. The wisdom and the good taste he had shown in this matter were highly praised by their lordships as they made their way up the carpeted steps leading to the platform, and took their seats on the chairs and sofas which had been placed there for their accommodation. The meeting having presented arms, it was moved by the Hon. Frederick Augustus Mightyswell, and seconded by George Famous Grabber, Esq., that the most noble the Marquis of Squanderall do take the chair.

The noble marquis said—My lords and gentlemen, I may say I thank you for having called me—that is, for the honor you have done me in having called me to have the honor of presiding over this, I may say, important meeting. (Cheers.) I have come over from London—I

may say across the Channel—to have the honor of attending this meeting, because we all know these tenant fellows have been allowed to have this sort of thing too long to themselves. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) There have been, I may say, hundreds of these meetings, at which the fellows say they want to get their rents reduced, that their crops were short, that they must keep their families from starving, and all that sort of rot. How can we help it if their crops were short? (Hear, hear.) How can we help it if they have families to support? (Cheers.) The idiots talk about our rents being three or four times more than Griffith's valuation; if that be so, I may say, more shame for the fellow Griffith, whoever he was. (Groans for Griffith.) Are we to be robbed because Griffith was an ass? (Cheers.) My lords and gentlemen, I shall not detain you longer—(cries of "Go on" from several sub-inspectors)—but will call upon, I may say, my eloquent friend, Lord Deliverus, who will propose the first resolution. (Loud and long-continued cheering from the constabulary.)

Lord Deliverus—My dear Squanderall, my good friends, and other persons, you know I am not accustomed to this sort of thing, but I have been asked to propose the following resolution:—

"That we regret to notice that the unbounded prosperity which is being enjoyed by the small farmers and the laboring classes of Ireland is having a very bad effect on them, leading them into all sorts of extravagance, and producing among them an insolent and rebellious spirit, and that in the interest of morality and public safety we consider it absolutely necessary that the rents of the country shall be increased by about 100 per cent."

Now, my friends, this is a resolution which must waken a sympathetic echo in the bosom of every rightly-constituted gentleman of property. Do we not all know, have we not all seen, the lamentable changes that have taken place in this country? Twenty years ago not half the population indulged in the luxury of shoes and stockings, and the laboring classes never thought of wearing waistcoats; now, most of them take care to provide themselves with these things. Where do they get the money to buy them but out of our rents? (True, true.) Twenty years ago

they were satisfied if they could get a few potatoes to live upon each day, and a very good, wholesome, simple food they were for such people. (Hear, hear.) But latterly some bad instructors have got amongst them, and now the blackguards will not be contented unless they have rashers two or three times a week. (Oh, oh.) Where do they get the money for these rashers? (Voices—"Out of our rents.") Yes, my friends, out of our rents. They rob us to supply themselves with delicacies of this kind. Eight or ten years ago we could bring up the fellows to vote for us; now they do as they like. (Groans.) And now the fellows say we must give them a reduction of their rents! (A voice—"Give them an ounce of lead.") The rascals say they won't starve. (Oh, oh, and groans.) They say they will feed themselves first, and then consider if they have anything to spare for us. (Shrieks and groans on the platform—Colonel Hardup faints.) They say the life of any one among them is just as precious as the life of any one of us. (Expressions of horror on all sides—Lord Tomnoddy looks unutterably disgusted, changes color, puts his hand on his stomach, and retires hastily to the back of the platform.) My friends, I need not tell you that the Government is bound to put them down at any cost. (Tremendous cheering.) Just think what would result from any considerable reduction of our incomes; why, most of us might have to remain in this wretched country, for we would be ashamed to return in reduced circumstances to London and Paris; we should have fewer horses, fewer yachts, fewer servants, less champagne, less Italian opera, no *rouge et noir*—think, my friends, of the number of charming establishments from London to Vienna that would feel the shock. (Sobs and moans on the platform.) Would life be worth living under such circumstances? (No, no.) No, my lords and gentlemen, it would not; and therefore we are entitled to call upon the Government to interfere promptly and with a strong hand to stop the spread of those subversive theories that are now being taught to the lower classes in this country. (Great applause.)

A. D. Shoneen, Esq., J.P., came forward to second the resolution. He said—My lords and gentlemen, I feel that I need not add a word, even if I were able to do so, to the

beautiful, the eloquent, the argumentative, the thrilling oration you have just heard from the estimable Lord Deliverus. I will not attempt to describe that magnificent performance in the language it deserves, for the task would far transcend my humble capacity. But I do think that this country should feel grateful—every country should feel grateful—the human race should feel grateful—to his lordship for the invaluable contribution he has made to the sum of our political philosophy in that address. I own I am moved almost to tears when I consider that the people whose conduct has excited such righteous indignation in the breast of his lordship, and so affected the epigastric region of that most amiable young nobleman, Viscount Tomnoddy—are my countrymen. I blush to make the confession, I am so overcome by my feelings that I am unable to do more than briefly second the resolution, which has been proposed to you in words that deserve to live forever, and that mankind will not willingly let die. (The resolution was passed unanimously.)

Major Bearhead came forward to propose the next resolution, which was in the following terms:—"That, from the unlawful, rebellious, and revolutionary spirit which is now abroad, we deem it essential that a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act shall at once be effected, that martial law shall be proclaimed in all disturbed districts, that all land agitators shall be at once arrested, and all tenant-right books, pamphlets, and newspapers shall be confiscated and suppressed."

The gallant Major said—My lords and gentlemen, ahem! you may talk of resolutions, but this is the resolution that is wanted. Ahem! by the soul of Julius Cæsar, it is only such spirited measures that will ever settle this confounded Irish trouble. Ahem! the fellows want reductions—by the boots of the immortal Wellington, I would reduce them with grape and canister; that's the reduction I would give them! Thunder and lightning—ahem! thunder and lightning! to think that these agitating fellows have been going about the country these twelve months, and not one of them shot, sabered, or hanged yet! Two or three fellows were put under a sort of sham arrest, and I am told they are to be tried; trial be damned, I say. Ahem! a drumhead court-martial is the sort of trial for

them. No fear they would ever trouble the country afterwards. Let the Horse-Guards only send me word, "Bear-head, you settle with these people," and see how soon I'd do it. (Cheers.) By all the bombshells in Britain, I'd have the country as quiet as a churchyard in two months. That is enough for me to say—ahem! (Great cheering.)

The Hon. Charles Edward Algernon Featherhead, in seconding the resolution, said—My lords, ladies, and gentlemen—oh, I really forgot that the ladies are not present, which I take to be a dooced pity, for, as the poet says, "Their smiles would make a summer"—oh, yes, I have it—"where darkness else would be." (Applause.) I can't say I know much about these blooming agricultural matters, for on my word of honor I always looked on them as a low, vulgar sort of thing, and all my set of fellows do just the same; but my old governor wished me to come here and take part in the proceedings, and I have a little reason for wishing to humor him just now. But, as I was saying, I don't see how any sort of fun can go on if we are not to get money from these farming fellows. It may be very true that oats were not worth digging this season, and that potatoes were very short in the straw and very light in the ear; but then, on the other hand, was there not a plentiful supply of cucumbers? (Cheers.) We hear a great deal about American importations, but it seems to me that's the jolliest part of the whole thing, because surely the farming fellows can't want to eat the American food and the Irish food both together. Let them eat the Yankee stuff, and then sell the Irish and give us the money, and there's the whole thing settled handsomely. It's their confounded stupidity that prevents them seeing this plain and simple way of satisfying themselves and us. For, as the poet says, "Is there a heart that never loved?"—no, that's not it—"When the wine-cup is circling before us"—no, I forget what the poet said, but no matter: I beg to say that I highly approve of the toast which has just been proposed. (The resolution was carried unanimously.)

Sir Nathaniel H. Castlehack wished to offer a few remarks before the close of the meeting. It appeared to him that the tone of some of the speakers had not shown quite as much confidence in the Government as in his opinion they deserved. I do not think (said the speaker) that

the arrests which have been referred to were at all intended to be a flash in the pan, for I have reason to know that at this moment the jury panels are being carefully looked after by the authorities—(good, good)—and I think I may say to the gallant major who has just preceded me, and whose zeal for the public cause we all must recognize and admire, that if he will only exercise to some extent the virtue of patience, and allow things to take their regular course, he will probably ere long have the opportunity which he desires for again distinguishing himself and rendering the State some service. . . . Don't be afraid, my friends; rely with confidence on the Government; they will give to this unreasonable and turbulent people everything but what they want.

A scene of immense enthusiasm followed these remarks. The gentlemen on the platform embraced each other; the band of the 33d Dragoons struck up "God save the Queen," and the constabulary fired a *feu de joie*. The meeting was then put through some evolutions, which they performed in brilliant style, after which they broke into sections and marched off to their different stations. Their lordships and the gentry then proceeded to their carriages, and drove off to Freebooter Hall. They expressed themselves highly pleased with the results of the demonstration, and stated that similar meetings would soon be held in various parts of the country.

GOD SAVE IRELAND.¹

High upon the gallows tree swung the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;
But they met him face to face, with the spirit of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.
"God save Ireland," said the heroes; "God save Ireland,"
said they all:
"Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

¹ William O'Meara Allen, Michael O'Brien, Michael Larkin, executed 23d November, 1867, for accidentally killing Brett, a policeman, in the attempt to rescue Kelly and Deasy, September 18.

Girt around with cruel foes, still their courage proudly rose,
 For they thought of hearts that loved them, far and near,
 Of the millions true and brave, o'er the ocean's swelling
 wave,

And the friends in holy Ireland, ever dear.

"God save Ireland," said they proudly; "God save Ireland,"
 said they all:

"Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
 O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Climbed they up the rugged stair; rung their voices out in
 prayer;

Then, with England's fatal cord around them cast,
 Close beneath the gallows tree kissed like brothers lovingly,
 True to home and faith and freedom to the last.

"God save Ireland," prayed they loudly; "God save Ireland,"
 said they all:

"Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
 O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Never till the latest day shall the memory pass away

Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;

But on the cause must go, amidst joy or weal or woe,

Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.

"God save Ireland," say we proudly; "God save Ireland,"
 say we all:

"If upon the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
 O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

YOU AND I.

I know what will happen, sweet,
 When you and I are one;
 Calm and bright and very fleet,
 All our days will run.
 Fond and kind our words will be,
 Mixed no more with sighs;
 Thoughts too fine for words we'll see
 Within each other's eyes.

Sweet, when you and I are one
 Earth will bloom anew—
 Brighter than the stars and sun,
 Softer than the dew.

Sweeter scents will then arise
 From the fields and flowers;
 Holier calm will fill the skies
 In the midnight hours.

Music now unheard, unknown
 Then will reach our ears;
 Not a plaint in any tone,
 Not a hint of tears.
 In a round of bliss complete
 All our days will run—
 That is what will happen, sweet,
 When you and I are one.

DEAR OLD IRELAND.

IRISH AIR.

I.

Deep in Canadian woods we 've met,
 From one bright island flown;
 Great is the land we tread, but yet
 Our hearts are with our own.
 And ere we leave this shanty small,
 While fades the Autumn day,
 We 'll toast Old Ireland!
 Dear Old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys, hurrah!

II.

We 've heard her faults a hundred times,
 The new ones and the old,
 In songs and sermons, ranns and rhymes,
 Enlarged some fifty-fold.
 But take them all, the great and small,
 And this we 've got to say:
 Here 's dear Old Ireland!
 Good Old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys, hurrah!

III.

We know that brave and good men tried
 To snap her rusty chain—
 That patriots suffered, martyrs died—
 And all, 't is sad, in vain.

But no, boys, no! a glance will show
 How far they've won their way—
 Here's good Old Ireland!
 Brave Old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys, hurrah!

IV.

We've seen the wedding and the wake,
 The patron and the fair;
 And lithe young frames at the dear old games
 In the kindly Irish air;
 And the loud "hurroo," we have heard it too,
 And the thundering "Clear the way!"
 Here's gay Old Ireland!
 Dear Old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys, hurrah!

V.

And well we know in the cool gray eves,
 When the hard day's work is o'er,
 How soft and sweet are the words that greet
 The friends who meet once more;
 With "Mary machree!" "My Pat! 't is he!"
 And "My own heart night and day!"
 Ah, fond Old Ireland!
 Dear Old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys, hurrah!

VI.

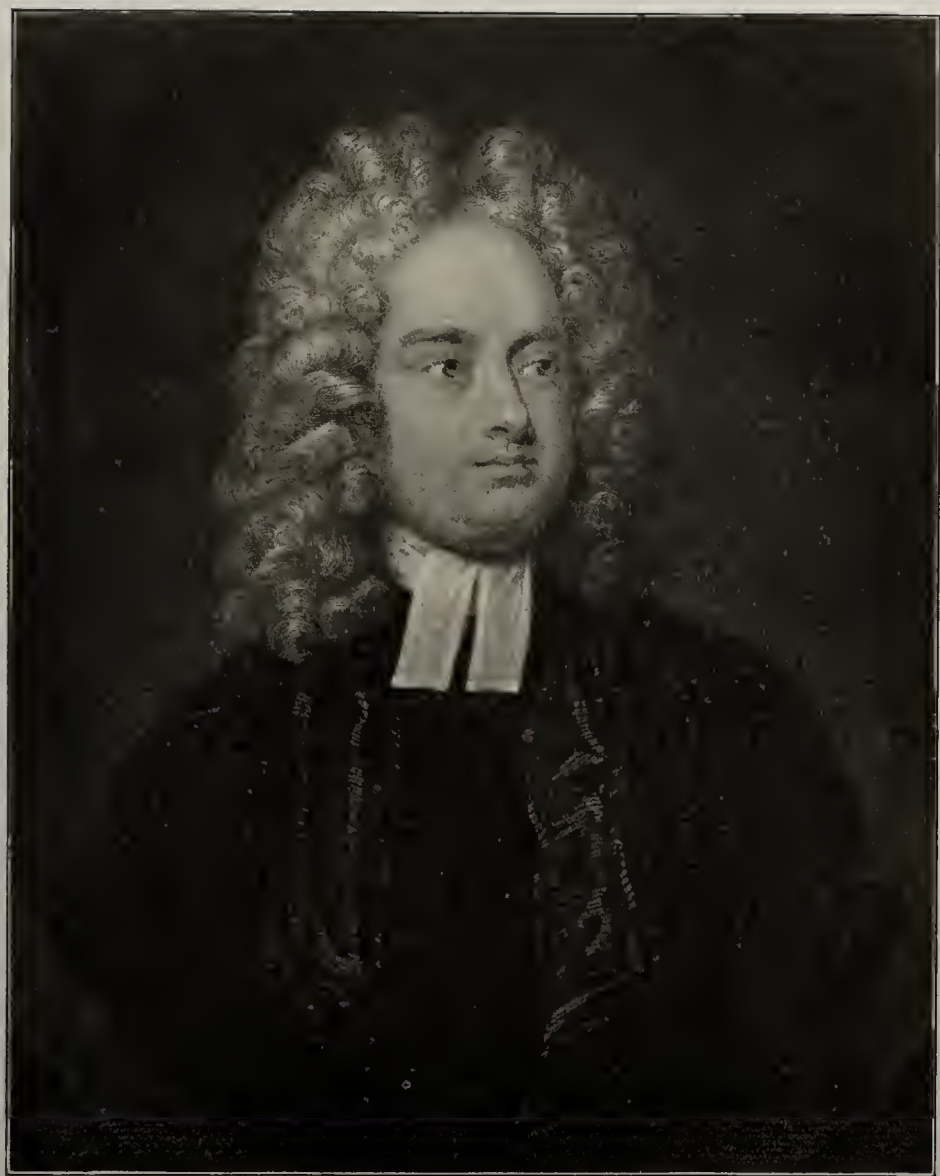
And happy and bright are the groups that pass
 From their peaceful homes, for miles
 O'er fields and roads and hills, to Mass,
 When Sunday morning smiles;
 And deep the zeal their true hearts feel
 When low they kneel and pray.
 Oh, dear Old Ireland!
 Blest old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys, hurrah!

VII.

But deep in Canadian woods we've met,
 And we never may see again
 The dear old isle where our hearts are set
 And our first fond hopes remain!
 But come, fill up another cup,
 And with every sup we'll say,
 "Here's dear Old Ireland!
 Loved Old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys, hurrah!

JONATHAN SWIFT

From an engraving by Howe



JONATHAN SWIFT.

(1667—1745.)

To most of us the name of Swift at once conjures up the memory of that happy time of youth when we first made acquaintance with the ever-entrancing Gulliver, of which Bulwer Lytton said—

“And lo! the book from all its end beguiled,
A harmless wonder to some happy child.”

But few realize that the work was really one of the many powerful political pamphlets in which Swift brought his keen, biting satire, his clear logical mind, his lofty uncompromising courage into play, exercising as great, if not greater, influence, in the world of politics than is wielded by any single one of the most powerful newspapers of to-day.

This influence was due also to the clear, simple, straightforward English which he employed in his writings. He always used language which could be “understood of the people.” His homely common-sense English prose, that a child can read and understand, and a scholar appreciate and enjoy, was a more powerful weapon than all his other intellectual endowments put together. For without it he could never have reached the ear of the people as he did.

And yet in the background of this great power, this mighty intellect, there is a grim shadow ever present from his birth to his melancholy end, which, becoming a reality, shattered his life, so that as Thackeray says, “To think of Swift, is like thinking of the ruins of a great empire.”

Jonathan Swift was born at Dublin in 1667. His father, who was a cousin of the poet Dryden, died before his birth, leaving his mother in poverty. By the slender charity of his uncle Godwin he was intrusted to the care of a nurse, who took him to England with her, where he remained until five years of age. Returning to Ireland, he was sent by his uncle to a school at Kilkenny. He entered the University of Dublin at the age of fourteen, and proved a rebellious and difficult student, for which perhaps the bitterness of spirit engendered by his poverty was largely responsible. He studied widely, but not along the lines prescribed by the college, and it was only by special favor that he obtained his degree in 1685-86.

When he left college he was penniless and practically alone in the world, but he found employment with Sir William Temple as an amanuensis, at a salary of £20 (\$100) a year. He made himself useful to Temple and was enabled to go to Oxford, where in 1692 he obtained the degree of M.A. While at Oxford he attempted some translations from the Latin, which he showed to his cousin Dryden, who told him that he would never be a poet, a remark which was never forgotten nor forgiven by Swift.

In 1694-95, mainly through the influence of Sir William Temple, he was admitted to deacon's orders and appointed to the prebend of Kilroot at a salary of £100 (\$500) a year. He did not remain

there long, however, but returned to Sir William Temple in 1695, characteristically resigning his living in favor of a poor curate, the father of eight children, who was

“passing rich with forty pounds a year.”

At Moore Park, Sir William Temple's residence, Swift now became more his confidential friend than his employé. Here he completed 'The Tale of a Tub,' which he had begun while he was at the University, and wrote 'The Battle of the Books,' and here also he met Esther Johnson, whom he has immortalized as "Stella."

In 1699 Sir William Temple died, leaving Swift a legacy of £100 (\$500) and his literary remains, which Swift carefully edited and published some time later.

After several times being tricked and disappointed, he at length was appointed Vicar of Laracor, Rathbeggan, and Agher, worth about £270 (\$1,350) a year, where he effected many reforms and improvements, both moral and material. Meanwhile, "Stella" with a companion took up her abode in the town of Trim near at hand.

The power of the pamphlet, first demonstrated by Wiclif, who opened that new literary vein toward the end of the fourteenth century, has been vigorously wielded by many writers since his time; notably by Daniel Defoe, who began in 1687. Swift took up the weapon a few years later.

His power as a political pamphleteer was first manifested in 1701, when he published anonymously his 'Discussions in Athens and Rome.' The authorship was attributed to many people in high places, among others, to Bishop Burnet, who made public disavowal of it, in order to escape impeachment. Swift himself avowed the authorship some two years later.

'The Tale of a Tub' and 'The Battle of the Books,' published in 1704, showed to the world that a new and tremendous literary power had arisen; and now followed a succession of pamphlets on public affairs, which brought him into close conjunction with the Whig party; but about 1710, becoming more in sympathy with the Tories, he threw in his lot with them and employed all the resources of his intellect to the furtherance of their aims and policy, founding *The Examiner* as the organ of the party. It is impossible to give the long catalogue of his writings in support of both of these political parties. They mostly deal with issues which are long since past, but they all bear the stamp of his powerful genius. It should be said, however, that his change from the Whigs to the Tories was a perfectly natural and logical one and was not made for the sake of place or power. While he was in London he had a bitter controversy with Steele, arising out of an article in his *Crisis*. Swift fiercely opposed the views of Steele, who upheld the Union and extolled the Scottish character at the expense of the Irish, and for a moment was in danger of prison, but the storm blew itself out.

For the detailed account of Swift's sojourn in London the world is indebted to his 'Journal to Stella,' which was in a series of letters, full of minute and circumstantial detail, sometimes in language of playful tenderness, and at others as serious as a diplomat's dispatches.

In 1713 he was appointed to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin, to which he retired on the death of Queen Anne and the collapse of the Tory party. Here, though he was at first badly received and even insulted, he soon made himself at home, and the Deanery was twice a week the scene of a gathering of the foremost people in society, art, and letters.

In 1720 his 'Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures,' etc., made him very popular with the people. It is interesting to note here that the proposal has been renewed in our own day, with far greater practical effect. The 'Drapier Letters' perhaps displayed the power of the press in that day more than anything else ever did. They made inoperative a patent which had been granted for coining £180,000 (\$900,000) worth of copper money for Ireland, for which the people of that country would have been severely taxed. It is remarkable that many of the arguments employed in these letters would apply almost exactly to the silver discussion in the United States one hundred and eighty years later.

All this time Swift had been working on his 'Gulliver's Travels,' and when he went to England in 1726 he took the manuscript with him; it appeared in that year, and the public went wild over it at once. "It was read by the high, the low, the learned and the illiterate, and criticism for a while was lost in wonder." Voltaire read it with delight, and at his suggestion it was translated into French.

In 1727 Swift paid another visit to England, and published there the three volumes of 'Miscellanies,' in which his name appeared with that of Pope, to whom he gave the entire profits, as well as the copyright of 'Gulliver's Travels.' Indeed, it may be said that Swift never directly made a single penny by his writings.

In 1728 "Stella" died, and from that time forward he grew morose and passionate, intolerable to his friends and unendurable to himself. His mind failed him, and in the last year of his life he became a hopeless lunatic. In 1742 his reason returned for a few days, but only to mock the hopes of his friends, and he died on Oct. 14, 1745. He is buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

It is impossible to take leave of Swift without some reference to his relations with "Stella"—to whom allusion has already been made—and to "Vanessa," a Miss Vanhomrig, whose acquaintance Swift made when in London. The latter appeared in Dublin as soon as Swift took up his residence at the Deanery, and her presence aroused the jealousy of "Stella," for whom Swift had taken lodgings at Ormond Quay. It is said that Swift was married to "Stella" in 1716, but there is little to show the truth of this. Certain it is that "Vanessa" was passionately in love with the Dean, and that she died with a broken heart because of him; and it is equally certain that for "Stella" Swift had such affection as it was in his power to give to any woman. For the rest, the whole matter is wrapped in mystery, where it is well to let it lie. C. W.

GULLIVER AMONG THE PIGMIES.

From 'Gulliver's Travels.'

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emmanuel College in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be, some time or other, my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him, and my uncle John and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden. There I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden I was recommended by my good master Mr. Bates to be surgeon to the "Swallow," Captain Abraham Pannell, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London; to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master, Bates, dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having, therefore, consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my

fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and, when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the "Antelope," who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699; and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas. Let it suffice to inform him, that, in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of $30^{\circ} 2'$ south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition.

On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor, while we were in the ship. We, therefore, trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and, in about half an hour, the boat was over-set by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost.

For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but, when I was almost

gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and, by this time, the storm was much abated.

The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least, I was in so weak a condition, that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for, when I awakened, it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir: for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes.

I heard a confused noise about me; but, in the posture I lay, I could see nothing except the sky. In a little time, I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward, as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature, not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) followed the first.

I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill, but distinct voice—*Hekinah degul!* the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs, that

fastened my left arm to the ground; for by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches.

But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac*; when, in an instant, I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and, besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand.

When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw.

But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows: but by the noise I heard I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected; about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.

But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration he cried out three times, *Langro*

debul san (these words, and the former, were afterwards repeated, and explained to me). Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness.

I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand, and both my eyes, to the sun, as calling him for a witness: and, being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food.

The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides; on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me.

I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink.

They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads,

then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top: I drank it off at a draught; which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me.

When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, *Hekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mevola*; and, when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *Hekinah degul*.

I confess, I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them—for so I interpreted my submissive behavior—soon drove out those imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality, to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature, as I must appear to them.

After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue: and, producing his credentials under the signet-royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determined resolution, often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. . . .

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the coun-

tenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. The prince has several machines fixed on wheels for the carriage of trees, and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set to work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood, raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me, as I lay. But the principal difficulty was, to raise and place me in this vehicle.

Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and tied fast.

All this I was told; for while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me toward the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked, by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopt awhile, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked, when I was asleep. They climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off, unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly.

We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side

of me, half with torches and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me, if I should offer to stir. The next morning, at sunrise, we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person, by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopt there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of these people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate, fronting to the north, was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground; into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed four-score and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks.

Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times, who mounted my body, by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued, to forbid it, upon pain of death.

When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

GULLIVER AMONG THE GIANTS.

From 'Gulliver's Travels.'

The king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet. He would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty that the contempt he discovered towards Europe and the rest of the world did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of; that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we observed in our country that the tallest persons were usually least provided with it. That, among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service. The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses), he should be glad to hear of anything that might deserve imitation.

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country, in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his majesty that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms, under one sovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament, partly made up of an illustrious body, called the House of

Peers, persons of the noblest blood and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counselors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, from whence there could be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defense of their prince and country, by their valor, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honor had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops, whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion, and those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counselors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives and the depth of their erudition, who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly, called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen, *freely* picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe, to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice, over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury, the valor and achievements of our forces by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular, which I thought might rebound to the honor of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about a hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his majesty, in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections, upon every article. He asked what methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives? What course was taken to supply that assembly when any noble family became extinct? What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords; whether the humor of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady as a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements? What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort? Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe or some other sinister view could have no place among them? Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of knowledge in religious matters and the sanctity of their lives had never been compliers with the times while they were common priests, or slavish prostitute chaplains to some noblemen, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow, after they were admitted into that assembly?

He then desired to know what arts were practiced in electing those whom I called commoners; whether a stranger, with a strong purse, might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighborhood? How it came to pass that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension: because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always

sincere: and he desired to know whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince, in conjunction with a corrupted ministry? He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless inquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice, his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points; and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked what time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense? Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes, manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive? Whether party in religion or politics was observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice? Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs? Whether they, or their judges, had any part in penning those laws which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure? Whether they had ever, at different times, pleaded for or against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions? Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation? Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions? And, particularly, whether they were admitted as members in the lower senate?

He fell next upon the management of our treasury, and said he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a year, and, when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate like a private person. He asked me who were our creditors, and where we found money to pay them. He won-

dered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbors, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings. He asked what business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet. Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army in the midst of peace and among a free people. He said if we were governed by our own consent, in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half-a-dozen rascals, picked up at a venture in the streets for small wages, who might get a hundred times more by cutting their throats?

He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic (as he was pleased to call it), in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us, in religion and politics. He said, he knew no reason why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second: for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials.

He observed, that among the diversions of our nobility and gentry, I had mentioned gaming; he desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed: whether it ever went so high as to effect their fortunes: whether mean, vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions, wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they received, to learn and practice that infamous dexterity upon others?

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century, protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very

worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition, could produce.

His majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: "My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness, and vice are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which in its original might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It doth not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is required towards the procurement of any one station among you; much less that men are ennobled on account of their virtue, that priests are advanced for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valor, judges for their integrity, senators for the love of their country, or counselors for their wisdom. As for yourself, continued the king, who have spent the greatest part of your life in traveling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wrung and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth." . . .

In hopes to ingratiate myself farther into his majesty's favor, I told him of an invention discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder into a heap, on which the smallest spark of fire falling would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder rammed into a hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball

of iron or lead with such violence and speed as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls thus discharged would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink down ships with a thousand men in each to the bottom of the sea; and, when linked together by a chain, would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not to be above a hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majesty as a small tribute of acknowledgment, in return for so many marks that I had received of his royal favor and protection.

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given him of those terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. He was amazed, how so impotent and groveling an insect as I (these were his expressions) could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation, which I had painted, as the common effects of those destructive machines, whereof, he said, some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom than be privy to such a secret, which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more.

A strange effect of narrow principles and short views! that a prince possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endowed with admirable talents for government, and almost adored by his subjects, should, from a nice unnecessary scruple, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands, that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people. Neither do I say this with the least intention to whose character I am sensible will on this account be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader; but I detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, take this defect among them to have arisen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For I remember very well, in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say there were several thousand books among us, written upon the art of government, it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy or some rival nation were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes, with some other obvious topics, which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass grow upon a spot of ground, where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

A SHORT VIEW OF IRELAND, 1727.

I am assured, that it has for some time been practiced as a method of making men's court when they are asked

about the rate of lands, the abilities of the tenants, the state of trade and manufacture in this kingdom and how their rents are paid; to answer that in their neighborhood all things are in a flourishing condition, the rent and purchase of land every day increasing. And if a gentleman happen to be a little more sincere in his representation, besides being looked on as not well-affected, he is sure to have a dozen contradictors at his elbow. I think it is no manner of secret, why these questions are so cordially asked or so obligingly answered.

But since, with regard to the affairs of this kingdom I have been using all endeavors to subdue my indignation; to which indeed I am not provoked by any personal interest, not being the owner of one spot of ground in the whole island; I shall only enumerate, by rules generally known and never contradicted what are the true causes of any country's flourishing and growing rich; and then examine what effects arise from those causes in the kingdom of Ireland.

The first cause of a kingdom's thriving is the fruitfulness of the soil to produce the necessaries and conveniences of life, not only sufficient for the inhabitants but for exportation into other countries.

The second is the industry of the people in working up all their native commodities to the last degree of manufacture.

The third is the conveniency of safe ports and havens, to carry out their own goods as much manufactured, and bring in those of others as little manufactured, as the nature of mutual commerce will allow.

The fourth is that the natives should, as much as possible, export and import their goods in vessels of their own timber, made in their own country.

The fifth is the privilege of a free trade in all foreign countries which will permit them, except those who are in war with their own prince or state.

The sixth is being governed only by laws made with their own consent, for otherwise they are not a free people. And therefore all appeals for justice or applications for favor or preferment, to another country, are so many grievous impoverishments.

The seventh is by improvement of land, encouragement

of agriculture, and thereby increasing the number of their people, without which any country, however blessed by nature, must continue poor.

The eighth is the residence of the prince or chief administrator of the civil power.

The ninth is the concourse of foreigners, for education, curiosity, or pleasure, or as to a general mart of trade.

The tenth is by disposing all offices of honor, profit, or trust, only to natives, or at least with very few exceptions, where strangers have long inhabited the country and are supposed to understand and regard the interests of it as their own.

The eleventh is when the rents of land and profits of employment are spent in the country which produced them, and not in another, the former of which will certainly happen where the love of our native country prevails.

The twelfth is by the public revenues being all spent and employed at home, except on the occasions of a foreign war.

The thirteenth is where the people are not obliged, unless they find it for their own interest or convenience, to receive any moneys, except of their own coinage by a public mint, after the manner of all civilized nations.

The fourteenth is a disposition of the people of a country to wear their own manufactures, and import as few incitements to luxury either in clothes, furniture, food, or drink, as they possibly can live conveniently without.

There are many other causes of a nation's thriving, which I at present cannot recollect; but without advantage from at least some of these, after turning my thoughts a long time, I am not able to discover whence our wealth proceeds, and therefore would gladly be better informed. In the meantime, I will here examine what share falls to Ireland of these causes, or of the effects and consequences.

It is not my intention to complain, but barely to relate facts, and the matter is not of small importance. For it is allowed, that a man who lives in a solitary house, far from help, is not wise in endeavoring to acquire in the neighborhood the reputation of being rich, because those who come for gold will go off with pewter and brass rather than return empty, and in the common practice of the

world, those who possess most wealth make least parade, which they leave to others, who have nothing else to bear them out in showing their faces on the Exchange.

As to the first cause of a nation's riches, being the fertility of the soil, as well as temperature of the climate, we have no reason to complain; for, although the quantity of unprofitable land in this kingdom, reckoning bog and rock and barren mountain, be double in proportion to what it is in England, yet the native productions, which both kingdoms deal in, are very near an equality in point of goodness, and might, with the same encouragement, be as well manufactured. I except mines and minerals, in some of which, however, we are only defective in point of skill and industry.

In the second, which is the industry of the people, our misfortune is not altogether owing to our own fault, but to a million of discouragements.

The conveniency of ports and havens, which nature has bestowed so liberally on this kingdom, is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon.

As to shipping of its own, Ireland is so utterly unprovided that, of all the excellent timber cut down within these 50 or 60 years, it can hardly be said that the nation has received the benefit of one valuable house to dwell in, or one ship to trade with.

Ireland is the only kingdom I ever heard or read of either in ancient or modern story, which was denied the liberty of exporting their native commodities and manufactures wherever they pleased, except to countries at war with their own prince or state; yet this privilege, by the superiority of mere power, is refused us in the most momentous parts of commerce,—besides an act of navigation, to which we never consented, pinned down upon us, and rigorously executed; and a thousand other unexampled circumstances, as grievous as they are invidious to mention. To go on to the rest.

It is too well known that we are forced to obey some laws we never consented to, which is a condition I must not call by its true uncontroverted name, for fear of Lord Chief-Justice Whitshed's ghost, with his *Libertas et natale solum* written for a motto on his coach, as it stood at the

door of the court, while he was perjuring himself to betray both. Thus we are in the conditions of patients, who have physic sent them by doctors at a distance, strangers to their constitution and the nature of their disease, and thus we are forced to pay 500 per cent. to decide our properties; in all of which we have likewise the honor to be distinguished from the whole race of mankind.

As to the improvement of land, those few who attempt that or planting, through covetousness, or want of skill, generally leave things worse than they were; neither succeeding in trees nor hedges; and, by running into the fancy of grazing, after the manner of the Scythians, are every day depopulating the country.

We are so far from having a king to reside among us, that even the vice-roy is generally absent four-fifths of his time in the government.

No strangers from other countries make this a part of their travels, where they can expect to see nothing but scenes of misery and desolation.

Those who have the misfortune to be born here have the least title to any considerable employment, to which they are seldom preferred but upon a political consideration.

One third part of the rents of Ireland is spent in England, which, with the profit of employments, pensions, appeals, journeys of pleasure or health, education at the inns of court and both universities, remittances at pleasure, the pay of all superior officers in the army, and other incidents, will amount to a full half of the income of the whole kingdom, all clear profit to England.

We are denied the liberty of coining gold, silver, or even copper. In the isle of Man they coin their own silver; every petty prince, vassal to the emperor, can coin what money he pleases. And in this, as in most of the articles already mentioned, we are an exception to all other states or monarchies that were ever known in the world.

As to the last, or fourteenth article, we take special care to act diametrically contrary to it in the whole course of our lives. Both sexes, but especially the women, despise and abhor to wear any of their own manufactures, even those which are better made than in other countries, particularly a sort of silk plaid, through which the workmen are forced to run a kind of gold thread, that it may pass

for Indian. Even ale and potatoes are imported from England, as well as corn; and our foreign trade is little more than importation of French wine, for which I am told we pay ready money.

Now, if all this be true (upon which I could easily enlarge), I should be glad to know by what secret method it is that we grow a rich and flourishing people, without liberty, trade, manufactures, inhabitants, money, or the privilege of coining, without industry, labor, or improvement of land, and with more than half the rent and profits of the whole kingdom annually exported, for which we receive not a single farthing, and to make up all this, nothing worth mentioning, except the linen of the north, a trade casual, corrupted, and at mercy, and some butter from Cork. If we do flourish, it must be against every law of nature and reason, like the thorn at Glastonbury that blossoms in the midst of winter.

Let the worthy commissioners who come from England ride round the kingdom; and observe the face of nature, or the face of the natives; the improvement of the land, the thriving numerous plantations; the noble woods, the abundance and vicinity of country seats; the commodious farms, houses, and barns; the towns and villages, where everybody is busy, and thriving with all kind of manufactures; the shops full of goods wrought to perfection, and filled with customers, the comfortable diet, and dress, and dwellings of the people; the vast numbers of ships in our harbors and docks, and shipwrights in our sea-port towns; the roads crowded with carriers laden with rich manufactures; the perpetual concourse to and fro of pompous equipages.

With what envy and admiration would these gentlemen return from so delightful a progress! what glorious reports would they make when they went back to England?

But my heart is too heavy to continue this irony longer, for it is manifest that whatever stranger took such a journey would be apt to think himself traveling in Lapland or Iceland rather than in a country so favored by nature as ours, both in fruitfulness of soil and temperature of climate. The miserable dress and diet, and dwelling of the people; the general desolation in most parts of the kingdom; the old seats of the nobility and gentry all in ruins,

and no new ones in their stead; the families of farmers, who pay great rents, living in filth and nastiness upon buttermilk and potatoes, without a shoe or stocking to their feet, or a house so convenient as an English hogsty to receive them. These indeed may be comfortable sights to an English spectator, who comes for a short time, only to learn the language, and returns back to his own country, whither he finds all his wealth transmitted.

“Nostra miseria magna est.”

There is not one argument used to prove the riches of Ireland which is not a logical demonstration of its poverty. The rise of our rents is squeezed out of the very blood, and vitals, and clothes, and dwellings of the tenants, who live worse than English beggars. The lowness of interest, in all other countries a sign of wealth, is in us a proof of misery, there being no trade to employ any borrower. Hence alone comes the dearness of land, since the savers have no other way to lay out their money; hence the dearness of necessaries of life, because the tenants cannot afford to pay such extravagant rates for land (which they must take or go a-begging) without raising the price of cattle and of corn, although themselves should live upon chaff. Hence our increase of building in this city, because workmen have nothing to do but to employ one another, and one half of them are infallibly undone. Hence the daily increase of bankers, who may be a necessary evil in a trading country, but so ruinous in ours; who, for their private advantage, have sent away all our silver and one third of our gold; so that within three years past the running cash of the nation, which was about £500,000, is now less than two, and must daily diminish unless we have liberty to coin as well as that important kingdom the Isle of Man, and the meanest principality in the German empire, as I before observed.

I have sometimes thought that this paradox of the kingdom's growing rich is chiefly owing to those worthy gentlemen the *Bankers*, who, except some custom-house officers, birds of passage, oppressive thrifty squires, and a few others who shall be nameless, are the only thriving people among us; and I have often wished that a law were enacted to create half a dozen bankers every year, and thereby interpose at least some short delay to the further ruin of Ireland.

Ye are idle! ye are idle! answered Pharaoh to the Israelites when they complained to his majesty that they were forced to make bricks without straw.

England enjoys every one of those advantages for enriching a nation which I have above enumerated, and into the bargain a good million returned to them every year without labor or hazard or one farthing value received on our side; but how long we shall be able to continue the payment I am not under the least concern. One thing I know, that when the hen is starved to death there will be no more golden eggs.

I think it a little inhospitable, and others may call it a subtle piece of malice, that, because there may be a dozen families in this town able to entertain their English friends in a generous manner at their tables, their guests upon their return to England shall report that we wallow in riches and luxury.

Yet I confess I have known an hospital where all the household officers grew rich, while the poor, for whose sake it was built, were almost starving.

To conclude; if Ireland be a rich and flourishing kingdom, its wealth and prosperity must be owing to certain causes that are yet concealed from the whole race of mankind, and the effects are equally invisible. We need not wonder at strangers when they deliver such paradoxes, but a native or inhabitant of this kingdom who gives the same verdict must be either ignorant to stupidity, or a man-pleaser at the expense of all honor.

CONCERNING THE BRASS HALFPENCE COINED BY MR. WOOD. BY M. B. DRAPIER.

From 'The Drapier Letters.'

LETTER I. TO THE TRADESMEN, SHOPKEEPERS, FARMERS,
AND COMMON PEOPLE GENERALLY OF IRELAND.

Brethren, Friends, Countrymen and Subjects:

It having been many years since *Copper Halfpence or Farthings* were last coined in this Kingdom, they have

been for some time very scarce, and many counterfeits passed about under the name of *raps*, several applications were made to England, that we might have liberty to coin new ones, as in former times we did; but they did not succeed. At last one Mr. Wood, a mean ordinary man, a hardware dealer, procured a patent under his Majesty's broad seal to coin fourscore and ten thousand pounds in copper for this kingdom, which patent however did not oblige any one here to take them, unless they pleased. Now you must know, that the halfpence and farthings in England pass for very little more than they are worth. And if you should beat them to pieces, and sell them to the brazier you would not lose above a penny in a shilling. But Mr. Wood made his halfpence of such base metal, and so much smaller than the English ones, that the brazier would not give you above a penny of good money for a shilling of his; so that this sum of fourscore and ten thousand pounds in good gold and silver, must be given for trash that will not be worth above eight or nine thousand pounds real value. But this is not the worst, for Mr. Wood when he pleases may by stealth send over another and another fourscore and ten thousand pounds, and buy all our goods for eleven parts in twelve, under the value. For example, if a hatter sells a dozen of hats for five shillings apiece, which amounts to three pounds, and receives the payment in Mr. Wood's coin, he really receives only the value of five shillings.

Perhaps you will wonder how such an ordinary fellow as this Mr. Wood could have so much interest as to get his Majesty's broad seal for so great a sum of bad money, to be sent to this poor country, and that all the nobility and gentry here could not obtain the same favor, and let us make our own halfpence, as we used to do. Now I will make that matter very plain. We are at a great distance from the King's court, and have nobody there to solicit for us, although a great number of lords and squires, whose estates are here, and are our countrymen, spending all their lives and fortunes there. But this same Mr. Wood was able to attend constantly for his own interest; he is an Englishman and had great friends, and it seems knew very well where to give money, to those that would speak to others that could speak to the King and tell a fair story.

And his Majesty, and perhaps the great lord or lords who advised him, might think it was for our country's good; and so, as the lawyers express it, "the King was deceived in his grant," which often happens in all reigns. And I am sure if His Majesty knew that such a patent, if it should take effect according to the desire of Mr. Wood, would utterly ruin this kingdom, which hath given such great proofs of its loyalty, he would immediately recall it, and perhaps show his displeasure to somebody or other. But "a word to the wise is enough." Most of you must have heard, with what anger our honorable House of Commons received the account of this Wood's patent. There were several fine speeches made upon it, and plain proofs that it was all A WICKED CHEAT from the bottom to the top, and several smart votes were printed, which that same Mr. Wood had the assurance to answer likewise in print, and in so confident a way, as if he were a better man than our whole Parliament put together.

This Wood, as soon as his patent was passed, or soon after, sends over a great many barrels of these halfpence, to Cork and other sea-port towns, and to get them off offered an hundred pounds in his coin for seventy or eighty in silver. But the collectors of the King's customs very honestly refused to take them, and so did almost everybody else. And since the Parliament hath condemned them and desired the King that they might be stopped, all the kingdom do abominate them.

But Wood is still working underhand to force his halfpence upon us, and if he can by help of his friends in England prevail so far as to get an order that the commissioners and collectors of the King's money shall receive them, and that the army is to be paid with them, then he thinks his work shall be done. And this is the difficulty you will be under in such a case. For the common soldier when he goes to the market or alehouse will offer this money, and if it be refused, perhaps he will swagger and hector, and threaten to beat the butcher or alewife, or take the goods by force, and throw them the bad halfpence. In this and the like cases, the shopkeeper or victualler, or any other tradesman has no more to do, than to demand ten times the price of his goods, if it is to be paid in Wood's money; for example, twenty pence of that money for a

quart of ale; and so in all things else, and not part with his goods till he gets the money.

For suppose you go to an alehouse with that base money, and the landlord gives you a quart for four of these halfpence, what must the victualler do? His brewer will not be paid in that coin, or if the brewer should be such a fool, the farmers will not take it from them for their bere¹ because they are bound by their leases to pay their rents in good and lawful money of England, which this is not, or of Ireland neither, and the 'squire their landlord will never be so bewitched to take such trash for rent, so that it must certainly stop somewhere or other, and wherever it stops it is the same thing, and we are all undone.

The common weight of these halfpence is between four and five to an ounce, suppose five, then three shillings and four pence will weigh a pound, and consequently twenty shillings will weigh six pound butter weight. Now there are many hundred farmers who pay two hundred pound a year rent. Therefore when one of these farmers comes with his half-year's rent, which is one hundred pound, it will be at least six hundred pound weight, which is a three horse load.

If a 'squire has a mind to come to town to buy clothes and wine and spices for himself and family, or perhaps to pass the winter here; he must bring with him five to six horses loaded with sacks as the farmers bring their coin; and when his lady comes in her coach to our shops, it must be followed by a car loaded with Mr. Wood's money. And I hope we shall have the grace to take it for no more than it is worth.

They say 'Squire Conolly has sixteen thousand pound a year; now if he sends for his rent to town, as it is likely he does, he must have two hundred and forty horses to bring up his half-year's rent, and two or three great cellars in his house for stowage. But what the bankers will do I cannot tell. For I am assured, that some great bankers keep by them forty thousand pounds in ready cash to answer all payments, which sum, in Mr. Wood's money, would require twelve hundred horses to carry it.

For my own part, I am already resolved what to do; I have a pretty good shop of Irish stuffs and silks, and in-

¹ Bere, barley.

stead of taking Mr. Wood's bad copper, I intend to truck with my neighbors the butchers, and bakers, and brewers, and the rest, goods for goods, and the little gold and silver I have, I will keep by me like my heart's blood till better times, or till I am just ready to starve, and then I will buy Mr. Wood's money as my father did the brass money in K. James's time, who could buy ten pound of it with a guinea, and I hope to get as much for a pistole, and so purchase bread from those who will be such fools as to sell it me.

These halfpence, if they once pass, will soon be counterfeited, because it may be cheaply done, the stuff is so base. The Dutch likewise will probably do the same thing, and send them over to us to pay for our goods. And Mr. Wood will never be at rest but coin on: So that in some years we shall have at least five times fourscore and ten thousand pound of this lumber. Now the current money of this kingdom is not reckoned to be above four hundred thousand pound in all, and while there is a silver sixpence left these blood-suckers will never be quiet.

When once the kingdom is reduced to such a condition, I will tell you what must be the end: The gentlemen of estates will turn off their tenants for want of payment, because as I told you before, the tenants are obliged by their leases to pay sterling which is lawful current money of England; then they will turn their own farmers, as too many of them do already, run all into sheep where they can, keeping only such other cattle as are necessary, then they will be their own merchants and send their wool and butter, and hides and linen beyond sea for ready money and wine and spices and silks. They will keep only a few miserable cottiers. The farmers must rob or beg, or leave their country. The shopkeepers in this and every other town, must break and starve: For it is the landed man that maintains the merchant, and shopkeeper, and handicraftsman.

But when the 'squire turns farmer and merchant himself, all the good money he gets from abroad, he will hoard up or send for England, and keep some poor tailor or weaver and the like in his own house, who will be glad to get bread at any rate.

I should never have done if I were to tell you all the

miseries that we shall undergo if we be so foolish and wicked as to take this CURSED COIN. It would be very hard if all Ireland should be put into one scale, and this sorry fellow Wood into the other, that Mr. Wood should weigh down this whole kingdom, by which England gets above a million of good money every year clear into their pockets, and that is more than the English do by all the world besides.

But your great comfort is, that His Majesty's Patent does not oblige you to take this money, so the laws have not given the crown a power of forcing the subjects to take what money the King pleases: For then by the same reason we might be bound to take pebble-stones or cockle-shells or stamped leather for current coin, if ever we should happen to live under an ill prince, who might likewise by the same power make a guinea pass for ten pound, a shilling for twenty shillings, and so on, by which he would in a short time get all the silver and gold of the kingdom into his own hands, and leave us nothing but brass or leather or what he pleased. Neither is anything reckoned more cruel or oppressive in the French government than their common practice of calling in all their money after they have sunk it very low, and then coining it anew at a much higher value, which however, is not a thousandth part so wicked as this abominable project of Mr. Wood. For the French give their subjects silver for silver and gold for gold, but this fellow will not so much as give us good brass or copper for our gold and silver, or even a twelfth part of their worth.

Having said this much, I will now go on to tell you the judgments of some great lawyers in this matter, whom I fee'd on purpose for your sakes, and got their opinions under their hands, that I might be sure I went upon good grounds.

A famous law-book, called 'The Mirror of Justice,' discoursing of the articles (or laws) ordained by our ancient kings declares the law to be as follows: "It was ordained that no king of this realm should change, impair or amend the money or make any other money than of gold or silver without the assent of all the counties," that is, as my Lord Coke, says, without the assent of Parliament.

This book is very ancient, and of great authority for the

time in which it was wrote, and with that character is often quoted by that great lawyer my Lord Coke.

By the law of England, the several metals are divided into lawful or true metal and unlawful or false metal, the former comprehends silver or gold; the latter all baser metals: That the former is only to pass in payments appears by an act of Parliament made the twentieth year of Edward the First, called the "Statute concerning the Passing of Pence," which I give you here as I got it translated into English, for some of our laws at that time, were, as I am told writ in Latin: "Whoever in buying or selling presumeth to refuse an halfpenny or farthing of lawful money, bearing the stamp which it ought to have, let him be seized on as a contemner of the King's majesty, and cast into prison."

By this Statute, no person is to be reckoned a contemner of the King's majesty, and for that crime to be committed to prison, but he who refuses to accept the King's coin made of lawful metal, by which, as I observed above, silver and gold only are intended.

That this is the true construction of the Act, appears not only from the meaning of the words, but from my Lord Coke's observation upon it. "By this act," (says he) "it appears, that no subject can be forced to take in buying or selling or other payments, any money made but of lawful metal; that is, of silver or gold."

The law of England gives the King all mines of gold and silver, but not mines of other metals, the reason of which prerogative or power, as it is given by my Lord Coke is, because money can be made of gold and silver, but not of other metals.

Pursuant to this opinion halfpence and farthings were anciently made of silver, which is most evident from the Act of Parliament of Henry the 4th. chap. 4, by which it is enacted as follows: "Item, for the great scarcity that is at present within the realm of England of halfpence and farthings of silver, it is ordained and established that the third part of all the money of silver plate which shall be brought to the bullion, shall be made in halfpence and farthings." This shows that by the word "halfpenny" and "farthing" of lawful money in that statutes concern-

ing the passing of pence, are meant a small coin in halfpence and farthings of silver.

This is further manifest from the statute of the ninth year of Edward the 3rd, chap. 3, which enacts, "That no sterling halfpenny or farthing be molten for to make vessel, nor any other thing by goldsmiths, nor others, upon forfeiture of the money so molten" (or melted).

By another Act in this King's reign black money was not to be current in England, and by an act made in the eleventh year of his reign Chap. 5, galley halfpence were not to pass; what kind of coin these were I do not know, but I presume they were made of base metal, and that these acts were no new laws, but farther declarations of the old laws relating to the coin.

Thus the law stands in relation to coin, nor is there any example to the contrary, except one in Davis's Reports, who tells us that in the time of Tyrone's rebellion Queen Elizabeth ordered money of mixed metal to be coined in the tower of London, and sent hither for payment of the army, obliging all people to receive it and commanding that all silver money should be taken only as bullion, that is, for as much as it weighed. Davis tells us several particulars in this matter too long here to trouble you with, and that the privy-council of this kingdom obliged a merchant in England to receive this mixed money for goods transmitted hither.

But this proceeding is rejected by all the best lawyers as contrary to law, the Privy-council here having no such power. And besides it is to be considered, that the Queen was then under great difficulties by a rebellion in this kingdom assisted from Spain, and whatever is done in great exigencies and dangerous times should never be an example to proceed by in seasons of peace and quietness.

I will now, my dear friends, to save you the trouble, set before you in short, what the law obliges you to do, and what it does not oblige you to do.

First: You are obliged to take all money in payments which is coined by the King and is of the English standard or weight, provided it be of gold or silver.

Secondly: You are not obliged to take any money which is not of gold or silver—no, not the halfpence, or farthings of England, or of any other country; and it is

only for convenience and ease that you are content to take them, because the custom of coining silver halfpence and farthings hath long been left off, I will suppose on account of their being subject to be lost.

Thirdly: Much less are you obliged to take these vile halfpence of that same Wood, by which you must lose almost eleven-pence in every shilling.

Therefore, my friends, stand to it one and all; refuse this filthy trash. It is no treason to rebel against Mr. Wood. His Majesty in his patent obliges nobody to take these halfpence—our gracious prince hath no so ill advisers about him; or if he had, yet you see the laws have not left it in the King's power to force us to take any coin but what is lawful, of right standard gold and silver; therefore you have nothing to fear.

And let me in the next place apply myself particularly to you who are the poor sort of tradesmen: perhaps you may think that you will not be so great losers as the rich, if these halfpence should pass, because you seldom see any silver, and your customers come to your shops or stalls with nothing but brass, which you likewise find hard to be got; but you may take my word, whenever this money gains footing among you, you will be utterly undone: if you carry these halfpence to a shop for tobacco or brandy, or any other thing you want, the shopkeeper will advance his goods accordingly, or else he must break, and leave the key under the door. Do you think I will sell a yard of ten-penny stuff for twenty of Mr. Wood's halfpence? No, not under two hundred at least: neither will I be at the trouble of counting, but weigh them in a lump; I will tell you one thing further, that if Mr. Wood's project should take, it will ruin even our beggars; for when I give a beggar an halfpenny, it will quench his thirst, or go a good way to fill his belly, but the twelfth part of a halfpenny will do him no more service than if I gave him three pins out of my sleeve.

In short these halfpence are like "the accursed thing which," as the Scripture tells us, "the children of Israel were forbidden to touch;" they will run about like the plague and destroy every one who lays his hands upon them. I have heard scholars talk of a man who told a king that he had invented a way to torment people by putting

them into a bull of brass with fire under it, but the prince put the projector first into his brazen bull to make the experiment; this very much resembles the project of Mr. Wood, and the like of this may possibly be Mr. Wood's fate, that the brass he provided to torment this kingdom with may prove his own torment, and his destruction at last.

EXTRACT

From 'The Journal to Stella.'

I know it is neither wit nor diversion to tell you every day where I dine; but I fancy I shall have, some time or other, the curiosity of seeing some particulars how I passed my life when I was absent from M. D. this time; and so I tell you now that I dined to-day at Molesworth's, the Florence envoy's; then went to the coffee-house, where I behaved myself coldly enough to Mr. Addison; and so came home to scribble. We dine together to-morrow and next day by invitation; but I shall alter my behavior to him till he begs my pardon, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends and friendships are all monsters but M. D's. . . . How do I know whether china be dear or not? I once took a fancy of resolving to grow mad for it, but now it is off. And so you only want some salad-dishes and plates, and etc. Yes, yes, you shall. I suppose you have named as much as will cost five pounds. Now to Stella's little postscript; and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Cannot you dictate to Dingley and not strain your little dear eyes? I am sure it is the grief of my soul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write, shut your eyes, and write just a line and no more, thus: *How do you do, Mrs. Stella?* That was written with my eyes shut. . . . O then, you kept Presto's little birthday? Would to God I had been with you! *Rediculous*, Madam! I suppose you mean *ridiculous*? I have mended it in your letter. And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes? O faith, I am afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pretty Stella. . . . What, will you still have the impudence to write *London, England*, because I write *Dublin, Ireland*?

Is there no difference between London and Dublin, saucy-box? The session, I doubt, will not be over till the end of April; however I shall not wait for it if the ministry will let me go sooner. I wish I were just now in my little garden at Laracor. I would set out for Dublin early on Monday, and bring you an account of my young trees. . . . I would fain be at the beginning of my willows-growing. Percival tells me that the quicksets upon the flat in the garden do not grow so well as those famous ones in the ditch. They want digging about them. The cherry-trees by the river-side I have set my heart upon. . . . See how my style is altered by living and thinking and talking among these people instead of my canal and river walk and willows. Yes, faith, I hope in God, Presto and M.D. will be together this time twelvemonths. What then? Last year, I suppose, I was at Laracor; but next I hope to eat my Michaelmas goose at my little goose's lodgings. I drink no *aile* (I suppose you mean *ale*), but yet good wine every day of five or six shillings the bottle. O Lord, how much Stella writes. Pray do not carry that too far, young woman, but be temperate to hold out. . . . Percival tells me he can sell your horse. Pray let him know that he shall sell his soul as soon. What! Sell anything that Stella loves, and maybe rides! And so God Almighty protect poor, dear, dear, dear, dearest M. D. 'Night, dearest little M. D.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another.

Positiveness is a good quality for preachers and orators, because he that would obtrude his thoughts and reasons upon a multitude, will convince others the more as he appears convinced himself.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

When a true genius appears in the world you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

Some men, under the notions of weeding out prejudices, eradicate virtue, honesty, and religion.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbors and passengers, but not the owner within.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is, because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.,

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door.

Few are qualified to *shine* in company, but it is in most men's power to be *agreeable*. The reason therefore why conversation runs so low at present, is not the defect of understanding, but pride, vanity, ill-nature, affectation, singularity, positiveness, or some other vice, the effect of a wrong education.

I have known several persons of great fame for wisdom in public affairs and counsels, governed by foolish servants.

I have known men of the greatest cunning perpetually cheated.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.

That was *excellently observed*, say I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, there I pronounce him to be *mistaken*.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.¹

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:

¹Occasioned by reading the following maxim in Rochefoucault: "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas."—"In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that does not displease us."

They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends;
While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line
But with a sigh I wish it mine;
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six;
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was borne to introduce,
Refined it first, and showed its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they had mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents Heaven has blessed 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts! but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends;
And, though 't is hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet, thus, methinks, I hear them speak:

"See, how the dean begins to break!
 Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
 You plainly find it in his face.
 That old vertigo in his head
 Will never leave him till he's dead.
 Besides, his memory decays:
 He recollects not what he says;
 He cannot call his friends to mind:
 Forgets the place where last he dined;
 Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
 He told them fifty times before.
 How does he fancy we can sit
 To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
 But he takes up with younger folks,
 Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
 Faith! he must make his stories shorter
 Or change his comrades once a quarter:
 In half the time he talks them round,
 There must another set be found.

"For poetry he's past his prime:
 He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
 His fire is out, his wit decayed,
 His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
 I'd have him throw away his pen;—
 But there's no talking to some men!"

And then their tenderness appears
 By adding largely to my years:
 "He's older than he would be reckoned,
 And well remembers Charles the Second.
 He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
 And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
 His stomach too begins to fail:
 Last year we thought him strong and hale;
 But now he's quite another thing:
 I wish he may hold out till spring!"
 They hug themselves, and reason thus:
 "It is not yet so bad with us!"

Yet, should some neighbor feel a pain
 Just in the parts where I complain,
 How many a message would he send!
 What hearty prayers that I should mend!
 Inquire what regimen I kept;
 What gave me ease, and how I slept?
 And more lament when I was dead
 Than all the snivelers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
 For, though you may mistake a year,
 Though your prognostics run too fast,
 They must be verified at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!

"How is the dean?"—"He's just alive."
 Now the departing prayer is read;
 "He hardly breathes."—"The dean is dead."

Before the passing bell begun,
 The news through half the town is run.
 "O! may we all for death prepare!
 What has he left? and who's his heir?"
 "I know no more than what the news is;
 'Tis all bequeathed to public uses."—
 "To public uses! there's a whim!
 What has the public done for him?
 Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
 He gave it all—but first he died.
 And had the dean, in all the nation,
 No worthy friend, no poor relation?
 So ready to do strangers good,
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

Here shift the scene to represent
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor Pope would grieve a month, and Gay
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen and drop a tear.
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
 "I'm sorry—but we all must die."

When we are lashed they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
 Are tortured with suspense and fear;
 Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approached, to stand between:
 The screen removed, their hearts are trembling;
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
 Have better learned to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps:
 "The dean is dead: (Pray, what is trumps?)
 Then lord have mercy on his soul!
 (Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)

Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:
 (I wish I knew what king to call.)
 Madam, your husband will attend
 The funeral of so good a friend.
 No, madam, 't is a shocking sight;
 And he's engaged to-morrow night:
 My lady Club will take it ill
 If he should fail her at quadrille.
 He loved the dean—(I lead a heart),
 But dearest friends, they say, must part.
 His time has come: he ran his race;
 We hope he's in a better place."
 Why do we grieve that friends should die?
 No loss more easy to supply.
 One year is past; a different scene:
 No further mention of the dean;
 Who now, alas! no more is missed
 Than if he never did exist.
 Where's now this favorite of Apollo?
 Departed:—and his works must follow;
 Must undergo the common fate;
 His kind of wit is out of date.

"As for his works in verse and prose,
 I own myself no judge of those;
 Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em:
 But this I know, all people bought 'em.
 As with a moral view designed
 To cure the vices of mankind:
 His vein, ironically grave,
 Exposed the fool and lashed the knave.
 To steal a hint was never known,
 But what he writ was all his own.

"He never thought an honor done him
 Because a duke was proud to own him;
 Would rather slip aside and choose
 To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
 Despised the fools with stars and garters,
 So often seen caressing Chartres.
 He never courted men in station,
 Nor persons held in admiration;
 Of no man's greatness was afraid,
 Because he sought for no man's aid.
 Though trusted long in great affairs,
 He gave himself no haughty airs:
 Without regarding private ends,

Spent all his credit for his friends;
And only chose the wise and good;
No flatterers; no allies in blood;
But succored virtue in distress,
And seldom failed of good success.
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who but for him had been unknown.

“With princes kept a due decorum,
But never stood in awe before ’em.
He followed David’s lesson, just,
In princes never put thy trust:
And would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you named,
With what impatience he declaimed!
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry,
For her he stood prepared to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft exposed his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found
To sell him for six hundred pound.

“Had he but spared his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men:
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat;
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound:
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of humankind:
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labored many a fruitless hour
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other’s ruin.
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.

“And oh! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John’s skill in state affairs,
What Ormond’s valor, Oxford’s cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroyed by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended

On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction starts,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By solemn league and covenant bound
To ruin, slaughter and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice Old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story:
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded Virtue stand?
With horror, grief, despair, the dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene:
His friends in exile or the Tower,
Himself within the frown of power;
Pursued by base envenomed pens
Far to the lands of saints and fens;
A servile race in folly nursed,
Who truckle most when treated worst.

“By innocence and resolution,
He bore continued persecution,
While numbers to preferment rose
Whose merits were to be his foes;
When even his own familiar friends,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels
Against him lifting up their heels.

“The dean did by his pen defeat
An infamous destructive cheat;
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy has owned it was his doing.
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reaped the profit, sought his blood.

“To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,
Whose fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain
As modern Scroggs or old Tresilian;
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor feared he God, nor man regarded,
Vowed on the dean his rage to vent,

And make him of his zeal repent :
 But Heaven his innocence defends,
 The grateful people stand his friends ;
 Nor strains of law, nor judge's frown,
 Nor topics brought to please the crown,
 Nor witness hired, nor jury picked,
 Prevail to bring him in convict.

“ In exile, with a steady heart,
 He spent his life's declining part,
 Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
 Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay,
 His friendships there, to few confined,
 Were always of the middling kind ;
 No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
 Who fain would pass for lords indeed :
 Where titles give no right or power,
 And peerage is a withered flower ;
 He would have held it a disgrace
 If such a wretch had known his face.
 On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
 He vented off his wrath in vain ;

In every job to have a share,
 A jail or turnpike to repair ;
 And turn the tax for public roads,
 Commodious to their own abodes.

“ Perhaps I may allow the dean
 Had too much satire in his vein,
 And seemed determined not to starve it,
 Because no age could more deserve it.
 Yet malice never was his aim ;
 He lashed the vice, but spared the name ;
 No individual could resent,
 Where thousands equally were meant ;
 His satire points at no defect
 But what all mortals may correct ;
 For he abhorred that senseless tribe
 Who call it humor when they gibe ;
 He spared a hump or crooked nose,
 Whose owners set not up for beaux.
 True genuine dullness moved his pity,
 Unless it offered to be witty.
 Those who their ignorance confessed
 He ne'er offended with a jest ;
 But laughed to hear an idiot quote
 A verse from Horace learned by rote.

“He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
 With all the turns of Whigs and Tories;
 Was cheerful to his dying day,
 And friends would let him have his way.

“He gave the little wealth he had
 To build a house for fools and mad;
 And showed by one satiric touch
 No nation wanted it so much.
 That kingdom he had left his debtor,
 I wish it soon may have a better.”

TO STELLA,

VISITING ME IN MY SICKNESS, 1720.

When on my sickly couch I lay,
 Impatient both of night and day,
 Lamenting in unmanly strains,
 Called every power to ease my pains;
 Then Stella ran to my relief,
 With cheerful face and inward grief,
 And, though by Heaven's severe decree
 She suffers hourly more than me,
 No cruel master could require,
 From slaves employed for daily hire,
 What Stella, by her friendship warmed
 With vigor and delight performed:
 My sinking spirits now supplies
 With cordials in her hands and eyes:
 Now with a soft and silent tread
 Unheard she moves about my bed.
 I see her taste each nauseous draught,
 And so obligingly am caught;
 I bless the hand from whence they came,
 Nor dare distort my face for shame.
 Best patterns of true friends! beware;
 You pay too dearly for your care,
 If, while your tenderness secures
 My life, it must endanger yours;
 For such a fool was never found,
 Who pulled a palace to the ground,
 Only to have the ruins made
 Materials for a house decayed.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

- I. Lest it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.
- II. By disputing I will never,
To convince you, once endeavor.
- III. When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.
- IV. When I talk and you are heedless,
I will show no anger needless.
- V. When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.
- VI. When you, furious, argue wrong,
I will grieve and hold my tongue.
- VII. Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite mistake the meaning.
- VIII. Never more will I suppose
You can taste my verse or prose.
- IX. You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach and you forget.
- X. You shall never hear me thunder
When you blunder on, and blunder.
- XI. Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs;
That with me shall break no squares.
- XII. Never will I give advice
Till you please to ask me thrice:
Which if you in scorn reject,
'T will be just as I expect.

TIME.

Ever eating, never cloying,
All-devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast
Till I eat the world at last.

A CIRCLE.

I'm up and down and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Though hundreds have employed their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found in almost every garden,
Nay, in the compass of a farthing,
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

THE VOWELS.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T' other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within:
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

JOHN F. TAYLOR.

(— 1902.)

JOHN F. TAYLOR was a member of the Irish bar, who occasionally wrote on Irish subjects for the magazines. He was a Dublin journalist and a correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* for many years.

He wrote verses in the Irish periodicals over the signature of "Ridgeway" and published 'A Life of Owen Roe O'Neill.' He died December, 1902.

A CENTURY OF SUBJECTION.

From 'A Life of Owen Roe O'Neill.'

The O'Neills had ruled as princes in Ulster for centuries, and eighty successive chiefs of the name, according to the Chroniclers, had been solemnly installed in power at the Rath of Tallahogue before Con the Lamhe (Con Bocagh) accepted the earldom of Tyr-Owen from King Henry VIII. in 1542, abandoning the simple title of "O'Neill" so hateful to English ears. In that same year the King of England was for the first time proclaimed King of Ireland, and the two countries, England and Ireland, were declared to be thenceforward indissolubly connected by law. A few years before, Henry had struck a heavy blow at the feudal semi-independent nobles of the Pale, by sweeping off the whole house of Kildare; when in 1537, Silken Thomas and his uncles were put to death at Tyburn, the line of the great Geraldines closed, and the Anglo-Normans in Ireland were left without any recognized head. It was at this time, too, that Henry was declared Supreme Head of the Church in Ireland, and all ecclesiastical jurisdiction was vested by law in the hands of Protestant churchmen, who became mere civil servants. From an Irish Parliament the king had nothing to fear. The parliament was nothing but an assembly of the English in Ireland. Even such little power as it had exercised in former times had been taken away in the previous reign, when in a moment of panic it committed suicide by passing Poynings' Act at Drogheda, in 1495, binding all future parliaments not to propose any legislation without

having first obtained the assent of the English king or council. With Nobles, Church, and Parliament at his feet, Henry held undisputed power in Ireland, and no contending authority of any kind remained to limit, hamper, or control his government.

There were at this time three distinct peoples in Ireland—the Ancient Irish; the amalgamated Norman-Irish, usually called the New Irish; and the Ancient English of the Pale. No deep or lasting lines of hostility separated these three peoples. For when the Statute of Kilkenny was passed in 1367, ordering all Englishmen in Ireland to cut off communication with the natives, few of the nobler Anglo-Norman houses obeyed that decree. Outside the Pale, indeed, the statute rather hastened amalgamation; and although within the Pale it was for some time observed, it gradually fell into desuetude in the fifteenth century, and England was too busy elsewhere to look after its observance. The lines of division grew fainter and fainter until it seemed as if all traces of difference should soon fade away. But new disturbing influences now came in, and religious rancor acerbated national animosity. Those who refused to acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of Henry were put outside the protection of the law. Cathedrals, churches, and abbeys, and the lands by which they were maintained, were taken from Catholics and handed over to Protestants, except in some rare instances when Catholic consciences were elastic enough to acknowledge Henry's claims.

These claims, however, could only be enforced within the limits of the Pale, which was now once more hemmed in from the rest of Ireland by a new dividing line. For two centuries the limits of the English Pale had not advanced into Irish quarters. The Bruce campaign of 1314–18 had rolled back the tide of invasion almost to the gates of Dublin, and there up to Tudor times it has stood. But it was part of Henry's policy to make real the kingship which he claimed. If his predecessors, who had been merely lords of Ireland, were contented with the submission of the Pale he for his part was resolved not to stop short of dominion over the whole island. Conquest recommenced, and wars of aggression on the native chiefs followed one another quickly. The completion of the con-

quest of Ireland was the Tudor programme, and the completion was accomplished precisely at the extinction of the Tudor dynasty. Terrible slaughters and devastation took place during the sixty years that elapsed from Con Bóagh's submission until Con's grandson, the great Hugh O'Neill, submitted at Mellifont on the very day of Elizabeth's death.

It was in these years that Munster was laid desolate in the frightful "Desmond waste" (1571), and the old Celtic population was exiled from Leix, and Offaly, the King's County and the Queen's. New English settlers came and occupied the confiscated lands, and a new tide of invasion swelled and rolled as wave after wave of bold adventurers poured into Ireland carrying destruction in their wake. These new adventurers made settlements on the conquered lands and the limits of Englishry were extended daily. In Ulster, however, no such lodgment was attempted. Little scattered bodies of Scotch were splashed on the Eastern seaboard of Antrim, but up to O'Neill's submission in 1603 Ulster was still substantially unmixed "Ancient Irish." To them the accession of James the First irresistibly brought hopes of a better day. James had boasted of his descent from the Irish Fergus, the conqueror of Scotland. He was dear to the Catholics as the son of the most romantic of queens, for Ireland had been deeply moved by the sufferings and death of Mary, Queen of Scots. Hugh O'Neill and James had been in alliance, and it looked as if the Saxon supremacy was about to pass, and that the Celt once more was to have his day. Great rejoicings took place in Ireland. Bards foretold the golden days at hand when, under a Gaelic king, Gael and Goall should live in brotherhood and peace. For the first time all the Irish people were claimed as subjects of the English Crown. For the first time, too, all Ireland lay calm, peaceful, and exhausted, and the time for magnanimous statesmanship had come.

To the wise reforming ruler, sympathetically approaching the Irish problem, there could not come a more auspicious moment, but it soon became clear that James was not the man for such a task. The sword was no longer used or needed, but James' agents effected by fraud what the Tudor soldiers had effected by force. For open

tyranny chicane was substituted. Adventurers ravened for spoils, and they employed in procuring them the weapons of the forger, the cheat and the false witness. Unwary victims were lured into the meshes of a law unknown and unintelligible to them, and their ignorance and credulity became the instruments of their ruin. Landowners were encouraged to surrender their lands on the promise of better and safer titles; but the surrenders once made, the titles were either refused, or granted with deliberate flaws which afterwards worked the annulment of the grants. The first blow fell on Ulster. The Bann and Foyle fisheries had been in the immemorial possession of the O'Neills; and Hugh, the Earl, had received a grant from the King of all the lands and appurtenances of the clan. By subtle quibbles it was now sought to deprive him of his seigniorial rights over these fisheries. They were taken from him and granted to adventurers. When he expostulated he was threatened with worse treatment still. His clansmen, now his tenants, were urged by castle agents to pay him no rent, and they had to come secretly to Dundalk, where he lived to escape the eyes of the officials. Hugh was harassed with summons after summons calling him to answer in Castle Chamber for charges unsubstantiated by a tittle of proof. Warned from abroad by an Irish officer of an intended charge of treasonable conspiracy about to be brought against him, and knowing well that his life was aimed at so that his lands might be seized, he with kith and kin sailed away from Ireland in 1607.

The confiscators were now let loose in Ulster; but the Chichesters and Hamiltons had to share the plunder with great commercial "adventurers." Lord Bacon had very strongly advocated a settlement or "plantation" of "estimated tenants" with fixed rights independent of any lord or landowner, and great London companies were willing to carry out this scheme. This was a terrible blow to the clansmen, for to make room for yeoman "planters" it was necessary that the clansmen should go. Now the clansmen were in no way involved in O'Neill's alleged conspiracy, and O'Neill had by Brehon law no more right to the lands of the clan than a managing director has to the property of the shareholders. But these considerations

did not stand in the way. By a test known as the case of Tanistry, a judgment of the courts was obtained against Brehon law, and as, by the royal grace, the common law of England had been extended to all Ireland, it followed that all rights and titles recognized by Brehon jurisprudence were no longer of any avail. All land was held mediately or immediately from the king, and as the Earl of Tyrone had forfeited his estate to the king, all those who held under him were involved in the destruction of his title.

O'Donnell's clansmen were similarly involved in the ruin of their chief; and two years later, in 1609, the O'Doghertys were ousted from all legal right to their lands by the forfeiture declared against young Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, Owen Roe's brother-in-law. All Ulster was given over to the devourers, and although self-interest, humanity and fear modified the plans of expropriation, the clearance was effective and thorough. Ulster was made the most miserable of the provinces, by a parody of the forms of law subdued to the uses of the swindler and the cheat. The chief contriver of these fraudulent practices was Sir John Davies, who by a few gracious words has won for himself a respected name through the kindness of historians. He was in truth an unprincipled adventurer, and, as James's attorney-general, was the ready and eager adviser in every scheme of plunder.

It was part of the policy of Davies to introduce the forms of the English constitution into Ireland, only to distort them from their original purpose. A parliament of all Ireland was called; but it was packed with Castle clerks and assistants returned for imaginary boroughs created by royal writ. Trial by jury was introduced; but sheriffs carefully chose "safe" men, and if Catholic jurors declined to find priests guilty of having celebrated mass their "recalcitrance" was put forward as a proof of the unfitness of Papists to serve on juries at all. Although the penal statutes of Elizabeth were graciously allowed to lapse, old acts passed against Rome "in Catholic times" were now resuscitated; and by Father Lalor's trial and condemnation for *præmunire* in 1607, Davies accomplished all the purposes of Elizabeth's Acts through the older acts of Edward III. and of Richard II. Priests were

again banned, churches were closed, schools suppressed, and education forbidden.

Then the great exodus began. Irish students had to seek abroad for intellectual training and scholarship. A number of colleges were founded by Irish piety and munificence, and the youth of Ireland thronged these homes of learning, which stretched like lines of light from Louvain to Rome, and from Salamanca to Prague. While Waterford see was polluted by the abominable Atherton,¹ the sons of Waterford City, the Lombards and Whites and Waddings were the counselors of cardinals and kings. The sages and scholars of Ireland were in exile and the light of knowledge faded from the land. Swordsmen as well as bookmen fled from Ireland to seek careers abroad. Irish Catholic soldiers had fought against Hugh O'Neill at the close of the seven years' war against Elizabeth. They found themselves now turned adrift, and nothing remained for them but to fly from their unhappy country. Irish "swordsmen" were already famous in great Continental armies, and during the first quarter of the seventeenth century Irishmen joined the ranks of the Spanish, Austrian, French, and even Swedish forces.² The English officials gave hearty encouragement to this flight from Ireland and were at no loss for high reasons and lofty justification for their policy. Thousands of young Irishmen thronged into the Spanish service. Captains and colonels rapidly procured commissions for raising regiments, and at stated times the Irish harbors were filled with ships bearing brave men away forever from their native land. The drain grew greater as confiscations increased; and although rulers came and went, policy glided on in satisfactory continuity, names only changing as Mountjoy, Chichester, St. John, and Falkland succeeded one another.

In Ulster the rich valleys were occupied by the Scotch planters, and the houseless and landless clansmen, hud-

¹Carte doubts his guilt of the loathsome charges for which he was hanged, and believes that Boyle, Earl of Cork, by subornation, procured his judicial murder. In such a mire of iniquity, who can pick his steps?

²Attempts were made to induce the clansmen of Ulster to join the army of Gustavus Adolphus, and many were shipped for Sweden. But they must have in some way eluded their guards, as there is no instance of an Irish regiment in Swedish service, nor could Dr. Sigerson, a ripe Norse scholar, find any trace of Irish swordsmen in Sweden, although he made special and minute inquiries.

dled on the mountain tops in their poor, rude, wicker cots called "creaghts," or "keraghts," followed the herds of cattle which were now their sole wealth. These wandering outcasts sent many soldiers to the wars; but they still remained at home in numbers uncomfortably large for the planters. Mysterious midnight drilling went on. Clouds of priests and friars passed to and fro between Ireland and the Continent. Rumors of Tyrone's return were heard everywhere. "He would come; he was coming; he had come." To those who asked if a rising were lawful in the eye of the Church, priests dexterously distinguished between *rebellion* and a war of *restoration*. "Tyrone might have become a rebel," they said; "but O'Neill cannot." The saying stamps the character of the new rising. It was to be no revolt against the ancient over-lordship of the English king. It was a rising for the old tribal kingdom of the clan against the new claims of sovereignty, the assertion of which for over a hundred years had brought such desolation on the whole land.

But there were others who took wider views. Some among the leaders of the people thought that the time had come for a national movement for liberty. Old barriers were broken down, and the tie of common creed began to unite races and tribes long torn asunder by hatred, jealousy, and prejudice. The "Ancient Irish" of Ulster, Connaught, and Wicklow were for once united in interest with their old hereditary enemies, the English of the Pale. Priests and bishops encouraged this new spirit and fanned the flame of national consciousness and unity. Outlaws themselves, they came from abroad in rude crazy barks, on dark nights when seas were breaking, and winds were in uproar, so that they might escape the foeman and the spy. Then lurking in cave and mountain fastnesses, they gathered their flocks around them and told them what popes and emperors were doing, and how in God's good time Erin should again be free. Captains and colonels came too, rousing the men at home to be ready when the men abroad should return. England, it was thought, should be swept into the vortex of European troubles, and then the blow for Irish liberty should be struck. But England kept aloof from European complications, and Hugh, the great earl, went down to his grave in 1616 without

having once caught one gleam of hope during his nine weary years of exile. With his death all purpose seemed to die out in Ireland. The stillness of the tomb settled over the whole land, and English statesmen boasted that the Irish sphinx had yielded up her secret, and that resolute and salutary restraint soon overcame all unruliness in the strange wayward island. For twenty-five years that hymn of victory went up. The ashes of assassinated Ireland at last reposed in their final resting place; and England's great mission in the world should no longer be impeded by the importunate outlaw at her door.

What healing measures came during these twenty-five years? What thought was taken of Ireland? What policy was adopted? New confiscations took place in Wicklow and in Connaught, and heavier blows than ever fell upon unhappy Ulster; while the machinery of Church and State worked out the degradation of the people, steeping them in ignorance, poverty, and terror. Forgery and fraud were as efficacious as ever; and the highest in the land stooped, as in the attempted spoliation of the O'Byrnes of Wicklow, to subornation of perjury and to perjury itself. One of the most skillful and persevering of these legal swindlers was the insatiable Boyle, queerly called "The Great Earl of Cork." With gospel precepts on his lips this plunderer waded to wealth through the blood of his victims, and therewithal he much increased his store and piously rejoiced in the abundance which the Lord had given unto him. His counsels were ever at the disposal of active confiscators, and he now and then rebuked the "remissness" of the officials in Dublin for not putting such "practices" into more frequent operation.

In 1632 Spenser's "View of the State of Ireland" was published, and its publication struck terror into the hearts of the defenseless Irish. The book had been written forty years earlier; but its maxims were quite in tune with the time of its issue to the world. The "gentle" poet had a policy of clear and logical simplicity; the clearing out and extermination of the native Irish. In the temper of 1632 such a book was as it were a message from hell, working on the passions of evil men. Another book, written by a Mr. Blennerhassett, was published about the same time. The writer was an English settler, and he had taken much

thought about Ulster and the troubles there. He advanced a system of kerne-hunting as the best remedy. Spirited English sportsmen would enjoy the novelty, and so the "wolfe and the wood-kerne" would be cut down by the spears of hardy huntsmen. The "kerne" were "poor wandering creatures in creaghts," he explained, and he was confident that they could readily be extirpated.

Spenser and Blennerhassett, the two evangelists of robbery and murder, found ready disciples. In that very year new clearances, took place in Ulster. The new owners had found that Irish tenants were less troublesome than Scotch or English. They paid more rent, and they were far less sturdy in the assertion of rights. Gradually a great part of the confiscated lands went back into their possession. Intermarriages between the planters and the natives became frequent and notable; and it looked as if the old weird attractiveness of the Celt was once again to charm the enemy into a friend and lover. This serious peril was properly appreciated by an ever-watchful government. New laws breathing the spirit of the Statute of Kilkenny were passed, and all tenancies to Irishmen in the planted lands were declared void in 1632. Ulster was once more crowded with poor "wandering creatures in the creaghts," and the cruel policy lit the old fires in the most temperate and cautious breasts. Wise men dreaded a return to the methods of the Desmond war with its rapine, massacre, and devastation. Waterford, the eye of Ireland, was deeply stirred by the closing up of its schools, which had by salutary connivance been allowed to go on in a simple and obscure way, doing most excellent work in the mental training of the south, till Ulster Puritans again called out for the forcible closing of such schools "more like universities than schools" they explained, where Papists were still surreptitiously taught.

Lured by some slight concessions the Catholics of the Pale had hoped to found a University in Dublin which would relieve them from the perils of seeking education abroad; for they had tried in vain to bring about an agreement with Oxford or Trinity College, to which many Catholics had resorted until the gates were closed in their faces. In Back-lane the beginnings of a home of learning were quietly formed; but the poor embryonic University was

trampled under foot, its teachers were imprisoned, and its rooms and teaching apparatus were handed over to Trinity College. These were the blessed fruits of that long peace, the unsettling of which by "Papist rebels" has moved the indignation of supercilious critics. Threats of worse things to come drove the outcast Catholics into agues of terror, and they waited like poor dumb animals for the scourge and the goad. But men pass through terror unto courage. The quarry at bay forgets fear, and fights for dear life. Its wrath is the black tragedy of history.

JAMES HENTHORN TODD.

(1805—1869.)

DR. TODD, the son of Dr. Charles H. Todd, a well known surgeon in his day, was born in Dublin, April 23, 1805. His course in Trinity College was a distinguished one. He was graduated B.A. in 1825; in 1831 he was elected to a fellowship; in 1849 he became regius professor of Hebrew, and he was appointed librarian in 1852. He also was closely connected with St. Patrick's Cathedral. He was elected its Treasurer in 1837. Four years after his entry into the Royal Irish Academy he was—in 1837—elected to the Council; he was Secretary from 1847 to 1855, and he held the post of President from 1856 to 1861.

He produced 'The Irish Version of the *Historia Britonum* of Nennius,' 'The Martyrology of Donegal,' 'The Book of Hymns of the Ancient Church of Ireland,' and he also contributed to the series published by Lord Romilly an account of the wars of the Danes and Norsemen from MSS. in the libraries of Dublin and Brussels. He also edited the following works of Wiclif: 'The Last Age of the Church,' then first printed from a manuscript in the library of Dublin University, with notes (Dublin, 1840); 'An Apology for Lollard Doctrines,' also from a MS. in Dublin University (1842); and 'Three Treatises'—I. 'Of the Church and her Members'; II. 'Of the Apostasy of the Church'; III. 'Of Antichrist and his Meynee,' also from the same source (1851). His most important original work was a 'Life of St. Patrick' (1864). Another original work of his was 'The Book of the Vaudois' (1865), in which he gave some new and highly important information on the history of the Waldenses. He also gave some assistance in the preparation of the new edition of O'Reilly's 'Irish and English Dictionary,' which Dr. O'Donovan published in 1864. He was a frequent contributor to *Notes and Queries*, and he did good service to Celtic study by procuring transcripts of Irish MSS. scattered in foreign libraries.

He died at Rathfarnham, June 28, 1869, in his sixty-fourth year, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, where a Celtic cross marks his last resting place.

ST. PATRICK'S SUCCESS.

From 'St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland.'

The extent of St. Patrick's success, as well as the rapidity of his conquests, has been greatly overrated by our popular historians. "While in other countries," says Mr. Moore, "the introduction of Christianity has been the slow work of time, has been resisted by either government or people, and seldom effected without a lavish effusion of

blood, in Ireland, on the contrary, by the influence of one humble but zealous missionary, and with little previous preparation of the soil by other hands, Christianity burst forth at the first ray of apostolic light, and with the sudden ripeness of a northern summer at once covered the whole land. Kings and princes, when not themselves among the ranks of the converted, saw their sons and daughters joining in the train without a murmur. Chiefs, at variance in all else, agreed in meeting beneath the Christian banner; and the proud Druid and bard laid their superstitions meekly at the foot of the cross; nor, by a singular disposition of Providence, unexampled indeed in the whole history of the Church, was there a single drop of blood shed on account of religion through the entire course of this mild Christian revolution, by which, in the space of a few years, all Ireland was brought tranquilly under the influence of the gospel."

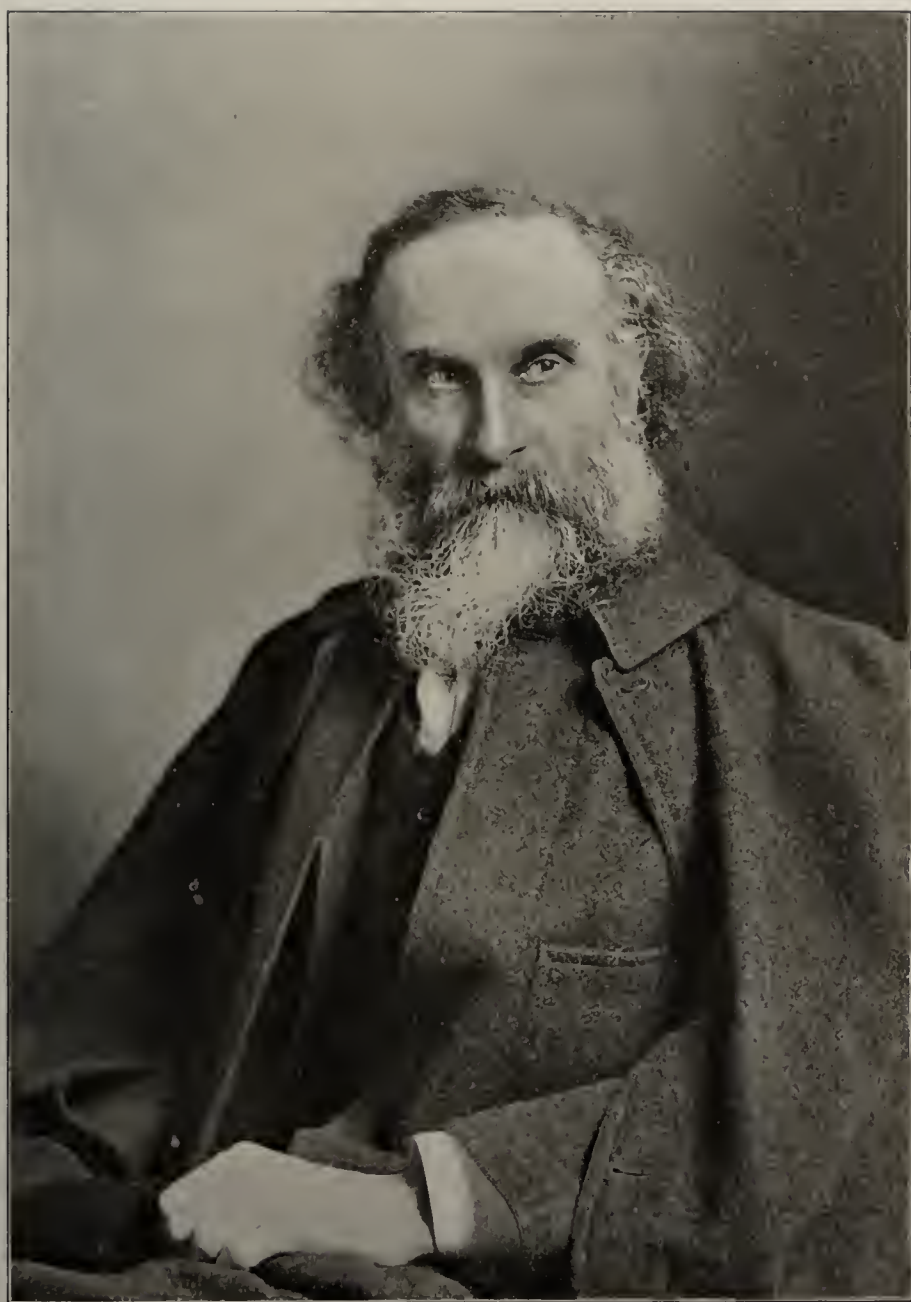
Unhappily, a deeper insight into the facts of Irish history effaces much of this pleasing picture. It is not true that no blood was shed. It is not true that *all* Ireland was brought tranquilly under the influence of the gospel. St. Patrick's life was often attempted, and often in danger. On one occasion his charioteer was slain in mistake for himself. When going into Connaught he took the precaution of providing himself with an escort, and narrowly escaped the efforts of the Druids to destroy him. His ecclesiastical establishments were surrounded by fortifications for the protection of the inmates, and many of the most celebrated of them, as Armagh, Cashel, Downpatrick, Clogher, and others, were built in situations possessing natural advantages for defense, or near the already fortified habitations of the ancient chieftains. There were many districts and tribes of Ireland where the teaching of St. Patrick was rejected. The Hi Garchon are particularly mentioned as having resisted both Palladius and Patrick, and the biographers of the saint would, no doubt, have recorded many similar instances had it been their object to chronicle the failures instead of the triumphs of their hero. The catalogue of the three orders of Irish saints, and many passages in the Book of Armagh, afford undoubted proofs that *all* Ireland did not submit to Patrick's influence, and the partial apostasy which took place

during the two centuries following his death is a convincing evidence that the Christianity he had planted did not strike its roots as deeply as has been popularly supposed. An adhesion to Christianity which was in a great measure only the attachment of a clan to its chieftain, and in which pagan usages under a Christian name were of necessity tolerated, could not, in the nature of things, be very lasting.

Many of the foundations of St. Patrick appear to have had the effect of counteracting this evil by creating a sort of spiritual clanship, well calculated to attract a clannish people, and capable of maintaining itself against the power of the secular chieftains. But this was perhaps an accidental result only; it was certainly not the primary design of these institutions. St. Patrick had a much higher object in view. He seems to have been deeply imbued with faith in the intercessory powers of the Church. He established throughout the land temples and oratories for the perpetual worship of God. He founded societies of priests and bishops, whose first duty it was "to make constant supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks for all men, for kings, and for all that are in authority;" persuaded, in accordance with the true spirit of ancient Christianity, that the intercessions of the faithful, in their daily sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, were efficacious, as St. Paul's words imply, for the salvation of mankind, and for bringing to the knowledge of the truth those upon whom appeals to reason and arguments addressed to the intellect would have been probably a waste of words.

JOHN TODHUNTER

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London



JOHN TODHUNTER.

(1839 —)

It has been said of Dr. John Todhunter that had he lived in the Middle Ages he would probably have made experiments in astrology. He gives one the impression of an artist who has had quiet dealings with occult powers. He is also like one of the old Irish bards, but a bard who knows he has fallen on quiet times, and whose lot is cast in an unheroic environment. He sometimes sings or chants his song in the style of one of those old bards. When his theme is Irish it is generally weird or passionate; something from the deep and expansive world of legend, into which, however, he can breathe the fire and wildness of primeval human nature. He has other moods, some of them modern, but he turns ever and anon to the stormy and epic past with a grim enthusiasm.

Dr. Todhunter was born in Dublin in 1839. He was educated at Trinity College, and showed his literary bent early in contributions to the Trinity magazine, *Kottabos*. He pursued his medical studies in Paris and in Vienna, and returning to Dublin practiced there as a physician in the seventies. He succeeded Professor Dowden as professor of English literature at Alexandra College. His ambition went beyond medicine or a professorship; in 1875 he virtually broke the old connection; he traveled much on the continent of Europe and has since devoted himself to literature, living chiefly in London. He gradually became noted for his poems and poetical plays upon classic and idyllic themes, several of them revealing a rare poetic insight. Legends, forest songs, old tragedies and mysteries were the loves of his antique and contemplative muse. His poems on Irish themes were a later development, and revealed a new intensity and power in his poetry. 'The Fate of the Children of Lir' woke old enchantments and pathos, but 'The Banshee' sounded a note at once weirder and more passionate as well as modern. 'The Shan Van Vocht (Sean Bhean Bhocht) of '87' and the intense and passionate 'Aghadoe' carried his fame still farther among Irishmen, and revealed him as a kindred spirit to a rising and more spirited generation. Dr. Todhunter was of the little band of Irishmen who found a congenial haunt for a time in the Rhy-mers' Club, but who were destined to fare far in the more hopeful sphere of Irish ideas. He was one of the original members of the Irish Literary Society, and a steady and unobtrusive worker from the start. He seemed a grave and gentle bard, who habitually brooded on the past and would like the world to be antique or at least medieval; but finding it modern had not the heart to complain, preferring, gently and thoughtfully, to make the best of it.

He wrote a 'Life of Sarsfield,' for 'The New Irish Library,' founded by the first President of the Irish Literary Society, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. He did the work conscientiously and carefully; though poetry, not history, was his *forte*, he felt that the new day demanded the less ambitious and plainer duty. He showed in

the book that the battle of the Boyne had been no more than a drawn battle in reality, when all was said. A somewhat unexpected development of his power—at least, to some—was his work as a playwright for the Independent Theater. His most successful achievement in this connection was his play 'The Black Cat.' But the drama had fallen on evil and ironical days in England, and though he wrote more in the dramatic way Dr. Todhunter did not follow the doubtful fortunes of the stage very long nor apparently very zealously. The Irish language movement grew, and he joined the Gaelic League in London. He remains a quiet and estimable figure, with a bardic and artistic air in a world none too devoted to deep ideas. He is a true poet who in a more poetic age and land would have achieved far more distinction.

In addition to the works already referred to Dr. Todhunter has written 'Alcestes, a Dramatic Poem,' a volume entitled 'A Study of Shelley,' 'The True Tragedy of Rienzi,' 'Forest Songs,' 'Helena in Troas,' 'The Banshee and Other Poems,' 'A Sicilian Idyll,' 'The Poison Flowers,' 'A Comedy of Sighs,' etc. W. P. R.

THE WAVES' LEGEND OF THE STRAND OF BALA.

The sea moans on the strand,
Moans over shingle and shell.
O moaning sea! what sorrowful story
Do thy wild waves tell?

Ever they moan on the strand,
And my ear, like a sounding shell,
Chants to me the sorrowful story
The moaning billows tell.

For Bala the Sweet-Voiced moan!
Here on the lonely strand
Fell Bala, Prince of the Race of Rury,
Slain by no foeman's hand.

Sweet was thy tongue, O Bala,
To win man's love! Thy voice
Made sigh for thee the maids of Eman;
But nobler was thy choice.

She gave for thy heart her heart
Warm in her swan-white breast,
Aillin of Laigen, Lngah's daughter,
The fairest bird of her nest.

Their pledge was here by the shore
To meet, come joy or pain;

And swift in his war-car Bala from Eman
Sped o'er Muirthemne plain.

He found her not by the shore,
Gloom was o'er sea and sky,
And a man of the *Shee* with dreadful face
On a blast from the South rushed by.

Said Bala: "Stay that man!
Ask him what word he brings?"
"A woe on the Dun of Lugah! a woe
On Eman of the Kings!

"Wail for Aillin the Fair!
Wail for him her feet
Were swift to meet on the lonely strand
Where they shall never meet!

"Swift were her feet on the way,
Till me she met on her track,
A hound of swiftness, a shape of fear,
A tiding to turn her back.

"Swift are the lover's feet,
But swifter our malice flies!
I told her: *Bala is dead*; and dead
In her sunny house she lies."

He scowled on Bala, and rose
A wraith of the mist, and fled
Like a wind-rent cloud; and suddenly Bala
With a great cry fell dead.

Mourn for all lovers true,
Mourn for all beautiful things,
Vanished, faded away, forgotten
With dead forgotten Springs!

So moans the sea on the strand,
Moans over shingle and shell.
Gray sea, of many and many a sorrow
Thy sad waves tell.

FORSAKEN.

There's a sally standing by the river,
 Ah Mary! why is it standing there?
 To make a garland for my hair,
 For my lover is gone from me for ever;
 And that's why it stands there!

There's a thrush that sits in that sally-tree,
 Ah Mary! why is he sitting there?
 To sing the song of my lonely care
 For the lover that cares no more for me;
 And that's why he sits there!

The wind comes keening in that sally-tree,
 Ah Mary! why is it keening there?
 It keens the keene of my heart's despair!
 For my lover is gone, is gone from me;
 And that's why it's keening there!

IN SEPTEMBER.

Where lurk the merry elves of Autumn now,
 In this bright breezy month of equinox?
 Among tanned bracken on the mountain's brow;
 Or deep in heather tufted round white rocks
 On a wild moor, where heath-bells wither slow,
 Twined with late blooming furze—a home of grouse?
 By river alders? Or on stubbly plains?
 Bound not their kingdom so;
 They follow Beauty's train, of all her house
 Gay pensioners, till not one leaf remains.

The splendor of the year is not yet dead;
 After cold showers the sun shines hotly still,
 To dry the grass and kiss the trembling head
 Of each wind-shaken harebell on the hill.
 There are great visions on the mountain-side,
 And cloudy revelations in the sky
 On breezy morns and golden afternoons,
 And sunsets that abide
 Like music in the spirit; and mystery
 Of solemn nights when all things are the moon's.

It is the month when blazoned butterflies
 Bask on hot stones after each honeyed meal,
The month when, brooding where pale woodbine sighs
 Her odorous incantation, lovers feel
As when they heard in May's most hidden dells
 Love's passionate bird; the month of wizard's might,
 When virtuous herbs breathe balm by hedge and stream,
 Where gleam the delicate bells
Of bindweed, bridelike with its wreath of white,
 Moving things withering of new Springs to dream.

As Ceres when she sought her Proserpine
 Slow moved, majestically sad—a wreath
Of funeral flowers above those eyes divine,
 The widowed year draws ripely to its death.
The moist air swoons in a still sultriness
 Between the gales; save when a boding sigh
 Shivers the crisp and many-hued tree-tops,
 Or a low wind's caress
Wakes the sere whispers of fallen leaves that lie,
 Breathing a dying odor through the copse.

Soon the last field is reaped, safe harvested
 The tardiest-ripening grain, and all the dale
Made glad with far-seen stacks; barn floors are spread
 With golden sheaves, sport of the clanging flail;
In sunny orchards the mossed apple-trees
 Bend with their ruddy load, and wasp-gnawn pears
 Tremble at every gust; the berried lanes
 Blush with their bright increase;
Brown acorns rustle down; and in their lairs
 Deft-handed squirrels hoard their daintiest gain.

So the month wanes, till the new-risen moon
 Shines on chill torpor of white mist stretched o'er
Low-lying pastures, like a wan lagune
 In a dim land of ghosts; and evermore
Through the sad wood the wind sighs waitfully,
 And great owls hoot from boughs left desolate,
 When first the morn finds skeleton-leaves made fair
 With frosted tracery;
And then must all things frail yield to their fate—
 October strikes the chord of their despair.

WAITING.

Lone is my waiting here under the tree,
 Under our tree of the woods, where I wait and wait;
 Why tarry those white little feet that would bring you to me,
 Where are the warm sweet arms that are leaving me des-
 olate?

Oona, *asthore machree*?

Oona, the woods are sighing—they sigh and say:
 “The wind of Summer will pass like a lover’s sigh,
 And love’s glad hour as lightly passes away:”
 Come to me then, ere my longing hope of despair shall die,
 Oona, *asthore machree*!

LONGING.

O the sunshine of old Ireland, when it lies
 On her woods and on her waters;
 And gleams through her soft skies,
 Tenderly as the lovelight in her daughters’
 Gentle eyes!

O the brown streams of old Ireland, how they leap
 From her glens, and fill their hollows
 With wild songs, till charmed to sleep
 By the murmuring bees in meadows, where the swallows
 Glance and sweep!

O my home there in old Ireland—the old ways
 We had, when I knew only
 Those ways of one sweet place;
 Ere afar from all I loved I wandered lonely,
 Many days!

O the springtime in old Ireland! O’er the sea
 I can smell our hawthorn bushes,
 And it all comes back to me—
 The sweet air, the old place, the trees, the cows, the thrushes
 Mad with glee.

I’m weary for old Ireland—once again
 To see her fields before me,
 In sunshine or in rain!
 And the longing in my heart when it comes o’er me
 Stings like pain.

THE BANSHEE.

Green, in the wizard arms
Of the foam-bearded Atlantic,
An isle of old enchantment,
A melancholy isle,
Enchanted and dreaming lies;
And there by Shannon's flowing,
In the moonlight, specter thin,
The specter Erin sits.

An aged desolation,
She sits by old Shannon's flowing,
A mother of many children,
Of children exiled and dead;
In her home, with bent head, homeless,
Clasping her knees, she sits
Keening, keening!

And at her keene the fairy-grass
Trembles on dun and barrow;
Around the foot of her ancient crosses
The grave-grass shakes and the nettle swings;
In haunted glens, the meadow-sweet
Flings to the night-wind
Her mystic, mournful perfume;
The sad spearmint, by holy wells,
Breathes melancholy balm.

Sometimes she lifts her head,
With blue eyes, tearless,
And gazes athwart the reek of night
Upon things long past,
Upon things to come.

And sometimes, when the moon
Brings tempest upon the deep,
And roused Atlantic thunders from his caverns
in the west,
The wolf-hound at her feet
Springs up with a mighty bay,
And chords of mystery sound from the wild harp
at her side,
Strung from the heart of poets,
And she flies on the verge of the tempest
Around her shuddering isle,

With gray hair streaming:
 A meteor of evil omen,
 The specter of hope forlorn,
 Keening, keening.

She keenes, and the strings of her wild harp shiver
 On the gusts of night;
 O'er the four waters she keenes—over Moyle she keenes,
 O'er the sea of Milith, and the straits of Strongbow,
 And the ocean of Columbus.

And the Fianna hear, and the ghosts of her cloudy hovering
 heroes;
 And the swan, Fianoula, wails o'er the waters of Inisfail,
 Chanting her song of destiny,
 The rime of the weaving Fates.

And the nations hear in the void and quaking time of night,
 Sad unto dawning, dirges,
 Solemn dirges,
 And snatches of bardic song;
 Their souls quake in the void and quaking time of night,
 And they dream of the weird of kings,
 And tyrannies moulting, sick
 In the dreadful wind of change.

Wail no more, lonely one, mother of exiles, wail no more,
 Banshee of the world—no more!
 Thy sorrows are the world's, thou art no more alone;
 Thy wrongs, the world's.

AGHADOE.

There's a glade in Aghadoc, Aghadoc, Aghadoc,
 There's a green and silent glade in Aghadoc,
 Where we met, my love and I, love's fair planet in the sky,
 O'er that sweet and silent glade in Aghadoc.

There's a glen in Aghadoc, Aghadoc, Aghadoc,
 There's a deep and secret glen in Aghadoc,
 Where I hid him from the eyes of the red-coats and their spies,
 That year the trouble came to Aghadoc.

O my curse on one black heart in Aghadoc, Aghadoc,
 On Shaun Dhuv, my mother's son in Aghadoc,

When your throat fries in hell's drouth, salt the flame be in
 your mouth,
 For the treachery you did in Aghadoe.

For they tracked me to that glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 When the price was on his head in Aghadoe;
 O'er the mountain, through the wood, as I stole to him with
 food,
 When in hiding lone he lay in Aghadoe.

But they never took him living in Aghadoe, Aghadoe;
 With the bullets in his heart in Aghadoe,
 There he lay, the head—my breast keeps the warmth where
 once 't would rest—
 Gone, to win the traitor's gold, from Aghadoe!

I walked to Mallow Town from Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 Brought his head from the jail's gate to Aghadoe;
 Then I covered him with fern, and I piled on him the cairn,
 Like an Irish king he sleeps in Aghadoe.

O! to creep into that cairn in Aghadoe, Aghadoe!
 There to rest upon his breast in Aghadoe!
 Sure your dog for you could die with no truer heart than I,
 Your own love, cold on your cairn in Aghadoe.

FAIRY GOLD.

A BALLAD OF '48.

Buttercups and daisies in the meadow,
 And the children pick them as they pass,
 Weaving in the sunlight and the shadow
 Garlands for each little lad and lass;
 Weave with dreams their buttercups and daisies,
 As the poor dead children did of old.
 Will the dreams, like sunshine in their faces,
 Wither with their flowers like Fairy Gold?

Once, when lonely in Life's crowded highway,
 Came a maiden sweet, and took my hand,
 Led me down Love's green delightful byway,
 Led me dreaming back to Fairyland.

But Death's jealous eye that lights on lovers
Looked upon her, and her breast grew cold,
And my heart's delight the green sod covers,
Vanished from my arms like Fairy Gold!

Then to Ireland, my long-suffering nation,
That poor hope life left me yet I gave;
With her dreams I dreamed, her desolation
Found me, called me, desolate by that grave.
Once again she raised her head, contending
For her children's birthright as of old;
Once again the old fight had the old ending,
All her hopes and dreams were Fairy Gold.

Now my work is done and I am dying,
Lone, an exile on a foreign shore;
But in dreams roam with my love that's lying
Lonely in the old land I'll see no more.
Buttercups and daisies in the meadows
When I'm gone will bloom; new hopes for old
Comfort her with sunshine after shadows,
Fade no more away like Fairy Gold.

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

(1763—1798.)

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE was born in Dublin, June 20, 1763. Mr. Darling, his schoolmaster, acknowledged that he possessed very remarkable talents combined with much want of application. Nothing could induce him to work but his great love of distinction, which even at this early age was a marked feature in his character. The boy found he could master his week's lessons in three days, and he was in the habit of spending his spare time in attending the field-days, parades, and reviews of the soldiers in Phoenix Park.

He was in his eighteenth year when he entered Trinity College, and he relates that, although he worked with a will to prepare for his first examination, he happened to be examined by "an egregious dunce, who, instead of giving me the premium, which, as the best answerer, I undoubtedly merited, awarded it to another." He now determined to abandon his studies, and urged his father to furnish him with means to take part in the American war. His father refused, and he says that, in revenge, for about twelve months he did not "go near the college, or open a book that was not a military one." He returned to his university, where, notwithstanding loss of time and occasional inattention, he gained in 1784 three premiums and a scholarship. About this time he made the acquaintance of Miss Matilda Witherington. She was very pretty, scarcely sixteen, and the heiress of her grandfather; they eloped in 1785. The forgiveness of friends soon followed, and Tone now determined to adopt the law as a profession. In 1786 he was graduated B.A., resigned his scholarship, and, leaving his wife and child with his father, went to London in January, 1787, and entered his name as a student-at-law on the books of the Middle Temple; but this, he said, was all the progress he ever made in his profession.

After some vicissitudes in London, he returned to Dublin, and in 1789 was called to the bar. His wife's grandfather presented him with £500 (\$2,500), and to make up for his deficiency in law one of his first acts was to purchase £100 (\$500) worth of law books. His legal career was short, and, although he had wide acquaintance among the members of the profession and had achieved a tolerable measure of success, his hatred of it increased, and he turned to politics as a relief. About this time he made the acquaintance of Thomas Russell, an ensign, whose "identity of sentiment" formed a tie between them which lasted for life. Tone's devotion to politics now led to the discovery, which he says he might have found in the pages of Swift or Molyneux, "that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous, or happy, until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable while the connection with England existed."

In the summer of 1790 he took a little cottage at Irishtown on the seacoast. In the winter of this year Tone and his friends formed a political and literary club in Belfast; and among other pamphlets

written at this time was 'An Argument on Behalf of the Catholics of Ireland.' He then formed the Society of United Irishmen and began to intrigue with France against England. He was obliged to flee his country. The Catholic Committee presented him with £300 (\$1,500), with which he paid his debts, and in June, 1795, he sailed with his wife, sister, and three children for this country. The voyage was not without adventure; his ship was boarded by a British cruiser, and fifty of the passengers and all but one of the seamen were pressed into the naval service. Only the entreaties of Tone's wife and sister prevented his being carried off with the others. They arrived safely at Philadelphia. Here he met Hamilton Rowan and Dr. Reynolds. By the former he was presented to Citizen Adet, the French Ambassador at Philadelphia. He at once laid before him his plan for the invasion of Ireland, which was favorably received, and at the Ambassador's request he drew up a memorial for presentation to the French government.

Tone now seems to have had some idea of settling down as an American farmer; but in the autumn he received letters from Keogh, Russell, and others, detailing the great progress of the cause in Ireland, and urging him to proceed to France at once, and endeavor to secure her aid in the impending struggle. Mrs. Tone, instead of throwing obstacles in his way, encouraged him to proceed in his duty to his country, and so on the 1st of January, 1796, he left for Paris with introductions to the government from Adet. Arrived in Paris, he found in the republican government the realization of his most sanguine dreams. He was met on all sides with a flattering reception, and was created a *chef de brigade*. After much delay, negotiation, and an interview with Bonaparte, the details of the invasion were settled. He embarked Dec. 16, 1796, in the Indomitable, one of a fleet of forty-three vessels carrying 15,000 troops and a large supply of arms and ammunition,—General Hoche holding the military and Admiral Morand de Galles the naval command. But the weather, which had so often befriended England, again came to her aid. The expedition was ineffectual and Tone says in his journal: "Well, England has not had such an escape since the Spanish Armada; and that expedition, like ours, was defeated by the weather."

Two other attempts were made and failed, and the third expedition, commanded by General Hardy, which consisted of only one sail-of-the-line and eight frigates, containing 3,000 men, failed also. Wolfe Tone had little or no hope of success; but although failure was almost certain death to him, he set out with this expedition, which started on the 20th of September, 1798. He assured his wife on parting that should death overtake him he would never submit to die by the halter. The story of this expedition and its disastrous ending, and of the capture and last hours of Wolfe Tone, is told by Mr. R. Barry O'Brien (*q.v.*), in his new edition of 'The Autobiography of Wolfe Tone,' and it will be found in the work of that gentleman.

BANTRY HARBOR

From a photograph

Of the forty-three French ships of war that sailed from Brest for Ireland under Generals Hoche, Grouchy, and Wolfe Tone, only sixteen entered Bantry Bay.



ESSAY ON THE STATE OF IRELAND IN 1720.

Read before the Political Club formed in Dublin in 1790.

In inquiring into the subject of this essay I shall take a short view of the state of this country at the time of her greatest abasement; I mean about the time when she was supposed to be fettered for ever by the famous act of the 6th of George I., and I shall draw my facts from the most indisputable authority, that of Swift.

It is a favorite cant under which many conceal their idleness, and many their corruption, to cry that there is in the genius of the people of this country, and particularly among the lower ranks, a spirit of pride, laziness, and dishonesty, which stifles all tendency to improvement, and will forever keep us a subordinate nation of hewers of wood and drawers of water. It may be worth while a little to consider this opinion, because, if it be well founded, to know it so may save me and other well-wishers to Ireland the hopeless labor of endeavoring to excite a nation of idle thieves to honesty and industry; and if it be not, it is an error the removal of which will not only wipe away an old stigma, but in a great degree facilitate the way to future improvement. If we can find any cause, different from an inherent depravity in the people, and abundantly sufficient to account for the backwardness of this country compared with England, I hope no man will volunteer national disgrace so far as to prefer that hypothesis which, by degrading his country, degrades himself.

Idleness is a ready accusation in the mouth of him whose corruption denies to the poor the means of labor. "Ye are idle," said Pharaoh to the Israelites when he demanded bricks of them and withheld the straw. . . .

Yet, surely misrule, and ignorance, and oppression in the government are means sufficient to plunge and to keep any nation in ignorance and poverty, without blaspheming Providence by imputing innate and immovable depravity to millions of God's creatures. It is, at least, an hypothesis more honorable to human nature; let us try if it be not more consonant to the reality of things. Let us see the state of Ireland in different periods, and let us refer

those periods to the maxims and practice of her then government.

To begin with the first grand criterion of the prosperity of a nation. In 1724 the population of Ireland was 1,500,000, and in 1672 1,100,000, so that in fifty-two years it was increased but one-third, after a civil war. The rental of the whole kingdom was computed at £2,000,000 annually, of which, by absentees, about £700,000 went to England. The revenue was £400,000 per annum; the current cash was £500,000, which in 1727 was reduced to less than £200,000; and the balance of trade with England, the only nation to which we could trade, was in our disfavor about £1,000,000 annually. Such were the resources of Ireland in 1724.

Commerce we had none, or what was worse than none, an exportation of raw materials for half their value; an importation of the same materials wrought up at an immense profit to the English manufacturer; the indispensable necessities of life bartered for luxuries for our men and fopperies for our women; not only the wine, and coffee, and silk, and cotton, but the very corn we consumed was imported from England.

Our benches were filled with English lawyers; our bishoprics with English divines; our custom-house with English commissioners; all offices of state filled, three deep, with Englishmen in possession, Englishmen in reversion, and Englishmen in expectancy. The majority of these not only aliens, but absentees, and not only absentees, but busily and actively employed against that country on whose vitals and in whose blood they were rioting in ease and luxury. Every proposal for the advantage of Ireland was held a direct attack on the interests of England. Swift's pamphlet on the expediency of wearing our own manufactures exposed the printer to a prosecution, in which the jury were sent back by the chief-justice nine times, till they were brow-beaten, and bullied, and wearied into a special verdict, leaving the printer to the mercy of the judge.

The famous project of Wood is known to every one; it is unnecessary to go into the objections against it, but it is curious to see the mode in which that ruinous plan was endeavored to be forced down our throats. Immediately

on its promulgation the two Houses of Parliament, the privy-council, the merchants, the traders, the manufacturers, the grand-juries of the whole kingdom, by votes, resolutions, and addresses testified their dread and abhorrence of the plan. What was the conduct of the English minister? He calls a committee of the English council together; he examines Mr. Wood on one side, and two or three prepared, obscure, and interested witnesses on the other; he nonsuits the whole Irish nation; thus committed with Mr. William Wood, he puts forth a proclamation, commanding all persons to receive his halfpence in payment, and calls the votes of the Houses of Lords and Commons and the resolutions of the Privy-council of Ireland a clamor. But Swift had by this time raised a spirit not to be laid by the anathema of the British minister; the project was driven as far as the verge of civil war; there it was stopped; and this was the first signal triumph of the virtue of the people in Ireland.

In one of his inimitable letters on the subject of Wood's halfpence, Swift, with a daring and a generous indignation worthy of a better age and country, had touched on the imaginary dependence of Ireland on England. The bare mention of a doubt on the subject had an instantaneous effect on the nerves of the English government here. A proclamation was issued offering £300 for the author; the printer was thrown into jail; the grand-jury were tampered with to present the letter, and, on their refusing to do so, were dissolved in a rage by the chief-justice, a step without a precedent, save one, which happened in the time of James II., and was followed by an immediate censure of the House of Commons of England. Yet all that Swift had said was that, "under God, he could be content to depend only on the king his sovereign, and the laws of his own country; that the Parliament of England had sometimes enacted laws binding Ireland, but that obedience to them was but the result of necessity, inasmuch as eleven men well armed will certainly subdue one man in his shirt, be his cause ever so righteous, and that, by the laws of God, of nature, and of nations, Irishmen were, and ought to be, as free as their brethren in England." We, who live at this day, see nothing like sedition, privy conspiracy, or rebellion in all this; and we may bless God for it; but in

1724 the case was very different. The printer was prosecuted, and died in jail; Swift escaped, because it was impossible to bring it home to him; and so little were the minds of men prepared for such opinions, that, in a paper addressed to the grand-jury who were to sit on the bills of indictment, Swift is obliged to take shelter under past services, and admit that the words which were taken up by government as offensive were the result of inadvertency and unwariness.

The famous act of the 6th of George I., Swift, with all his intrepidity, does no more than obscurely hint at, a crying testimony to the miserable depression of spirit in this country, when the last rivet, driven into her fetters and clenched, as England hoped, forever could not excite more than an indistinct and half-suppressed murmur.

From this brief sketch it appears that no prospect could be more hopeless than that the star of liberty should again arise in Ireland. If, notwithstanding the impenetrable cloud in which she seemed buried forever, she has yet broke forth with renovated splendor, and again kindled the spirit of the people, surely it is a grand *fact*, overbearing at once the efforts of thousands of corrupt cavillers, who cry out that this is not a nation capable of political virtue or steady exertion.

INTERVIEWS WITH BUONAPARTE.

Extracts from Tone's Journal.

December, 1797.—General Desaix brought Lewines and me this morning and introduced us to Buonaparte, at his house in the Rue Chanteraine. He lives in the greatest simplicity; his house is small, but neat, and all the furniture and ornaments in the most classical taste. He is about five feet six inches high, slender, and well made, but stoops considerably; he looks at least ten years older than he is, owing to the great fatigues he underwent in his immortal campaign of Italy. His face is that of a profound thinker, but bears no mark of that great enthusiasm and unceasing activity by which he has been so much distinguished. It is

rather, to my mind, the countenance of a mathematician than of a general. He has a fine eye, and a great firmness about his mouth; he speaks low and hollow. So much for his manner and figure. We had not much discourse with him, and what little there was, was between him and Lewines, to whom, as our ambassador, I gave the *pas*. We told him that Tennant was about to depart for Ireland, and was ready to charge himself with his orders if he had any to give. He desired us to bring him the same evening, and so we took our leave. In the evening we returned with Tennant, and Lewines had a good deal of conversation with him; that is to say, he *insensé* him a good deal into Irish affairs, of which he appears a good deal uninformed; for example, he seems convinced that our population is not more than two millions, which is nonsense. Buonaparte listened, but said very little. When all this was finished, he desired that Tennant might put off his departure for a few days, and then, turning to me, asked whether I was not an adjutant-general. To which I answered, that I had the honor to be attached to General Hoche in that capacity. He then asked me where I had learned to speak French. To which I replied, that I had learned the little that I knew since my arrival in France, about twenty months ago. He then desired us to return the next evening but one, at the same hour, and so we parted. As to my French I am ignorant whether it was the purity or barbarism of my diction which drew his attention, and as I shall never inquire it must remain as an historical doubt, to be investigated by the learned of future ages.

January 6th.—Saw Buonaparte this evening with Lewines, who delivered him a whole sheaf of papers relative to Ireland, including my two memorials of 1795, great part of which stands good yet. After Lewines had had a good deal of discourse with him, I mentioned the affair of M'Kenna, who desires to be employed as secretary. Buonaparte observed that he believed the world thought he had fifty secretaries, whereas he had but one; of course there was an end of that business; however, he bid me see what the man was fit for, and let him know. I took this opportunity to mention the desire all the refugee United Irishmen, now in Paris, had to bear a part in the expedition, and the utility they would be of in case of a landing in

Ireland. He answered that they would all be undoubtedly included, and desired me to give him in, for that purpose, a list of their names. Finally, I spoke of myself, telling him that General Desaix had informed me that I was carried on the tableau of the *Armée d'Angleterre*; he said I was. I then observed that I did not pretend to be of the smallest use to him whilst we were in France, but that I hoped to be serviceable to him on the other side of the water; that I did not give myself at all to him for a military man, having neither the knowledge nor the experience that would justify me in charging myself with any function. "*Mais vous êtes brave,*" said he interrupting me. I replied that, when the occasion presented itself, that would appear. "*Eh bien,*" said he, "*cela suffit.*" We then took our leave. . . .

We have now seen the greatest man in Europe three times, and I am astonished to think how little I have to record about him. I am sure I wrote ten times as much about my first interview with Charles de la Croix, but then I was a greenhorn; I am now a little used to see great men, and great statesmen, and great generals, and that has, in some degree, broke down my admiration. Yet, after all, it is a droll thing that I should become acquainted with Buonaparte. This time twelve months I arrived in Brest from my expedition to Bantry Bay. Well, the third time, they say, is the charm. My next chance, I hope, will be with the *Armée d'Angleterre*.—*Allons! Vive la République!*

April 1st.—Lewines waited yesterday on Merlin, who is President of the Directory for this *Trimestre*, and presented him a letter of introduction from Talleyrand. Merlin received him with great civility and attention. Lewines pressed him as far as he could with propriety on the necessity of sending succor to Ireland the earliest possible moment, especially on account of the late arrests; and he took that occasion to impress him with a sense of the merit and services of the men for whom he interested himself so much on every account, public and personal. Merlin replied that, as to the time or place of succor he could tell him nothing, it being *the secret of the state*; that, as to the danger of his friends, he was sincerely sorry for the situation of so many brave and virtuous pa-

triot; that, however, though he could not enter into the details of the intended expedition, he would tell him thus much to comfort him, "*That France never would grant a peace to England on any terms short of the independence of Ireland.*" This is grand news. It is far more direct and explicit than any assurance we have yet got. Lewines made the proper acknowledgments, and then ran off to me to communicate the news. The fact is, whatever the rest of our countrymen here may think, Lewines is doing his business here fair and well, and like a man of honor. I wish others of them whom I could name had half as good principles.

THE STATE OF IRELAND IN 1798.

EXTRACT FROM A MEMORIAL DELIVERED BY WOLFE TONE TO
THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

From 'The Autobiography of Theobald Wolfe Tone.'

The genius of the English nation, their manners, their prejudices, and their government, are so diametrically opposite to those of the French Republic, in all respects, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon this subject. I assume it as an axiom that there is an irreconcilable opposition of interests between the two nations. Since the French Revolution there is one still more irreconcilable between the Governments, so that neither can be said to be in security while the other is in existence.

The war hitherto, however glorious to France, has not been unprofitable to England; her fleets were never more formidable, and, in the true spirit of trade, she will console herself for the disgrace of her arms by land, in the acquisition of wealth, and commerce, and power by sea; and these very acquisitions render it, if possible, incumbent, not merely on France, but on all Europe, to endeavor to reduce her within due limits, and to prevent that enormous accumulation of wealth which the undisturbed possession of the commerce of the whole world would give her; and this reduction of her power can be

alone, as I presume, accomplished, with certainty and effect, by separating Ireland from Great Britain.

The French Government cannot but be well informed of the immense resources, especially in a military point of view, which England draws from Ireland. It is with the beef and the pork, the butter, the tallow, the hides, and various other articles of the first necessity, which Ireland supplies, that she victuals and equips her navy, and, in a great degree, supports her people and garrisons in the West Indies. It is with the poor and hardy natives of Ireland that she mans her fleets and fills the ranks of her army.

From the commencement of the present war to the month of June, 1795, not less than 200,000 men were raised in Ireland, of whom 80,000 were for the navy alone. It is a fact undeniable, though carefully concealed in England, that TWO-THIRDS of the British navy are manned by Irishmen—a circumstance, which, if it stood alone, should be sufficient to determine the French Government to wrest, if possible, so powerful a weapon from the hands of her implacable enemy. I shall not dwell longer on the necessity of the measure which I shall propose, but will endeavor to show how it may best be executed, and on what grounds it is that I rest my confidence of success, if the attempt be but once made.

For the better elucidation of the plan it is necessary to take a review of the actual state of Ireland. I shall condense the facts as much as possible, as I trust the French Government is already in possession of those which are most material.

The people of Ireland consist of about four million five hundred thousand persons, distributed under three different religious sects, of whom the Protestants, whose religion is the dominant one, and established by law, constitute four hundred and fifty thousand, or one-tenth of the whole; the Dissenters, or Presbyterians, about nine hundred thousand, or one-fifth; the Catholics form the remaining three million one hundred and fifty thousand. They may also be considered with regard to property, which is necessary, in some degree, to explain the political situation of the country.

The Protestants, who are almost entirely the descend-

ants of Englishmen, forming so very small a minority as they do of the whole people, have yet almost the whole landed property of the country in their hands; this property has been acquired by the most unjust means, by plunder and confiscation during repeated wars, and by the operation of laws framed to degrade and destroy the Catholics, the natives of the country. In 1650 the people of three entire provinces were driven by Cromwell into the fourth, and their property divided amongst his officers and soldiers, whose descendants enjoy it at this day.

In 1688, when James II. was finally defeated in Ireland, the spirit of the Irish people was completely broken, and the last remnant of their property torn from them and divided amongst the conquerors. By these means the proprietors of estates in Ireland, feeling the weakness of their titles to property thus acquired, and seeing themselves, at it were, a colony of strangers, forming not above one-tenth part of the population, have always looked to England for protection and support; they have, therefore, been ever ready to sacrifice the interests of their country to her ambition and avarice, and to their own security. England, in return, has awarded them for this sacrifice by distributing among them all the officers and appointments in the church, the army, the revenue, and every department of the state, to the utter exclusion of the other two sects, and more especially of the Catholics. By these means the Protestants, who constitute the aristocracy of Ireland, have in their hands all the force of the Government; and they have at least five-sixths of the landed property; they are devoted implicitly to the connection with England, which they consider as essential to the secure possession of their estates; they dread and abhor the principles of the French Revolution, and, in case of any attempt to emancipate Ireland, I should calculate on all the opposition which it might be in their power to give.

But it is very different with regard to the Dissenters, who occupy the province of Ulster, of which they form at present the majority. They have among them but few great landed proprietors; they are mostly engaged in trade and manufacture, especially the linen, which is the staple commodity of Ireland, and is almost exclusively in their hands. From their first establishment in 1620,

until very lately, there existed a continual animosity between them and the Catholic natives of the country, grounded on the natural dislike between the old inhabitants and strangers, and fortified still more by the irreconcilable difference between the genius of the religions of Calvinism and Popery, and diligently cultivated and fomented by the Protestant aristocracy, the partisans of England, who saw in the feuds and dissensions of the other two great sects their own protection and security.

Among the innumerable blessings procured to mankind by the French Revolution, arose the circumstance which I am about to mention, and to which I do most earnestly entreat the particular attention of the French Government, as it is, in fact, the point on which the emancipation of Ireland may eventually turn.

The Dissenters are, from the genius of their religion, and the spirit of inquiry which it produces, sincere and enlightened republicans; they have ever, in a degree, opposed the usurpations of England, whose protection, as well from their numbers and spirit as the nature of their property, they did not, like the Protestant aristocracy, feel necessary for their existence. Still, however, in all the civil wars of Ireland they ranged themselves under the standard of England, and were the most formidable enemies to the Catholic natives, whom they detested as Papists, and despised as slaves. These bad feelings were, for obvious reasons, diligently fomented by the Protestant and English party. At length, in the year 1790, the French Revolution produced a powerful revulsion in the minds of the most enlightened men amongst them. They saw that, whilst they thought they were the masters of the Catholics, they were, in fact, but their jailers, and that, instead of enjoying liberty in their own country, they served but as a garrison to keep it in subjection to England; the establishment of unbounded liberty of conscience in France had mitigated their horror of Popery; one hundred and ten years of peace had worn away very much of the old animosity which former wars had raised and fomented. Eager to emulate the glorious example of France, they saw at once that the only guide to liberty was justice, and that they neither deserved nor could ob-

tain independence, whilst their Catholic brethren, as they then, for the first time, called them, remained in slavery and oppression. Impressed with these sentiments of liberality and wisdom, they sought out the leaders of the Catholics, whose cause and whose suffering were, in a manner, forgotten. The Catholics caught with eagerness at the slightest appearance of alliance and support from a quarter whose opposition they had ever experienced to be so formidable, and once more, after lying prostrate for above one hundred years, appeared on the political theater of their country. Nothing could exceed the alarm, the terror, and confusion which this most unexpected coalition produced in the breasts of the English Government, and their partisans, the Protestant aristocracy of Ireland.

Every art, every stratagem, was used to break the new alliance, and revive the ancient animosities and feuds between the Dissenters and Catholics. Happily such abominable attempts proved fruitless. The leaders on both sides saw that as they had but one common country, they had but one common interest; that while they were mutually contending and ready to sacrifice each other, England profited of their folly to enslave both, and that it was only by a cordial union and affectionate co-operation that they could assert their common liberty, and establish the independence of Ireland. They therefore resisted and overcame every effort to disunite them, and in this manner has a spirit of union and regard succeeded to 250 years of civil discord—a revolution in the political morality of the nation of the most extreme importance, and from which, under the powerful auspices of the French Republic, I hope and trust her independence and liberty will arise.

I beg leave again to call the attention of the French Government to this fact of the national union, which, from my knowledge of the situation of Ireland, I affirm to be of importance, equal to all the rest. Catholics and Dissenters, the two great sects whose mutual animosities have been the radical weakness of their country, are at length reconciled, and the arms which have been so often imbrued in the blood of each other are ready for the first time to be turned in concert against the common enemy.

I come now to the third party in Ireland, the Catholics, who are the Irish, properly so called, and who form almost the entire body of the peasantry of the country. The various confiscations, produced by the wars of five centuries, and the silent operation of the laws for 150 years, have stripped the Catholics of almost all property in land; the great bulk of them are in the lowest degree of misery and want, hewers of wood and drawers of water; bread they seldom taste, meat never, save once in the year; they live in wretched hovels, they labor incessantly, and their landlords, the Protestant aristocracy, have so calculated, that the utmost they can gain by this continual toil will barely suffice to pay the rent at which these petty despots assess their wretched habitations; their food the whole year round is potatoes; their drink, sometimes milk, more frequently water; those of them who attempt to cultivate a spot of ground as farmers are forced, in addition to a heavy rent, to pay tithes to the priests of the Protestant religion, which they neither profess nor believe; their own priests fleece them. Such is the condition of the peasantry of Ireland, above 3,000,000 of people. But though there be little property in land, there is a considerable share of the commerce of Ireland in the hands of the Catholic body; their merchants are highly respectable and well informed; they are perfectly sensible, as well of their own situation as that of their country. It is of these men, with a few of the Catholic gentry, whose property escaped the fangs of the English invaders, that their General Committee, of which I shall have occasion to speak by and by, is composed, and it is with their leaders that the union with the Dissenters, so infinitely important to Ireland, and, if rightly understood, to France also, has been formed.

I have now stated the respective situation, strength, and views of the parties of Ireland; that is to say: *First*. The Protestants, 450,000, comprising the great body of the aristocracy, which supports and is supported by England. Their strength is entirely artificial, composed of the power and influence which the patronage of Government gives them. They have in their hands all appointments in every department, in the church, the army, the revenue, the navy, the law, and a great proportion of the landed property of the country, acquired and maintained as has been

stated; but it cannot escape the penetration of the French Government that all their apparent power is purely fictitious; the strength they derive from Government results solely from opinion; the instant that prop is withdrawn, the edifice tumbles into ruins; the strength of property acquired like theirs by the sword continues no longer than the sword can defend it, and, numerically, the Protestants are but one-tenth of the people.

Second. The Dissenters, 900,000, who form a large and respectable portion of the middle ranks of the community. These are the class of men best informed in Ireland; they constituted the bulk of what we called the Volunteer army in 1782, during the last war, which extorted large concessions from England, and would have completely established their liberty had they been then, as they are now, united with their Catholic brethren. They are all, to a man, sincere Republicans, and devoted with enthusiasm to the cause of liberty and France; they would make perhaps the best soldiers in Ireland, and are already in a considerable degree trained to arms.

Third. The Catholics, 3,150,000. These are the Irish, properly so called, trained from their infancy in an hereditary hatred and abhorrence of the English name, which conveys to them no ideas but those of blood and pillage and persecution. This class is strong in numbers and in misery, which makes men bold; they are used to every species of hardship; they can live on little; they are easily clothed; they are bold and active; they are prepared for any change, for they feel that no change can make their situation worse. For these five years they have fixed their eyes most earnestly on France, whom they look upon, with great justice, as fighting their battles, as well as those of all mankind, who are oppressed. Of this class, I will stake my head, there are five hundred thousand men, who would fly to the standard of the Republic if they saw it once displayed in the cause of liberty and their country.

MRS. TONNA ("CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH").

(1790—1846.)

"CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH," as she generally signed herself, is best known for the two vigorous "Orange Songs" which follow. She was born Oct. 1, 1790, her father being the Rev. M. Browne of Norwich. She married a Captain Phelan, but was soon separated from him, and later on she married L. H. J. Tonna, with whom she lived in Kilkenny for many years, becoming deeply in love with that part of Ireland. She published 'Osric,' 'Izrani,' 'A Mexican Tale,' and 'The Convent Bell : Poems.' She wrote a great many tracts and missionary works for the Dublin Tract Society, and edited several religious publications. She died July 12, 1846.

THE MAIDEN CITY.

Where Foyle his swelling waters
Rolls northward to the main,
Here, Queen of Erin's daughters,
Fair Derry fixed her reign :
A holy temple crowned her,
And commerce graced her street,
A rampart wall was round her,
The river at her feet ;
And here she sate alone, boys,
And, looking from the hill,
Vowed the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Would be a Maiden still.

From Antrim crossing over,
In famous eighty-eight,
A plumed and belted lover
Came to the Ferry Gate :
She summoned to defend her
Our sires—a beardless race—¹
They shouted No SURRENDER !
And slammed it in his face.
Then, in a quiet tone, boys,
They told him 't was their will
That the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Should be a Maiden still.

¹ The famous " Prentice Boys."

Next, crushing all before him,
A kingly wooer came
(The royal banner o'er him,
Blushed crimson deep for shame);
He showed the Pope's commission,
Nor dreamed to be refused,
She pitied his condition,
But begged to stand excused.
In short, the fact is known, boys,
She chased him from the hill,
For the Maiden on the throne, boys,
Would be a Maiden still.

On our brave sires descending,
'T was then the tempest broke,
Their peaceful dwellings rending,
'Mid blood, and flame, and smoke,
That hallowed graveyard yonder,
Swell with the slaughtered dead—
Oh, brothers! pause and ponder,
It was for *us* they bled;
And while their gifts we own, boys—
The fane that tops our hill,
Oh, the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Shall be a Maiden still.

Nor wily tongue shall move us,
Nor tyrant arm affright,
We'll look to One above us
Who ne'er forsook the right;
Who will, may crouch and tender
The birthright of the free,
But, brothers, NO SURRENDER!
No compromise for me!
We want no barrier stone, boys,
No gates to guard the hill,
Yet the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Shall be a Maiden still.

THE ORANGEMAN'S SUBMISSION.¹

We've furled the banner that waved so long
 Its sunny folds around us;
 We've stilled the voice of our ancient song,
 And burst the tie that bound us.
 No, no, that tie, that sacred tie,
 Cannot be loosed or broken;
 And thought will flash from eye to eye,
 Though never a word be spoken.

Go raze old Derry's tell-tale wall—
 Bid Enniskillen perish;
 Choke up the Boyne—abolish all
 That we too fondly cherish;
 'T will be but as the pruning knife
 Used by a skillful master,
 To concentrate the sap of life,
 And fix the strong root faster.

We love the throne—oh, deep you planned
 The hateful wile to prove us!
 But firm in loyal truth we stand—
 The Queen shall know and love us.
 When William came to free the isle
 From galling chains that bound her,
 Our fathers built, beneath his smile,
 This living rampart round her.

Ye've taken the outer crust away,
 But secret strength supplying,
 A spirit shrined within the clay,
 Lives quenchless and undying—
 A sparkle from the hallowed flame
 Of our insulted altars,
 Pure as the source whence first it came
 Our love nor fades nor falters.

Our love to thee, dear injured land,
 By mocking foes derided;
 Our duteous love to the Royal hand,
 By traitorous craft misguided.
 Banner, and badge, and name alone,
 At our monarch's call we tender;
 The loyal truth that guards the throne
 We'll keep, and—No Surrender!

¹These verses were written and published anonymously when the Orange Institution was disbanded.

DEIRDRE

After a drawing by J. D. Batten



HERBERT TRENCH.

(1865 —)

HERBERT TRENCH was born in 1865 at Avoncore, Middleton, County Cork. He is of Irish descent on the maternal side (by the Allins of Youghal, the Sealys, and Corrs of Corr Castle) as well as by his father's family. In 1889 he was elected to an open fellowship at All Souls College, Oxford. He is an examiner at the Education Office, Whitehall. His 'Deirdre Wed and other Poems' appeared in 1900.

DEIRDRE IN THE WOODS.¹

From Part III. of 'Deirdre Wed.'

(*Naois speaks*) . . . "O to see once more
Thee dance alone in this divine resort
Of wings and quietness; where none but rains
Visit the leaf-pelted lattice—none o'er-peers
And none the self-delightful measure hears
That thy soul moves to, quit of mortal ears."

Full loth she pleads, but cannot him resist,
And on those mossy lights begins to dance:
Away, away withdrawing like a mist
To fade into the leafy brilliance;
Then, smiling to some inward melodist,
Over the printless turf with slow advance
Of showery footsteps maketh infinite
That crowded glen. But quick! possess by strange
Rapture, wider than dreams her motions range
Till to a span the forests shrink and change.

And hither, in beam-glimmering arms she brings
All zests of promise—all the unlooked-for boon
Of rainbowed life, all rare and speechless things
That shine or swell under the brimming moon.
Who shall pluck timpani? For what need of strings
To waft her blood who is herself the Tune,
Herself the heart of her own melody?
Art come from the Land of the Ever-Young?—O stay
For his heart, too, when thou dost rise away—
Burns dark and spirit-faint within the clay.

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And griefs, like the yellow leaves by winters curled,
 Rise after her, dead pangs disturbed, arouse.
 About that bosom the gray forests whirled
 And tempests with her beauty might espouse.
 She rose with the green waters of the world
 And the winds heaved with her their depths of boughs,
 Then vague again as blows the woodbine odor
 On the dark lap of air she chose to sink
 Winnowing with plumes; as to the river-brink
 The pigeons from the cliff come down to drink.

SCHIEHALLION.¹

From 'Deirdre Wed and other Poems.'

Far the gray loch runs
 Up to Schiehallion;
 Lap, lap the water flows
 Where my wee boatie rows;
 Greenly a star shows
 Over Schiehallion.

She that I wandered in
 Over Schiehallion—
 How far beyont your ken,
 Craggs of the merry glen,
 Strayed she, that wandered then
 Down fro' Schiehallion.

Sail of the wild swan,
 Turn to Schiehallion!
 Here, where the rushes rise,
 Low the dark hunter lies:
 Beat thou the pure skies
 Back to Schiehallion.

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MAURYA'S SONG.¹

From 'Deirdre Wed and other Poems.'

Rushes that grow by the black water
When will I see you more?
When will the sorrowful heart forget you,
Land of the green, green shore?
When will the field and the small cabin
See us more
In the old country?

What is to me all the gold yonder?
She that bore me is gone.
Knees that dangled and hands that blessed me
Colder than any stone;
Stranger to me than the face of strangers
Are my own
In the old country.

Vein o' my heart, from the lone mountain
The smoke of the turf will die
And the stream that sang to the young childer
Run down alone from the sky:
On the door-stone, grass,—and the cloud lying
Where they lie
In the old country.

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ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

(1807—1886.)

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH was the second son of the late Mr. Richard Trench, brother of the first Lord Ashtown. He was born in Dublin, Sept. 9, 1807. Having been graduated in Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1829, he became perpetual curate of Curdridge Chapel; thence he passed to other cures, the most important of which, in its consequences on his after life, was that of Alverstoke, near Gosport. Here he was under Dr. Wilberforce, afterward the famous Bishop of Winchester. The friendship which was thus formed lasted throughout life and joined the two men in many undertakings. When Dr. Wilberforce ceased to be Dean of Westminster, Dr. Trench stepped into the vacant place; and in his new episcopal dignity as Bishop of Oxford Dr. Wilberforce had his old friend beside him as examining chaplain.

In 1835 he published 'Justin Martyr and other Poems,' which has passed through numerous editions. 'Sabbation, Honor Neale, and other Poems,' followed in 1838, and further enhanced the reputation of the author. At intervals followed 'Elegiac Poems,' 'Poems from Eastern Sources,' 'Genoveva and other Poems.' Dr. Trench's other poems were 'Sacred Poems for Mourners,' 'Sacred Latin Poetry,' and 'Life's a Dream,' from the Spanish of Calderon. He also wrote a considerable number of prose works. The greater part of those are devoted to theological subjects, and need not be recapitulated here.

Besides these he published a series of books on philological subjects which are very widely known. 'The Study of Words' and 'English Past and Present' are the most popular of the series. The pedigree of our vocabulary is so traced as to make the reader appreciate the delight of following the history of an ancient and romantic family; and a subject which with most writers is dry is enlivened with poetic feeling, anecdote, and a charming style. But the study of philology has made vast strides since this work appeared, and, while it may be read and enjoyed for its beauty, its scholarship cannot be implicitly accepted.

Dr. Trench was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin, Jan. 1, 1864, on the decease of Dr. Whately. He died March 29, 1886, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

THE POETRY OF WORDS.

From 'The Study of Words.'

Language is fossil poetry; in other words, we are not to look for the poetry which a people may possess only in its poems, or its poetical customs, traditions, and beliefs.

Many a single word also is itself a concentrated poem, having stores of poetical thought and imagery laid up in it. Examine it, and it will be found to rest on some deep analogy of things natural and things spiritual; bringing those to illustrate and to give an abiding form and body to these. The image may have grown trite and ordinary now; perhaps, through the help of this very word, may have become so entirely the heritage of all, as to seem little better than a commonplace; yet not the less he who first discerned the relation, and devised the new word which should express it, or gave to an old, never before but literally used, this new and figurative sense, this man was in his degree a poet—a maker, that is, of things which were not before, which would not have existed, but for him, or for some other gifted with equal powers. He who spake first of a “dilapidated” fortune, what an image must have risen up before his mind’s eye of some falling house or palace, stone detaching itself from stone, till all had gradually sunk into desolation and ruin. Or he who to that Greek word which signifies “that which will endure to be held up to and judged by the sunlight,” gave first its ethical signification of “sincere,” “truthful,” or as we sometimes say, “transparent,” can we deny to him the poet’s feeling and eye? Many a man had gazed, we are sure, at the jagged and indented mountain ridges of Spain before one called them “sierras” or “saws,” the name by which now they are known, as *Sierra Morena*, *Sierra Nevada*; but that man coined his imagination into a word, which will endure as long as the everlasting hills which he named. . . .

“Iliads without a Homer,” some one has called, with a little exaggeration, the beautiful but anonymous ballad poetry of Spain. One may be permitted, perhaps, to push the exaggeration a little further in the same direction, and to apply the same language not merely to a ballad but to a word. . . . Let me illustrate that which I have been here saying somewhat more at length by the word “tribulation.” We all know in a general way that this word, which occurs not seldom in Scripture and in the Liturgy, means affliction, sorrow, anguish; but it is quite worth our while to know *how* it means this, and to question the word a little closer. It is derived from the Latin “tribulum”

—which was the threshing instrument or harrow, whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and “tribulatio” in its primary significance was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer of the Christian church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and sorrow, distress, and adversity being the appointed means for the separating in men of whatever in them was light, trivial, and poor, from the solid and the true, their chaff from their wheat, he therefore called these sorrows and trials “tribulations,” threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner. Now in proof of my assertion that a single word is often a concentrated poem, a little grain of pure gold capable of being beaten out into a broad extent of gold-leaf, I will quote, in reference to this very word “tribulation,” a graceful composition by George Wither, a poet of the seventeenth century. You will at once perceive that it is all wrapped up in this word, being from first to last only the expanding of the image and thought which this word has implicitly given; it is as follows:—

“ Till from the straw, the flail the corn doth beat,
 Until the chaff be purgèd from the wheat,
 Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,
 The richness of the flour will scarce appear.
 So, till men’s persons great afflictions touch,
 If worth be found, their worth is not so much,
 Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
 That value which in threshing they may get.
 For till the bruising flails of God’s corrections
 Have threshèd out of us our vain affections;
 Till those corruptions which do misbecome us
 Are by thy sacred Spirit winnowed from us;
 Until from us the straw of worldly treasures,
 Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures,
 Yea, till his flail upon us he doth lay,
 To thresh the husk of this our flesh away,
 And leave the soul uncovered; nay, yet more,
 Till God shall make our very spirit poor,
 We shall not up to highest wealth aspire;
 But then we shall; and that is my desire.”

This deeper religious use of the word “tribulation” was unknown to classical antiquity, belonging exclusively to the Christian writers: and the fact that the same deepen-

ing and elevating of the use of words recurs in a multitude of other, and many of them far more signal, instances, is one well deserving to be followed up. Nothing, I am persuaded, would more mightily convince us of the new power which Christianity proved in the world than to compare the meaning which so many words possessed before its rise, and the deeper meaning which they obtained so soon as they were assumed as the vehicles of its life, the new thought and feeling enlarging, purifying, and ennobling the very words which they employed.

THE EVENING HYMN.

To the sound of evening bells
All that lives to rest repairs,
Birds unto their leafy dells,
Beasts unto their forest lairs.

All things wear a home-bound look,
From the weary hind that plods
Through the corn-fields, to the rook
Sailing toward the glimmering woods.

'Tis the time with power to bring
Tearful memories of home
To the sailor wandering
On the far-off barren foam.

What a still and holy time!
Yonder glowing sunset seems
Like the pathway to a clime
Only seen till now in dreams.

Pilgrim! here compelled to roam,
Nor allowed that path to tread,
Now, when sweetest sense of home
On all living hearts is shed,

Doth not yearning sad, sublime,
At this season stir thy breast,
That thou canst not at this time
Seek thy home and happy rest?

SOME MURMUR.

Some murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

KATHARINE TYNAN-HINKSON.

(1861 —)

KATHARINE TYNAN was born in Dublin, Feb. 3, 1861, and was educated at the Dominican Convent of St. Catherine of Siena, Drogheda, which she left at the age of fourteen. The rest of her education was gained at home mainly by her own energy and love of study, aided by a broad-minded and sympathetic father.

In 1893 she married Mr. Henry Hinkson, ex-scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, himself a well-known writer. Her first poems appeared in *Young Ireland* (Dublin), and her first contribution to an English periodical in *The Graphic*. Since that time she has contributed to all the leading journals in Ireland, as well as to many in England and America.

The Rossettian tinge so noticeable in her first book is very curious, seeing that she has declared she never read Rossetti till after those poems were written. "She is," says a critic, "an authentic singer with the true lyric note, that she seems to have caught from the birds in the Irish trees and which gives to her songs written in English a homely Irish flavor."

Her poetical output began in 1885 with the publication of 'Louise de la Vallière and other Poems', which has been followed by 'Shamrocks,' 'Ballads and Lyrics,' 'Cuckoo Songs,' 'Miracle Plays,' 'A Lover's Breast-knot,' and 'The Wind in the Trees.' Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson has also written a number of prose works, among which we may mention 'A Nun : Her Friends and Her Order' 'The Land of Mist and Mountain,' 'An Isle in the Water,' 'The Way of a Maid,' 'The Handsome Brandons,' 'Three Fair Maids,' 'A Daughter of the Fields,' 'A Union of Hearts,' 'A Girl of Galway,' 'That Sweet Enemy,' 'The Handsome Quaker,' 'A King's Woman,' and 'Love of Sisters.'

"HAPPY THE WOOING THAT'S NOT LONG A-DOING."

From 'Oh, What a Plague is Love!'

It was a gray, sad July evening. Beatrice Challoner's room was high above a roaring slum, which one would to be anywhere near its prosperous neighborhood. The never suppose, approaching Albury House from the front, slum street was the play-ground of the multitude of children from the tall burrows of houses, an uncomfortable playground this evening, when the wind swept round corners and raised the dust in little eddies and whirls, and with a great commotion drove before it the paper it had

stripped off the hoarding round the corner. However, the children made their plays contentedly in the midst of the dust, and were swept up hastily by stunted elder sisters when a jingling hansom came cheerfully through Seaman Street on its way to more favored localities. There was a barrel-organ grinding out its abject tune before the public-house at the corner, and two or three dirty little girls danced to its strains, lifting their skirts as daintily as any ballerina of the foot-lights. Seaman Street was one of those tireless London streets that never sleep.

Though the evening was so overcast, it was densely hot. Every window in Seaman Street gasped for air, and if Beatrice Challoner were so minded she could have gazed across the handbreadth of space between into the melancholy interiors. There, by one window, was a woman sewing, while her foot incessantly rocked a cradle. A young man, apparently asleep, lay on a broken-backed couch a little farther within the shadows. It was the artisan in the last stages of consumption, whose harrowing night cough had often reached her wakeful ears across the narrow thoroughfare.

By another window was a group of pallid girls. They were working overtime at making cheap jackets. A more fortunate sister high up in the attic of another house was attiring herself in finery before going out. One house was a laundry, through the windows of which, all day, had smoked a fume of hot soap-suds. The laundry-workers, mostly French, had departed one by one, to take the air, or had been fetched by their young men, very smart in straw hats and flannels. A deaf and dumb child sat with a lonely quietude at another window, and nursed a doll, and looked down curiously on the happier children in the street.

Seaman Street had been awake since four o'clock in the morning, and would not close its eyes, though the chemist's shop and the public-house both closed theirs at a comparatively respectable hour, till two hours after midnight. Its noise and its dust came up to Beatrice Challoner's little room under the roof. If she excluded these she excluded her only chance of a mouthful of air. The dust littered everything. No matter how she strove to keep her room fresh, the dust drifted in, first coating the

window-panes, and then descending in a gray film on bed and toilet-table and desk and chair.

This special July evening Miss Challoner was feeling as if the dust had entered the pores of her skin, as it had penetrated her eyes and her throat. Yet her own room was quiet. If she had gone downstairs to the drawing room, with its oleographs and antimacassars, and its general air of unhomeliness, she might have been pounced upon by Mrs. Ransom, or the Misses Fothergill, or old Mr. Nayman, who had insisted on teaching her whist and was so cross when she made a blunder. The light in the room was failing, and her novel was dull, and her head ached. She longed for freshness and dews and scent; but since she could not have these, at least she would have her solitude.

A tap at the door interrupted her.

"If you please, miss," said Mary, the parlor-maid, "there's a gentleman for you, miss, and I've put him in the parlor as Mrs. Brown's out, and the drawing-room so stuffy with all them old ca—, ladies, I mean, miss, over their books and cards."

"Thank you, Mary," said Beatrice, taking the card, on which she read "Mr. Arthur Strangways."

Mary tripped off blithely to the lower regions to inform cook and Susan and John that old Mr. Strangway's son as ever was had come visiting Miss Challoner. Beatrice had a good deal of sympathy, if she had only known it, from the domestics, who found her sweet-spoken, and in the way of giving trouble very different from the old ladies who formed Mrs. Brown's permanent *clientèle*.

It was remarkable that, as she read the name on the card, she blushed vividly, and felt a queer excitement not wholly pleasant or unpleasant. Whenever she had thought of Arthur Strangways since the day of her accident—and she had thought a good many times—it was with conflicting emotions. How brutal, how cruel, how unpardonable his conduct had been in the beginning of the day! How he had wronged and misrepresented her, and put her to sore shame and humiliation. But then, on the other hand, how kind and clever, and how repentant he had been after her accident. She remembered his faltering appeal to her that she would forgive, and allow him to begin over again.

No, she could not hate him, could not regard him as an enemy.

She waited a minute or two in the dusky room after the maid had left her, and then went downstairs with a very slow and stately step. Her usual pallor had returned by the time she reached Mrs. Brown's parlor, and Arthur Strangway's first thought was of how sadly beautiful she looked in the dreary London gloaming. When he took her extended hand it felt very cold.

"You have been well," he said, with anxious solicitude, "since you left Gardenhurst? You should not have left after so short a convalescence."

Then he faltered and felt wretchedly guilty, remembering what it was that had made it difficult for her to accept the hospitality of his home.

"I am quite well," she said gently, "but the summer is very hot in town, and I find the long twilights a little sad."

They talked on indifferent topics for a while. Then he found that, difficult as it was to speak, it was intolerable to spend the time in uttering conventionalities.

"Miss Challoner," he said, impulsively, "I resolved when I was coming here this evening to tell you how bitterly sorry I have been for my conduct to you. It was not alone the accident, but all that went before. I wish to heavens I had broken a limb myself. It was I who stood in need of punishment."

"You were very unjust to me," said the girl, simply; but somehow the words sounded more like a pardon than an accusation.

"Beatrice, Beatrice!" cried the young man, wildly. "Don't you understand it? Put me in sackcloth and ashes if you will, after I have spoken, but let me speak now. Don't you know it was because I loved you from the first minute I set eyes on your beauty? That it was because I was mad with jealousy of you, and rage against your contempt of me? I was a brute, an unspeakable brute, but it was the brutality of a man towards the woman he loves, and who stands out against him."

He stopped and tried to see what expression was in her averted face, but the room was full of shadows.

"You are not angry, Beatrice?" he said.

"No," she replied, very low; "but you are too sudden."

"Is that all, my queen?" he said laughing out of his excitement and happy relief. "Then I will give you time to get used to me. I will go by little steps. I will not ask you now to love me, but only forgive me, and let me start with a fair chance."

"I have forgiven you," she said. "I forgave you that day of my accident, when you took care of me."

He wondered at her calm. Another girl would have been all blushes and tremors, but somehow he did not feel that the calm boded ill for his success.

"But I have something to forgive you," he said again. "Why did you not come to tea with me that evening I asked you and Dolly?"

"I did not believe you could care. I thought you only asked me to satisfy yourself."

"*Care!* Why, the hour I spent listening for your footstep on the stairs was an hour of purgatory; and afterwards I hoped you would write."

"I tried to, but I did not know what to say."

"Presently I am going to forgive you. Not yet though, not till you have learned to love me."

She made no reply. Neither of them thought of the conventions, or of what Mrs. Brown would think if she came in and found them sitting in a room, the dusk of which the horn of the summer moon did little to illumine.

"You will have to learn your lesson soon, Beatrice, and give me your answer soon. I can't leave you in Mrs. Brown's all during the summer."

"What would they think at Gardenhurst?"

It was his turn to blush, and he blushed ingenuously.

"They will love you, as they were ready to do before."

"But your father?"

There was a troubled note in her voice which revealed how things stood to him.

"Dear old dad, he will be resigned after a time. He is the dearest old fellow, Beatrice; I never knew how dear till after your accident."

"Yes, there is no one like him," said the girl, simply.

"Did you know that Fred offered to kick me?—I jolly well deserved it—as your champion."

"Dear boy!" with a sudden, sweet laugh. "He proposed to me, though I don't know if I ought to betray his

confidence. Offered even to give up the 'Varsity and his chance of a blue for my sake."

"Impudent young beggar! What did you say?"

"Put before him what he was resigning for my sake, whereupon he faltered, and was in his inmost heart relieved that for prudential motives I declined."

"I daresay he'll want to kick me again for all that when he knows."

He looked keenly at her glimmering profile. Then he laughed triumphantly and suddenly.

"Beatrice, Beatrice!" he cried, "do you know that you as well as I seem to take everything for granted? For ten minutes back we have talked as if you had not yet your lesson to learn. Have you learnt it, Beatrice? And if not, will you not learn it now? Don't keep me an hour out of Paradise."

"You will think I am too facile," she said, coming to him as willingly as any lover could desire.

THE STORY OF FATHER ANTHONY O'TOOLE.

From 'An Isle in the Water.'

On the wall of the Island Chapel there is a tablet which strangers read curiously. The inscription runs:

FATHER ANTHONY O'TOOLE
FOR THIRTY YEARS THE SHEPHERD OF
HIS FLOCK
Died 18th of December 1812
Aged 80 years

"He will avenge the blood of his servants, and will be merciful unto his land, and to his people."

Many a time has a summer visitor asked me the meaning of the Old Testament words on the memorial tablet of a life that in all probability passed so quietly.

Any child in the Island will tell you the story of Father

Anthony O'Toole. Here and there an old man or woman will remember to have seen him and will describe him—tall despite his great age, with the frost on his head but never in his heart, stepping down the cobbles of the village street leaning on his gold-headed cane, and greeting his spiritual children with such a courtesy as had once been well in place at Versailles or the Little Trianon. Plainly he never ceased to be the finest of fine gentlemen, though a less inbred courtesy might well rust in the isolation of thirty years. Yet he seems to have been no less the humblest and simplest of priests. Old Peter Devine will tell you his childish memory of the old priest sitting by the turf fire in the fisherman's cottage, listening to the eternal complaint of the winds and waters that had destroyed the fishing and washed the potato-gardens out to sea, and pausing in his words of counsel and sympathy to take delicately a pinch of the finest snuff, snuff that had never bemeaned itself by paying duty to King George.

But that was in the quite peaceful days, when the country over there beyond the shallow water lay in the apathy of exhaustion—helpless and hopeless. That was years after Father Anthony had flashed out as a man of war in the midst of his quiet pastoral days, and like any Old Testament hero had taken the sword and smitten his enemies in the name of the Lord.

Father Anthony was the grandson of one of those Irish soldiers of fortune who, after the downfall of the Jacobite cause in Ireland, had taken service in the French and Austrian armies. In Ireland they called them the Wild Geese. He had risen to high honors in the armies of King Louis, and had been wounded at Malplaquet. The son followed in his father's footsteps and was among the slain at Fontenoy. Father Anthony, too, became a soldier and saw service at Minden, and carried away from it a wound in the thigh which made necessary the use of that gold-headed cane. They said that, soldier as he was, he was a fine courtier in his day. One could well believe it looking at him in his old age. From his father he had inherited the dashing bravery and gay wit of which even yet he carried traces. From his French mother he had the delicate courtesy and *finesse* which would be well in place in the atmosphere of a court.

However, in full prime of manhood and reputation, Father Anthony, for some reason or other, shook the dust of courts off his feet, and became a humble aspirant after the priesthood at the missionary College of St. Omer. He had always a great desire to be sent to the land of his fathers, the land of faith and hope, of which he had heard from many an Irish refugee, and in due time his desire was fulfilled. He reached the Island one wintry day, flung up out of the teeth of storms, and was in the Island thirty years, till the *reveille* of his Master called him to the muster of the Heavenly host.

Father Anthony seems to have been innocently ready to talk over the days of his fighting. He was not at all averse from fighting his battles over again for these simple children of his who were every day in battle with the elements and death. Peter Devine remembers to have squatted, burning his shins by the turf fire, and watching with fascination the lines in the ashes which represented the entrenchments and the guns, and the troops of King Frederick and the French line, as Father Anthony played the war-game for old Corney Devine, whose grass-grown grave is under the gable of the Island Chapel.

Now and again a fisherman was admitted by special favor to look upon the magnificent clothing which Father Anthony had worn as a colonel of French Horse. The things were laid by in lavender as a bride might keep her wedding-dress. There were the gold-laced coat and the breeches with the sword-slash in them, the sash, the belt, the plumed hat, the high boots, the pistols, and, glittering among them all, the sword. That chest of Father Anthony's and its contents were something of a fairy tale to the boys of the Island, and each of them dreamt of a day when he too might behold them. The chest, securely locked and clamped, stood in the sacristy; and Father Anthony would have seen nothing incongruous in its neighborhood to the sacred vessels and vestments. He generally displayed the things when he had been talking over old fighting days, to the Island men mostly, but occasionally to a French captain, who with a cargo, often contraband of wines and cigars, would run into the Island harbor for shelter. Then there were courtesies given and exchanged; and Father Anthony's guest at parting would make an

offering of light wines, much of which found its way to sick and infirm Island men and women in the days that followed.

Father Anthony had been many placid years on the Island when there began to be rumors of trouble on the mainland. Just at first the United Irish Society had been quite the fashion, and held no more rebellious than the great volunteer movement of a dozen years earlier. But as time went by things became more serious. Moderate and fearful men fell away from the Society, and the union between Northern Protestants and Southern Catholics, which had been a matter of much concern to the Government of the day, was met by a policy of goading the leaders on to rebellion. By and by this and that idol of the populace was flung into prison. Wolfe Tone was in France, praying, storming, commanding, forcing an expedition to act in unison with a rising on Irish soil. Father Anthony was excited in those days. The France of the Republic was not his France, and the stain of the blood of the Lord's Anointed was upon her; but for all that the news of the expedition from Brest set his blood coursing so rapidly and his pulses beating, that he was fain to calm with much praying the old turbulent spirit of war which possessed him.

Many of the young fishermen had left the Island and were on the mainland, drilling in secrecy. There were few left save old men and women and children when the blow fell. The Government, abundantly informed of what went on in the councils of the United Irishmen, knew the moment to strike, and took it. The rebellion broke out in various parts of the country, but already the leaders were in prison. Calamity followed calamity. Heroic courage availed nothing. In a short time Wolfe Tone lay dead in the Provost-Marshal's prison of Dublin; and Lord Edward Fitzgerald was dying of his wounds. In Dublin, dragoonings, hangings, pitch-capping and flogging set up a reign of terror. Out of the first sudden silence terrible tidings came to the Island.

At that time there was no communication with the mainland except by the fishermen's boats or at low water. The Island was very much out of the world; and the echoes of what went on in the world came vaguely as from a dis-

tance to the ears of the Island people. They were like enough to be safe, though there were blood and fire and torture on the mainland. They were all old and helpless people, and they might well be safe from the soldiery. There was no yeomanry corps within many miles of the Island, and it was the yeomanry, tales of whose doings made the Islander's blood run cold. Not the foreign soldiers—oh no, they were often merciful, and found this kind of warfare bitterly distasteful. But it might well be that the yeomanry, being so busy, would never think of the Island.

Father Anthony prayed that it might be so, and the elements conspired to help him. There were many storms and high tides that set the Island riding in safety. Father Anthony went up and down comforting those whose husbands, sons, and brothers were in the Inferno over yonder. The roses in his old cheeks withered, and his blue eyes were faded with many tears for his country and his people. He prayed incessantly that the agony of the land might cease, and that his own most helpless flock might be protected from the butchery that had been the fate of many as innocent and helpless.

The little church of gray stone stands as the vanguard of the village, a little nearer to the mainland, and the spit of sand that runs out towards it. You ascend to it by a hill, and a wide stretch of green sward lies before the door. The gray stone presbytery joins the church and communicates with it. A ragged boreen, or bit of lane, between rough stone walls runs zigzag from the gate, ever open, that leads to the church, and wanders away to the left to the village on the rocks above the sea. Everything is just the same to-day as on that morning when Father Anthony, looking across to the mainland from the high gable window of his bedroom, saw on the sands something that made him dash the tears from his old eyes, and go hastily in search of the telescope which had been a present from one of those wandering sea-captains.

As he set his glass to his eye that morning, the lassitude of age and grief seemed to have left him. For a few minutes he gazed at the objects crossing the sands—for it was low water—in an attitude tense and eager. At last he lowered the glass and closed it. He had seen enough.

Four yeomen on their horses were crossing to the island. He was alone in the house, and as he bustled downstairs and made door and windows fast, he was rejoiced it should be so. Down below the village was calm and quiet. The morning had a touch of spring, and the water was lazily lapping against the sands. The people were within doors,—of that he was pretty well assured—for the Island was in a state of terror and depression. There was no sign of life down there except now and again the barking of a dog or the cackling of a hen. Unconsciously the little homes waited the death and outrage that were coming to them as fast as four strong horses could carry them. “Strengthen thou mine arm,” cried Father Anthony aloud, “that the wicked prevail not! Keep thou thy sheep that thou hast confided to my keeping. Lo! the wolves are upon them!” and as he spoke his voice rang out through the silent house. The fire of battle was in his eyes, his nostrils smelt blood, and the man seemed exalted beyond his natural size. Father Anthony went swiftly and barred his church doors, and then turned into the presbytery. He flashed his sword till it caught the light and gleamed and glanced. “For this, for this hour, friend,” he said, “I have polished thee and kept thee keen. Hail, sword of the justice of God!”

There came a thundering at the oaken door of the church. “Open, son of Belial!” cried a coarse voice, and then there followed a shower of blasphemies. The men had lit down from their horses, which they had picketed below, and had come on foot, vomiting oaths, to the church door. Father Anthony took down the fastenings one by one. Before he removed the last he looked towards the little altar. “Now,” he said, “defend Thyself, all-powerful!” and saying, he let the bar fall.

The door swung open so suddenly that three of the men fell back. The fourth, who had been calling his blasphemies through the keyhole of the door, remained yet on his knees. In the doorway, where they had looked to find an infirm old man, stood a French colonel in his battle array, the gleaming sword in his hand. The apparition was so sudden, so unexpected, that they stood for the moment terror-stricken. Did they think it something supernatural? as well they might, for to their astonished eyes

the splendid martial figure seemed to grow and grow, and fill the doorway. Or perhaps they thought they had fallen in an ambush.

Before they could recover, the sword swung in air, and the head of the fellow kneeling rolled on the threshold of the church. The others turned and fled. One man fell, the others with a curse stumbled over him, recovered themselves and sped on. Father Anthony, as you might spit a cockroach with a long pin, drove his sword in the fallen man's back and left it quivering. The dying scream rang in his ears as he drew his pistols. He muttered to himself: "If one be spared he will return with seven worse devils. No! they must die that the innocent may go safe," and on the track of the flying wretches, he shot one in the head as he ran, and the other he pierced, as he would have dragged himself into the stirrups.

In the broad sunlight, the villagers, alarmed by the sound of shooting, came timidly creeping towards the presbytery to see if harm had befallen the priest, and found Father Anthony standing on the bloody green sward wiping his sword and looking about him at the dead men. The fury of battle had gone out of his face, and he looked gentle as ever, but greatly troubled. "It had to be," he said, "though, God knows, I would have spared them to repent of their sins."

"Take them," he said, "to the Devil's Chimney and drop them down, so that if their comrades come seeking them there may be no trace of them." The Devil's Chimney is a strange, natural *oubliette* of the Island, whose depth none has fathomed, though far below you may hear a subterranean waterfall roaring.

One of the dead men's horses set up a frightened whinnying. "But the poor beasts," said Father Anthony, who had every kindness for animals, "they must want for nothing. Stable them in M'Ora's Cave till the trouble goes by, and see that they are well fed and watered."

An hour later, except for some disturbance of the grass, you would have come upon no trace of these happenings. I have never heard that they cast any shade upon Father Anthony's spirit, or that he was less serene and cheerful when peace had come back than he had been before. No hue and cry after the dead yeomen ever came to the Island,

and the troubles of '98 spent themselves without crossing again from the mainland. After a time, when peace was restored, the yeomen's horses were used for drawing the Island fish to the market, or for carrying loads of seaweed to the potatoes, and many other purposes for which human labor had hitherto served.

But Father Anthony O'Toole was dead many and many a year before that tablet was set up to his memory. And the strange thing was that Mr. Hill, the rector, who, having no flock to speak of, is pretty free to devote himself to the antiquities of the Island, his favorite study, was a prime mover in this commemoration of Father Anthony O'Toole, and himself selected the text to go upon the tablet.

In a certain Wicklow country-house an O'Toole of this day will display to you, as they display the dead hand of a martyr in a reliquary, the uniform, the sword and pistols, the feathered hat and the riding boots, of Father Anthony O'Toole.

SAINT FRANCIS AND THE WOLF.

This wolf for many a day
Had scourged and trodden down
The folk of Agobio town;
Old was he, lean and gray.

Dragging a mildewed bone,
Down from his lair he came,
Saw in the sunset flame
Our Father standing alone.

Dust on his threadbare gown,
Dust on his blessed feet,
Faint from long fast and heat,
His light of life died down.

This wolf laid bare his teeth,
And growling low there stood;
His lips were black with blood,
His eyes were fires of death.



So for a spring crouched he ;
But the Saint raised his head—
“Peace, Brother Wolf,” he said,
“God made both thee and me.”

And with the Cross signed him :
The wolf fell back a-stare,
Sat on his haunches there,
Forbidding, black, and grim.

“Come nearer, in Christ’s Name,”
Said Francis, and, so bid,
Like a small dog that ’s chid,
The fierce beast fawning came,

Trotting against his side,
And licked the tender hand
That with soft touch and bland
Caressed his wicked hide.

“Brother,” the Saint said then,
“Who gave thee leave to kill ?
Thou hast slain of thine own will
Not only beasts, but men.

“And God is wroth with thee :
If thou wilt not repent,
His anger shall be sent
To smite thee terribly.

“See, all men hate thy name,
And with it mothers fright
The froward child by night.
Great are thy sin and shame.

“All true dogs thee pursue ;
Thou shouldst hang high in air
Like a thief and murderer,
Hadst thou thy lawful due.

“Yet, seeing His hands have made
Even thee, thou wicked one,
I bring no malison,
But blessing bring instead.

“And I will purchase peace
Between this folk and thee

So love for hate shall be,
And all thy sinning cease.

"Say, wilt thou have it so?"
Thereat, far off, we saw
The beast lift up his paw,
His great tail wagging go.

Our Father took the paw
Into his blessèd hand,
Knelt down upon the sand,
Facing the creature's jaw.

That were a sight to see:
Agobio's folk trooped out;
They heard not all that rout,
Neither the beast nor he.

For he was praying yet,
And on his illumined face
A shamed and loving gaze
The terrible wolf had set.

When they came through the town,
His hand that beast did stroke,
He spake unto the folk
Flocking to touch his gown.

A sweet discourse was this;
He prayed them that they make
Peace, for the Lord Christ's sake,
With this poor wolf of His;

And told them of their sins,
How each was deadlier far
Than wolves or lions are,
Or sharks with sword-like fins.

Afterward some came near,
Took the beast's paw and shook,
And answered his sad look
With words of honest cheer.

Our Father, ere he went,
Bade that each one should leave
Some food at morn and eve
For his poor penitent.

And so, three years or more,
The wolf came morn and even—
Yea, long forgiven and shriven,
Fed at each townsman's door;

And grew more gray and old,
Withal so sad and mild,
Him feared no little child
Sitting in the sun's gold.

The women, soft of heart,
Trusted him and were kind:
Men grew of equal mind,
None longer stepped apart.

The very dogs, 't was said,
Would greet him courteously,
And pass his portion by,
Though they went on unfed.

But when three years were gone
He came no more, but died;
In a cave on the hillside
You may count each whitening bone.

And then it came to pass
All gently of him spake,
For Francis his dear sake,
Whose Brother Wolf this was.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad,
The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road;
All in the April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
With a weak, human cry.

I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet,
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet,

But for the Lamb of God,
Up on the hill-top green,
Only a Cross of shame
Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad,
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God.

DE PROFUNDIS.

You must be troubled, Asthore,
Because last night you came
And stood on the moonlit floor,
And called again my name.
In dreams I felt your tears,
In dreams mine eyes were wet;
O, dead for seven long years!
And can you not forget?
Are you not happy yet?

*The mass-bell shall be rung,
The mass be said and sung,
And God will surely hear;
Go back and sleep, my dear!*

You went away when you heard
The red cock's clarion crow.
You have given my heart a sword,
You have given my life a woe,
I, who your burden bore,
On whom your sorrows fell;
You had to travel, Asthore,
Your bitter need to tell,
And I—was faring well!

*The mass-bell shall be rung,
The mass be said and sung,
And God will surely hear;
Go back and sleep, my dear!*

SINGING STARS.

“What sawest thou, Orion, thou hunter of the star-lands,
On that night star-sown and azure when thou cam’st in
splendor sweeping,
And amid thy starry brethren from the near lands and the
far lands
All the night above a stable on the earth thy watch wert
keeping?”

“Oh, I saw the stable surely, and the young Child and the
Mother,
And the placid beasts still gazing with their mild eyes full of
loving.
And I saw the trembling radiance of the Star, my lordliest
brother,
Light the earth and all the heavens as he kept his guard un-
moving.

“There were kings that came from Eastward with their ivory,
spice, and sendal,
With gold fillets in their dark hair, and gold broidered robes
and stately,
And the shepherds, gazing starward, over yonder hill did
wend all,
And the silly sheep went meekly, and the wise dog marvelled
greatly.

“Oh we knew, we stars, the stable held our King, His glory
shaded,
That His baby hands were poising all the spheres and con-
stellations;
Berenice shook her hair down, like a shower of stardust
braided,
And Arcturus, pale as silver, bent his brows in adorations.

“The stars sang all together, sang their love-songs with the
angels,

With the Cherubim and Seraphim their shrilly trumpets
blended.
They have never sung together since that night of great
evangels,
And the young Child in the manger, and the time of bondage
ended."

LARKS.

All day in exquisite air
The song clomb an invisible stair,
Flight on flight, story on story,
Into the dazzling glory.

There was no bird, only a singing,
Up in the glory, climbing and ringing,
Like a small golden cloud at even,
Trembling 't wixt earth and heaven.

I saw no staircase winding, winding,
Up in the dazzle, sapphire and blinding,
Yet round by round, in exquisite air,
The song went up the stair.

SUMMER-SWEET.

Honey-sweet, sweet as honey smell the lilies,
Little lilies of the gold in a ring;
Little censers of pale gold are the lilies,
That the wind, sweet and sunny, sets a-swing.
Smell the rose, sweet of sweets, all a-blowing!
Hear the cuckoo call in dreams, low and sweet!
Like a very John-a-Dreams coming, going.
There's honey in the grass at our feet.

There's honey in the leaf and the blossom,
And honey in the night and the day,
And honey-sweet the heart in Love's bosom,
And honey-sweet the words Love will say.

AUGUST WEATHER.

Dead heat and windless air,
 And silence over all;
 Never a leaf astir,
 But the ripe apples fall;
 Plums are purple-red,
 Pears amber and brown;
Thud! in the garden-bed
 Ripe apples fall down.

Air like a cider-press
 With the bruised apples' scent;
 Low whistles express
 Some sleepy bird's content;
 Still world and windless sky,
 A mist of heat o'er all;
 Peace like a lullaby,
 And the ripe apples fall.

AN ISLAND FISHERMAN.

I groan as I put out
 My nets on the say,
 To hear the little *girshas*¹ shout,
 Dancin' among the spray.

Ochone! the childher pass
 An' lave us to our grief;
 The stranger took my little lass
 At the fall o' the leaf.

Why would you go so fast
 With him you never knew?
 In all the throuble that is past
 I never frowned on you.

The light o' my ould eyes!
 The comfort o' my heart!
 Waitin' for me your mother lies
 In blessed Innishart.

¹ *Girshas*, little girls.

IRISH FISHING CURRAGH or CORACLE

From a photograph

These wicker-work boats covered with hides have been in use from time immemorial. Made in the same way but covered with tarred canvass, they are still in use in some parts of Ireland, and in places as far asunder as Thibet and Egypt.



Her lone grave I keep
From all the cold world wide,
But you in life an' death will sleep
The stranger beside.

Ochone! my thoughts are wild:
But little blame I say;
An ould man hungerin' for his child,
Fishin' the livelong day.

You will not run again,
Laughin' to see me land.
Oh, what was pain an' throuble then,
Holdin' your little hand?

Or when your head let fall
Its soft curls on my breast?
Why do the childher grow at all
To love the stranger best?

WINTER EVENING.

But the rain is gone by, and the day's dying out in a splendor;
There is flight as of many gold wings in the heart of the sky:
God's birds, it may be, who return from their ministry tender,
Flying home from the earth, like the earth-birds when darkness is nigh.

Gold plumes and gold feathers, the wings hide the roseate faces,

But a glimmer of roseate feet breaks the massing of gold:
There's gold hair blowing back, and a drifting of one in clear spaces,

A little child-angel whose flight is less sure and less bold.

They are gone, they are flown, but their footprints have left the sky ruddy,

And the night's coming on with a moon in a tender green sea,

And my heart is fled home, with a flight that is certain and steady

To her home, to her nest, to the place where her treasure shall be—

Across the dark hills where the scarlet to purple is waning;

For the birds will fly home, will fly home, when the night's
 coming on.
 But hark! in the trees how the wind is complaining and strain-
 ing
 For the birds that are flown it may be, or the nests that are
 gone.

THE CHILDREN OF LIR.

Out upon the sand-dunes thrive the coarse long grasses,
 Herons standing knee-deep in the brackish pool,
 Overhead the sunset fire and flame amasses,
 And the moon to Eastward rises pale and cool:
 Rose and green around her, silver-gray and pearly,
 Checkered with the black rooks flying home to bed;
 For, to wake at daybreak birds must couch them early,
 And the day's a long one since the dawn was red.

On the chilly lakelet, in that pleasant gloaming,
 See the sad swans sailing: they shall have no rest:
 Never a voice to greet them save the bittern's booming
 Where the ghostly sallows sway against the West.
 "Sister," saith the gray swan, "Sister, I am weary,"
 Turning to the white swan wet, despairing eyes;
 "O," she saith, "my young one." "O," she saith, "my dearie,"
 Casts her wings about him with a storm of cries.

Woe for Lir's sweet children whom their vile stepmother
 Glamoured with her witch-spells for a thousand years;
 Died their father raving—on his throne another—
 Blind before the end came from his burning tears.
 She—the fiends possess her, torture her forever,
 Gone is all the glory of the race of Lir,
 Gone and long forgotten like a dream of fever:
 But the swans remember all the days that were.

Hugh, the black and white swan with the beauteous feathers;
 Fiachra, the black swan with the emerald breast;
 Conn, the youngest, dearest, sheltered in all weathers,
 Him his snow-white sister loves the tenderest.
 These her mother gave her as she lay a-dying,
 To her faithful keeping, faithful hath she been,
 With her wings spread o'er them when the tempest's crying,
 And her songs so hopeful when the sky's serene.

Other swans have nests made 'mid the reeds and rushes,
Lined with downy feathers where the cygnets sleep
Dreaming, if a bird dreams, till the daylight blushes,
Then they sail out swiftly on the current deep,
With the proud swan-father, tall, and strong, and stately,
And the mild swan-mother, grave with household cares,
All well-born and comely, all rejoicing greatly:
Full of honest pleasure is a life like theirs.

OH, GREEN AND FRESH.

Oh, green and fresh your English sod
With daisies sprinkled over;
But greener far were the fields I trod,
And the honeyed Irish clover.

Oh, well your skylark cleaves the blue
To bid the sun good-morrow;
He has not the bonny song I knew
High over an Irish furrow.

And often, often, I'm longing still,
This gay and golden weather,
For my father's face by an Irish hill
And he and I together.

JOHN TYNDALL.

(1820—1893.)

JOHN TYNDALL was born in 1820 at Leighlin Bridge, Carlow. His parents were poor, but they managed to have their son taught well, and he early acquired a sound knowledge of mathematics. His first employments were not of a particularly philosophic character, for he had to be content with the post of a "civil assistant" of the Ordnance Survey in his native district, and later with employment in railway engineering operations in connection with a Manchester firm. In 1847 came what was, probably, much more congenial employment, when he received an appointment as a teacher in Queenwood College, Hampshire.

In 1848 he went to Germany with Dr. Franklin for further scientific study, working in the laboratory and making original investigations. He secured his doctorate in 1857, and after more study in Berlin he returned to England, where the publication of his scientific discoveries brought him a fellowship in the Royal Society. In 1853 he was, on the proposal of Faraday, elected to the chair of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution, with which he remained connected for more than thirty years.

He began as a young man the study of radiant heat, and the problems of electricity, magnetism, and acoustics also engaged his attention, valuable books upon these subjects resulting. Such volumes as 'Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion,' 'On Radiation,' and 'Dust and Disease,' are among the more familiar. The scientific phenomena of glaciers interested him for many years, and from 1856 to his death he visited the Alps every season—the initial journey was in company with Huxley—and made studies, the deductions from which were embodied in a series of books very enjoyable in point of literary value. 'Mountaineering in 1861,' and 'Hours of Exercise in the Alps' are typical of this class. The publications of Tyndall also indicate a large number of more technical treatises, adding substantially to his reputation as a physicist and to the advancement of modern science in the field of his election. In 1872 he made a successful lecture tour in the United States, and devoted the proceeds to the establishment of scholarships for the benefit of students occupied in original research in science.

He was President of the British Association, an LL.D. of Cambridge and Edinburgh, a D.C.L. of Oxford, and held office in 1877 as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

Professor Tyndall shared with his friend, Professor Huxley, a singular power of making the dark ways of science light to the ordinary understanding by a style of wonderful clearness and brightened with humor and apt illustration. Indeed, he was one of the pioneers in the new era, in which a polished literary style has been found quite compatible with the revelation of physical truths.

Professor Tyndall died at Haslemere, Surrey, England, Dec. 4, 1893, from an overdose of chloral accidentally administered by his wife.

THE CLAIMS OF SCIENCE.

From the 'Belfast Address.'

Trace the line of life backwards, and see it approaching more and more to what we call the pure physical condition. We come at length to those organisms which I have compared to drops of oil suspended in a mixture of alcohol and water. We reach the *protogenes* of Haeckel, in which we have "a type distinguishable from a fragment of albumen only by its finely granular character." Can we pause here? We break a magnet and find two poles in each of its fragments. We continue the process of breaking; but however small the parts, each carries with it, though enfeebled, the polarity of the whole. And when we can break no longer, we prolong the intellectual vision to the polar molecules. Are we not urged to do *something* similar in the case of life? Is there not a temptation to close to some extent with Lucretius, when he affirms that "Nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself, without the meddling of the gods"? or with Bruno, when he declares that Matter is not "that mere empty capacity which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother, who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb"? Believing as I do in the continuity of nature, I cannot stop abruptly where our microscopes cease to be of use. Here the vision of the mind authoritatively supplements the vision of the eye. By an intellectual necessity I cross the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that Matter—which we, in our ignorance of its latent powers, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium—the promise and potency of all terrestrial life.

If you ask me whether there exists the least evidence to prove that any form of life can be developed out of matter, without demonstrable antecedent life, my reply is that evidence considered perfectly conclusive by many has been adduced; and that, were some of us who have pondered this question to follow a very common example, and accept testimony because it falls in with our belief, we also should eagerly close with the evidence referred to. But

there is in the true man of science a wish stronger than the wish to have his beliefs upheld,—namely, the wish to have them true; and this stronger wish causes him to reject the most plausible support if he has reason to suspect that it is vitiated by error. Those to whom I refer as having studied this question, believing the evidence offered in favor of “spontaneous generation” to be thus vitiated, cannot accept it. They know full well that the chemist now prepares from inorganic matter a vast array of substances which were some time ago regarded as the sole products of vitality. They are intimately acquainted with the structural power of matter as evidenced in the phenomena of crystallization. They can justify scientifically their *belief* in its potency, under the proper conditions, to produce organisms. But in reply to your question, they will frankly admit their inability to point to any satisfactory experimental proof that life can be developed save from demonstrable antecedent life. As already indicated, they draw the line from the highest organisms through lower ones down to the lowest; and it is the prolongation of this line by the intellect beyond the range of the senses that leads them to the conclusion which Bruno so boldly enunciated.

The “materialism” here professed may be vastly different from what you suppose, and I therefore crave your gracious patience to the end. “The question of an external world,” says Mr. J. S. Mill, “is the great battleground of metaphysics.” Mr. Mill himself reduces external phenomena to “possibilities of sensation.” Kant, as we have seen, made time and space “forms” of our own intuitions. Fichte, having first by the inexorable logic of his understanding proved himself to be a mere link in that chain of eternal causation which holds so rigidly in nature, violently broke the chain by making nature, and all that it inherits, an apparition of his own mind. And it is by no means easy to combat such notions. For when I say I see you, and that I have not the least doubt about it, the reply is, that what I am really conscious of is an affection of my own retina. And if I urge that I can check my sight of you by touching you, the retort would be that I am equally transgressing the limits of fact; for what I am really conscious of is, not that you are there, but that

the nerves of my hand have undergone a change. All we hear, and see, and touch, and taste, and smell, are, it would be urged, mere variations of our own condition, beyond which, even to the extent of a hair's-breadth, we cannot go. That anything answering to our impressions exists outside of ourselves is not a *fact*, but an *inference*, to which all validity would be denied by an idealist like Berkeley, or by a skeptic like Hume. Mr. Spencer takes another line. With him, as with the uneducated man, there is no doubt or question as to the existence of an external world. But he differs from the uneducated, who think that the world really *is* what consciousness represents it to be. Our states of consciousness are mere *symbols* of an outside entity, which produces them and determines the order of their succession, but the real nature of which we can never know. In fact, the whole process of evolution is the manifestation of a Power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man. As little in our day as in the days of Job can man by searching find this Power out. Considered fundamentally, then, it is by the operation of an insoluble mystery that life on earth is evolved, species differentiated, and mind unfolded, from their prepotent elements in the unmeasurable past. There is, you will observe, no very rank materialism here.

The strength of the doctrine of evolution consists, not in an experimental demonstration (for the subject is hardly accessible to this mode of proof), but in its general harmony with scientific thought.

From contrast, moreover, it derives enormous relative strength. On the one side, we have a theory (if it could with any propriety be so called) derived, as were the theories referred to at the beginning of this address, not from the study of nature, but from the observation of men—a theory which converts the Power whose garment is seen in the visible universe into an artificer, fashioned after the human model, and acting by broken efforts as a man is seen to act. On the other side, we have the conception that all we see around us, and all we feel within us,—the phenomena of physical nature as well as those of the human mind,—have their unsearchable roots in a cosmical life (if I dare apply the term), an infinitesimal span of which is offered to the investigation of man. And

even this span is only knowable in part. We can trace the development of a nervous system, and correlate with it the parallel phenomena of sensation and thought. We see with undoubting certainty that they go hand in hand. But we try to soar in a vacuum the moment we seek to comprehend the connection between them. An Archimedean fulcrum is here required which the human mind cannot command; and the effort to solve the problem, to borrow a comparison from an illustrious friend of mine, is like the effort of a man trying to lift himself by his own waistband. All that has been here said is to be taken in connection with this fundamental truth. When "nascent senses" are spoken of, when "the differentiation of a tissue at first vaguely sensitive all over" is spoken of, and when these processes are associated with "the modification of an organism by its environment," the same parallelism, without contact or even approach to contact, is implied. Man the *object* is separated by an impassable gulf from man the *subject*. There is no motor energy in intellect to carry it without logical rupture from the one to the other.

Further, the doctrine of evolution derives man in his totality from the interaction of organism and environment through countless ages past. The human understanding, for example,—that faculty which Mr. Spencer has turned so skillfully round upon its own antecedents,—is itself a result of the play between organism and environment through cosmic ranges of time. Never surely did prescription plead so irresistible a claim. But then it comes to pass that, over and above his understanding, there are many other things appertaining to man whose prescriptive rights are quite as strong as those of the understanding itself. It is a result, for example, of the play of organism and environment, that sugar is sweet and that aloes are bitter, that the smell of henbane differs from the perfume of a rose. Such facts of consciousness (for which, by the way, no adequate reason has yet been rendered) are quite as old as the understanding; and many other things can boast an equally ancient origin. Mr. Spencer at one place refers to that most powerful of passions, the amatory passion, as one which when it first occurs is antecedent to all relative experience whatever; and

we may pass its claim as being at least as ancient and valid as that of the understanding. Then there are such things woven into the texture of man as the feelings of awe, reverence, wonder; and not alone the sexual love just referred to, but the love of the beautiful, physical, and moral, in nature, poetry, and art. There is also that deep-set feeling, which since the earliest dawn of history, and probably for ages prior to all history, incorporated itself in the religions of the world. You who have escaped from these religions into the high-and-dry light of the intellect may deride them; but in so doing you deride accidents of form merely, and fail to touch the immovable basis of the religious sentiment in the nature of man. To yield this sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems at the present hour. And grotesque in relation to scientific culture as many of the religions of the world have been and are,—dangerous, nay destructive, to the dearest privileges of freemen as some of them undoubtedly have been, and would, if they could, be again,—it will be wise to recognize them as the forms of a force, mischievous if permitted to intrude on the region of *knowledge*, over which it holds no command, but capable of being guided to noble issues in the region of *emotion*, which is its proper and elevated sphere.

All religious theories, schemes, and systems, which embrace notions of cosmogony, or which otherwise reach into the domain of science, must, *in so far as they do this*, submit to the control of science, and relinquish all thought of controlling it. Acting otherwise proved disastrous in the past, and it is simply fatuous to-day. Every system which would escape the fate of an organism too rigid to adjust itself to its environment, must be plastic to the extent that the growth of knowledge demands. When this truth has been thoroughly taken in, rigidity will be relaxed, exclusiveness diminished, things now deemed essential will be dropped, and elements now rejected will be assimilated.

The lifting of the life is the essential point; and as long as dogmatism, fanaticism, and intolerance are kept out, various modes of leverage may be employed to raise life to a higher level. Science itself not unfrequently derives a motive power from an ultra-scientific source. Whewell speaks of enthusiasm of temper as a hindrance to science;

but he means the enthusiasm of weak heads. There is a strong and resolute enthusiasm in which science finds an ally; and it is to the lowering of this fire, rather than to the diminution of intellectual insight, that the lessening productiveness of men of science in their mature years is to be ascribed. Mr. Buckle sought to detach intellectual achievement from moral force. He gravely erred; for without moral force to whip it into action, the achievements of the intellect would be poor indeed.

It has been said that science divorces itself from literature; but the statement, like so many others, arises from lack of knowledge. A glance at the least technical writings of its leaders—of its Helmholtz, its Huxley, and its Du Bois-Reymond—would show what breadth of literary culture they command. Where among modern writers can you find their superiors in clearness and vigor of literary style? Science desires not isolation, but freely combines with every effort towards the bettering of man's estate. Single-handed, and supported not by outward sympathy but by inward force, it has built at least one great wing of the many-mansioned home which man in his totality demands. And if rough walls and protruding rafter-ends indicate that on one side the edifice is still incomplete, it is only by wise combination of the parts required, with those already irrevocably built, that we can hope for completeness. There is no necessary incongruity between what has been accomplished and what remains to be done. The moral glow of Socrates, which we all feel by ignition, has in it nothing incompatible with the physics of Anaxagoras which he so much scorned, but which he would hardly scorn to-day.

And here I am reminded of one amongst us, hoary but still strong, whose prophet-voice some thirty years ago, far more than any other of his age, unlocked whatever of life and nobleness lay latent in its most gifted minds; one fit to stand besides Socrates or the Maccabean Eleazar, and to dare and suffer all that they suffered and dared,—fit, as he once said of Fichte, “to have been the teacher of the Stoa, and to have discoursed of beauty and virtue in the grove of Academe.” With a capacity to grasp physical principles which his friend Goethe did not possess, and which even total lack of exercise has not been able to re-

duce to atrophy, it is the world's loss that he, in the vigor of his years, did not open his mind and sympathies to science, and make its conclusions a portion of his message to mankind. Marvelously endowed as he was, equally equipped on the side of the heart and of the understanding, he might have done much towards teaching us how to reconcile the claims of both, and to enable them in coming times to dwell together in unity of spirit, and in the bond of peace.

And now the end is come. With more time or greater strength and knowledge, what has been here said might have been better said, while worthy matters here omitted might have received fit expression. But there would have been no material deviation from the views set forth. As regards myself, they are not the growth of a day; and as regards you, I thought you ought to know the environment which, with or without your consent, is rapidly surrounding you, and in relation to which some adjustment on your part may be necessary. A hint of Hamlet's, however, teaches us all how the troubles of common life may be ended; and it is perfectly possible for you and me to purchase intellectual peace at the price of intellectual death. The world is not without refuges of this description; nor is it wanting in persons who seek their shelter, and try to persuade others to do the same. The unstable and the weak will yield to this persuasion, and they to whom repose is sweeter than the truth. But I would exhort you to refuse the offered shelter, and to scorn the base repose; to accept, if the choice be forced upon you, commotion before stagnation, the leap of the torrent before the stillness of the swamp.

In the course of this address I have touched on debatable questions, and led you over what will be deemed dangerous ground; and this partly with the view of telling you that as regards these questions, science claims unrestricted right of search. It is not to the point to say that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer, may be wrong. Here I should agree with you, deeming it indeed certain that these views will undergo modification. But the point is, that whether right or wrong, we ask the freedom to discuss them. For science, however, no exclusive claim is here made; you are not urged to erect it

into an idol. The inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge, and those unquenchable claims of his moral and emotional nature which the understanding can never satisfy, are here equally set forth. The world embraces not only a Newton, but a Shakespeare; not only a Boyle, but a Raphael; not only a Kant, but a Beethoven; not only a Darwin, but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary; not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And if, unsatisfied with them all, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will turn to the Mystery from which it emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith;—so long as this is done not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the Mystery in accordance with its own needs,—then casting aside all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man.

“Fill thy heart with it,” said Goethe, “and then name it as thou wilt.” Goethe himself did this in untranslatable language, Wordsworth did it in words known to all Englishmen, and which may be regarded as a forecast and religious vitalization of the latest and deepest scientific truth:—

“For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,—
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. *And I have felt*
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things.”

SCIENTIFIC LIMIT OF THE IMAGINATION.

From an Address to British Association.

If you look at the face of a watch you see the hour and minute hands, and possibly also a second-hand, moving over the graduated dial. Why do these hands move? and why are their relative motions such as they are observed to be? These questions cannot be answered without opening the watch, mastering its various parts, and ascertaining their relationship to each other. When this is done we find that the observed motion of the hands follows of necessity from the inner mechanism of the watch when acted upon by the force invested in the spring.

The motion of the hands may be called a phenomenon of art, but the case is similar with the phenomena of nature. These also have their inner mechanism, and their store of force to set that mechanism going. The ultimate problem of physical science is to reveal this mechanism, to discern this store, and to show that from the combined action of both the phenomena of which they constitute the basis must of necessity flow.

I thought that an attempt to give you even a brief and sketchy illustration of the manner in which scientific thinkers regard this problem would not be uninteresting to you on the present occasion; more especially as it will give me occasion to say a word or two on the tendencies and limits of modern science; to point out the region which men of science claim as their own, and where it is mere waste of time to oppose their advance, and also to define, if possible, the bourne between this and that other region to which the questionings and yearnings of the scientific intellect are directed in vain.

There have been writers who affirmed that the pyramids of Egypt were the productions of nature; and in his early youth Alexander von Humboldt wrote a learned essay with the express object of refuting this notion. We now regard the pyramids as the work of men's hands, aided probably by machinery of which no record remains. We picture to ourselves the swarming workers toiling at those vast erections, lifting the inert stones, and, guided by the volition, the skill, and possibly at times by the whip of the

architect, placing them in their proper positions. The blocks in this case were moved and posited by a power external to themselves, and the final form of the pyramid expressed the thought of its human builder.

Let us pass from this illustration of constructive power to another of a different kind. When a solution of common salt is slowly evaporated, the water which holds the salt in solution disappears, but the salt itself remains behind. At a certain stage of concentration the salt can no longer retain the liquid form; its particles, or molecules, as they are called, begin to deposit themselves as minute solids, so minute, indeed, as to defy all microscopic power. As evaporation continues solidification goes on, and we finally obtain, through the clustering together of innumerable molecules, a finite crystalline mass of a definite form. What is this form? It sometimes seems a mimicry of the architecture of Egypt. We have little pyramids built by the salt, terrace above terrace from base to apex, forming a series of steps resembling those up which the Egyptian traveler is dragged by his guides. The human mind is as little disposed to look unquestioning at these pyramidal salt-crystals as to look at the pyramids of Egypt without inquiring whence they came. How, then, are those salt-pyramids built up?

Guided by analogy, you may, if you like, suppose that, swarming among the constituent molecules of the salt there is an invisible population, guided and coerced by some invisible master, and placing the atomic blocks in their positions. This, however, is not the scientific idea, nor do I think your good sense will accept it as a likely one. The scientific idea is that the molecules act upon each other without the intervention of slave labor; that they attract each other and repel each other at certain definite points, or poles, and in certain definite directions; and that the pyramidal form is the result of this play of attraction and repulsion. While, then, the blocks of Egypt were laid down by a power external to themselves, these molecular blocks of salt are self-posited, being fixed in their places by the forces with which they act upon each other.

I take common salt as an illustration because it is so familiar to us all; but any other crystalline substance

would answer my purpose equally well. Everywhere, in fact, throughout inorganic nature, we have this formative power, as Fichte would call it—this structural energy ready to come into play, and build the ultimate particles of matter into definite shapes. The ice of our winters and of our polar regions is its handiwork, and so equally are the quartz, felspar, and mica of our rocks. Our chalk-beds are for the most part composed of minute shells, which are also the product of structural energy; but behind the shell, as a whole, lies a more remote and subtle formative act. These shells are built up of little crystals of calc-spar, and to form these crystals the structural force had to deal with the intangible molecules of carbonate of lime. This tendency on the part of matter to organize itself, to grow into shape, to assume definite forms in obedience to the definite action of force, is, as I have said, all-pervading. It is in the ground on which you tread, in the water you drink, in the air you breathe. Incipient life, as it were, manifests itself throughout the whole of what we call inorganic nature.

The forms of the minerals resulting from this play of polar forces are various, and exhibit different degrees of complexity. Men of science avail themselves of all possible means of exploring their molecular architecture. For this purpose they employ in turn as agents of exploration, light, heat, magnetism, electricity, and sound. Polarized light is especially useful and powerful here. A beam of such light when sent in among the molecules of a crystal is acted on by them, and from this action we infer with more or less of clearness the manner in which the molecules are arranged. That differences, for example, exist between the inner structure of rock-salt and crystalized sugar or sugar-candy, is thus strikingly revealed. These differences may be made to display themselves in chromatic phenomena of great splendor, the play of molecular force being so regulated as to remove some of the colored constituents of white light, and to leave others with increased intensity behind.

And now let us pass from what we are accustomed to regard as a dead mineral to a living grain of corn. When *it* is examined by polarized light, chromatic phenomena similar to those noticed in crystals are observed. And why?

Because the architecture of the grain resembles the architecture of the crystal. In the grain also the molecules are set in definite positions, and in accordance with their arrangement they act upon the light. But what has built together the molecules of the corn? I have already said regarding crystalline architecture that you may, if you please, consider the atoms and molecules to be placed in position by a power external to themselves. The same hypothesis is open to you now. But if in the case of crystals you have rejected this notion of an external architect, I think you are bound to reject it now, and to conclude that the molecules of the corn are self-positing by the forces with which they act upon each other. It would be poor philosophy to invoke an external agent in one case and to reject it in the other.

Instead of cutting our grain of corn into slices and subjecting it to the action of polarized light, let us place it in the earth and subject it to a certain degree of warmth. In other words, let the molecules, both of the corn and of the surrounding earth, be kept in that state of agitation which we call warmth. Under these circumstances the grain and the substances which surround it interact, and a definite molecular architecture is the result. A bud is formed; this bud reaches the surface, where it is exposed to the sun's rays, which are also to be regarded as a kind of vibratory motion. And as the motion of common heat with which the grain and the substances surrounding it were first endowed, enabled the grain and these substances to exercise their attractions and repulsions, and thus to coalesce in definite forms, so the specific motion of the sun's rays now enables the green bud to feed upon the carbonic acid and the aqueous vapor of the air. The bud appropriates those constituents of both for which it has an elective attraction, and permits the other constituent to resume its place in the air. Thus the architecture is carried on. Forces are active at the root, forces are active in the blade, the matter of the earth and the matter of the atmosphere are drawn towards both, and the plant augments in size. We have in succession the bud, the stalk, the ear, the full corn in the ear; the cycle of molecular action being completed by the production of grains similar to that with which the process began.

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Now there is nothing in this process which necessarily eludes the conceptive or imagining power of the purely human mind. An intellect the same in kind as our own would, if only sufficiently expanded, be able to follow the whole process from beginning to end. It would see every molecule placed in its position by the specific attractions and repulsions exerted between it and other molecules, the whole process and its consummation being an instance of the play of molecular force. Given the grain and its environment, the purely human intellect might, if sufficiently expanded, trace out *à priori* every step of the process of growth, and, by the application of purely mechanical principles, demonstrate that the cycle must end, as it is seen to end, in the reproduction of forms like that with which it began. A similar necessity rules here to that which rules the planets in their circuits round the sun.

You will notice that I am stating my truth strongly. . . But I must go still further, and affirm that, in the eye of science, *the animal body* is just as much the product of molecular force as the stalk and ear of corn, or as the crystal of salt or sugar. Many of the parts of the body are obviously mechanical. Take the human heart, for example, with its system of valves, or take the exquisite mechanism of the eye or hand. Animal heat, moreover, is the same in kind as the heat of a fire, being produced by the same chemical process. Animal motion, too, is as directly derived from the food of the animal, as the motion of Trevethyck's walking engine from the fuel in its furnace. As regards matter, the animal body creates nothing; as regards force, it creates nothing. "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" All that has been said, then, regarding the plant may be restated with regard to the animal. Every particle that enters into the composition of a muscle, a nerve, or a bone, has been placed in its position by molecular force. And unless the existence of law in these matters be denied, and the element of caprice introduced, we must conclude that, given the relation of any molecule of the body to its environment, its position in the body might be determined mathematically. Our difficulty is not with the *quality* of the problem, but with its *complexity*; and this difficulty might

be met by the simple expansion of the faculties which we now possess. Given this expansion, with the necessary molecular data, and the chick might be deduced as rigorously and as logically from the egg as the existence of Neptune was deduced from the disturbances of Uranus, or as conical refraction was deduced from the undulatory theory of light.

You see I am not mincing matters, but avowing nakedly what many scientific thinkers more or less distinctly believe. The formation of a crystal, a plant, or an animal, is in their eyes a purely mechanical problem, which differs from the problems of ordinary mechanics in the smallness of the masses and the complexity of the processes involved. Here you have one half of our dual truth; let us now glance at the other half. Associated with this wonderful mechanism of the animal body we have phenomena no less certain than those of physics, but between which and the mechanism we discern no necessary connection. A man, for example, can say *I feel, I think, I love*; but how does *consciousness* infuse itself into the problem? The human brain is said to be the organ of thought and feeling; when we are hurt the brain feels it, when we ponder it is the brain that thinks, when our passions or affections are excited it is through the instrumentality of the brain. Let us endeavor to be a little more precise here. I hardly imagine there exists a profound scientific thinker, who has reflected upon the subject, unwilling to admit the extreme probability of the hypothesis, that for every fact of consciousness, whether in the domain of sense, of thought, or of emotion, a certain definite molecular condition is set up in the brain; who does not hold this relation of physics to consciousness to be invariable, so that, given the state of the brain, the corresponding thought or feeling might be inferred; or given the thought or feeling, the corresponding state of the brain might be inferred.

But how inferred? It is at bottom not a case of logical inference at all, but of empirical association. You may reply that many of the inferences of science are of this character; the inference, for example, that an electric current of a given direction will deflect a magnetic needle in a definite way; but the cases differ in this, that the passage from the current to the needle, if not demonstrable, is

thinkable, and that we entertain no doubt as to the final mechanical solution of the problem. But the passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Granted that a definite thought, and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously; we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why. Were our minds and senses so expanded, strengthened, and illuminated as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain; were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electric discharges, if such there be; and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding states of thought and feeling, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem, "How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?" The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still remain intellectually impassable. Let the consciousness of *love*, for example, be associated with a right-handed spiral motion of the molecules of the brain, and the consciousness of *hate* with a left-handed spiral motion. We should then know when we love that the motion is in one direction, and when we hate that the motion is in the other; but the "WHY?" would remain as unanswerable as before.

In affirming that the growth of the body is mechanical, and that thought, as exercised by us, has its correlative in the physics of the brain, I think the position of the "Materialist" is stated, as far as that position is a tenable one. I think the materialist will be able finally to maintain this position against all attacks; but I do not think, in the present condition of the human mind, that he can pass beyond this position. I do not think he is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and his molecular motions *explain* everything. In reality they explain nothing. The utmost he can affirm is the association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the prescientific ages. Phosphorus is known to enter into the composition of the human brain, and a trenchant German

writer has exclaimed, "Ohne Phosphor, kein Gedanke."¹ That may or may not be the case; but even if we knew it to be the case; the knowledge would not lighten our darkness. On both sides of the zone here assigned to the materialist he is equally helpless. If you ask him whence is this "Matter" of which we have been discoursing, who or what divided it into molecules, who or what impressed upon them this necessity of running into inorganic forms, he has no answer. Science is mute in reply to these questions. The process of things upon this earth has been one of amelioration. It is a long way from the iguanodon and his contemporaries to the president and members of the British Association. A time may, therefore, come when this ultra-scientific region by which we are now enfolded may offer itself to terrestrial, if not to human investigation. Meanwhile, the mystery is not without its uses. It certainly may be made a power in the human soul; but it is a power which has feeling, not knowledge, for its base. It may be, and will be, and we hope is, turned to account, both in steadying and strengthening the intellect, and in rescuing man from that littleness to which, in the struggle for existence, or for precedence in the world, he is continually prone.

THOUGHTS ON THE MATTERHORN.

From 'Hours of Exercise in the Alps.'

Standing on the *arête*, at the foot of a remarkable cliff gable seen from Zermatt, and permitting the vision to range over the Matterhorn, its appearance is exceedingly wild and impressive. Hardly two things can be more different than the two aspects of the mountain from above and below. Seen from the Riffel, or Zermatt, it presents itself as a compact pyramid, smooth and steep, and defiant of the weathering air. From above, it seems torn to pieces by the frosts of ages; while its vast facettes are so foreshortened as to stretch out into the distance like plains. But this underestimate of the steepness of the mountain is

¹ *Ohne . . . Gedanke*—Without phosphorus there is no thought.

checked by the deportment of its stones. Their discharge along the side of the pyramid to-day was incessant; and at any moment, by detaching a single boulder, we could let loose a cataract of them, which flew with wild rapidity and with a thunderous clatter down the mountain. We once wandered too far from the *arête*, and were warned back to it by a train of these missiles sweeping past us.

As long as our planet yields less heat to space than she receives from the bodies of space, so long will the forms upon her surface undergo mutation; and as soon as equilibrium in regard to heat has been established, we shall have, as Thomson has pointed out, not peace but death. Life is the product and accompaniment of change; and the selfsame power that tears the flanks of the hills to pieces is the mainspring of the animal and vegetable worlds. Still there is something chilling in the contemplation of the irresistible and remorseless character of those infinitesimal forces, whose integration through the ages pulls down even the Matterhorn. Hacked and hurt by time, the aspect of the mountain from its higher crags saddened me. Hitherto the impression that it made was that of savage strength; but here we had inexorable decay.

This notion of decay, however, implied a reference to a period when the Matterhorn was in the full strength of mountainhood. My thoughts naturally ran back to its possible growth and origin. Nor did they halt there; but wandered on through molten worlds to that nebulous haze which philosophers have regarded, and with good reason, as the proximate source of all material things. I tried to look at this universal cloud, containing within itself the prediction of all that has since occurred; I tried to imagine it as the seat of those forces whose action was to issue in solar and stellar systems, and all that they involve. Did that formless fog contain potentially the *sadness* with which I regarded the Matterhorn? Did the *thought* which now ran back to it simply return to its primeval home? If so, had we not better recast our definitions of matter and force? for if life and thought be the very flower of both, any definition which omits life and thought must be inadequate if not untrue.

Questions like these, useless as they seem, may still have a practical outcome. For if the final goal of man has not

been yet attained, if his development has not been yet arrested, who can say that such yearnings and questionings are not necessary to the opening of a finer vision, to the budding and the growth of diviner powers? Without this upward force could man have risen to his present height? When I look at the heavens and the earth, at my own body, at my strength and weakness of mind, even at these ponderings, and ask myself, Is there no being or thing in the universe that knows more about these matters than I do?—what is my answer? Supposing our theologic schemes of creation, condemnation, and redemption to be dissipated; and the warmth of denial which they excite, and which, as a motive force, can match the warmth of affirmation, dissipated at the same time: would the undeflected human mind return to the meridian of absolute neutrality as regards these ultra-physical questions? Is such a position one of stable equilibrium?

Such are the questions, without replies, which could run through consciousness during a ten-minutes' halt upon the weathered spire of the Matterhorn.

WILLIAM F. WAKEMAN (1822—1900) AND
JOHN COOKE (1860 —).

WILLIAM F. WAKEMAN was born about the year 1822, and when he was about fifteen years old studied drawing under Dr. Petrie. Through Dr. Petrie's influence with the Director of the Ordnance Survey in Ireland (Lieutenant, afterward General, Sir Thomas Larcom), he obtained a position as draftsman in the Topographical Department of the Survey. Here he was under the orders and guidance of both Petrie and O'Donovan, and for several years he accompanied O'Donovan over the districts then being examined, drawing, measuring, and describing the various subjects of antiquarian interest met with. Happy in an employment congenial to his taste, and in the company of officials whom he fully appreciated and, indeed, revered, these few years of work were, perhaps, the brightest and freest from care of Wakeman's life; but they came to an end all too soon, when the work of the Survey was contracted, and nearly all the antiquarian investigations, so happily begun, were stopped.

Mr. Wakeman had for some time found employment in drawing on wood and by taking pupils, and four years were spent in London, which city he left on his receiving the appointment of art teacher to St. Columba's College at Stackallen. While here he published in 1848 'The Handbook of Irish Antiquities' with illustrations from his own pencil. Of this useful little work a second edition was published in 1891. When the College was translated to the neighborhood of Rathfarnham, Wakeman resigned his post, but in a short time he received the appointment of drawing master to the Royal School at Portora. Here he passed nearly twenty years, years which he regarded as "golden ones," for he had both time and opportunity to investigate the antiquities of the district, and he contributed to the *Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquarians of Ireland* more than fifty articles about them. On the breaking up of the art class at Portora, Wakeman went once more to Dublin, and for years continued to read papers on Irish antiquities before the Antiquarian Society and the Academy, but for the best of art work there was but a feeble demand; the evolution of the "process block" destroyed the wood-cutter's livelihood and photogravure lessened the demand for hand drawings, and so, while the journals were even more lavishly illustrated than before, work for Wakeman was wanting. Almost to the very last he attended the meetings of the Royal Society of Antiquarians, and he always helped the students from his long accumulated stores of knowledge. He was elected a Member of the Society in 1868, a Fellow in 1876, and an Honorary Fellow in 1888, and died (at the residence of his daughter in Coleraine) on Oct. 14, 1900, aged 78 years.

The task of editing Wakeman's 'Handbook of Irish Antiquities' could not have been confined to better hands than those of John Cooke, the editor of Murray's 'New Handbook to Ireland.'

Mr. Cooke, educator and antiquarian, was born in Ireland about 1860 and was educated there, graduating from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1882. He was the Auditor of the Historical Society and delivered the opening address on 'The Political Evolution of the Age.' He was appointed professor in the Church of Ireland Training College soon after he was graduated and still holds that post. He is an examiner to the Intermediate Education Board of Ireland and takes more than ordinary interest in educational matters affecting that country. He has edited many English classics for higher-school use. He is a member of the Council and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries. His interest in that subject is shown by the manner of his handling the new edition of Wakeman's 'Handbook,' which, while retaining its original general plan and spirit, has been transformed in his hands into what is practically a new book.

He is a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, *Blackwood's*, and other magazines.

FORTS, CROSSES, AND ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.

From Wakeman and Cooke's 'Handbook of Irish Antiquities.'

Out of the mass of myths and legends concerning primitive times in Ireland, it is invariably difficult, if not impossible, to disentangle the slight threads of fact from the web of romantic fables of bards and chroniclers. These have their value, however, when supported or tested by the evidence gleaned in the actual field of archeological investigation. Isolated geographically as Ireland was, she was yet the shore upon which the successive waves of influence sweeping over Europe spent themselves. She was, as a rule, not only late in being brought under the sphere of new influences, but some had especial opportunity of development, and many retained their hold and flourished long after they had ceased to exist elsewhere. The extent of the forts of Ireland, and the length of time they remained in occupation, is an example of this.

Most writers in the past have attributed the stone forts of the west of Ireland to the Firbolgs of the first century of our era, basing their conclusions on a bardic legend recited a thousand years after their invasion. But the forts are too numerous, and many of too vast proportions, for the stricken remnants of a race to have raised in their defence when driven to their last extremity on the wild shores of the Atlantic. The far-fetched theory, too, like

many other such, that they were erected by sea-rovers to hold their spoils, is equally untenable for the same and other very apparent reasons. The absence of water-supplies within the forts, which has puzzled some, is paralleled in the British and other European forts, and was no doubt a precautionary measure to prevent the pollution of springs and wells. It is an indication, also, that the forts were not intended to stand a prolonged siege, a practice in warfare of a later time, but were raised as a protection against raiding and sudden assault.

Their height above the sea was to give greater security, and their commanding sites, with due precaution in watching, prevented the dwellers being taken unawares. When life and property were unsafe, the desire for security, as well as social habit, gave rise to these works. The dwellers fortified their camps for themselves and their cattle, moving about freely in times of peace, and withdrawing to these strongholds in times of danger. They were as much a necessity in early days as the walls and bastions defending the towns in the Middle Ages. Their extraordinary number, out of all proportion compared to Scotland with its 1,300, testify to the fact that the land was not a peaceful land long before the coming of the Dane. It is difficult in the present state of our knowledge even to approximate the date of their first introduction, as it is difficult, if not impossible, to assign a definite date to any archeological period in Ireland.

The Irish forts are among the finest of a type of primitive defences extending across the continent of Europe from the Atlantic to the Black Sea and the Mediterranean shores of Greece. The construction of the walls in sections, and the passages and chambers, link the western forts through similar, though more perfect, features with the cyclopean walls of Tiryns, Mycenæ, and the Punic cities of North Africa. The cashels, the mounds, and the hill forts with their encircling ramparts have their counterpart in the middle latitudes of Europe, in the lands once dominated by the Celt, and which cover a period from the Bronze Age, at least, to the days of the Roman occupation. In Ireland their use ranges from prehistoric times down to the Middle Ages; and some were occupied for ordinary dwelling purposes down to modern times. . . .

Early Christian graves were usually marked by stones nowise differing from the pagan pillar-stone, except that in some instances they were sculptured with a cross. These were of the simplest form and rudely cut, and consisted of an elementary line cross, or one slightly developed and within a circle. Plain undressed slabs or rude stones were generally adopted in the first instance, the only use of the cutter's instrument being on the incised work. Many of the stones of this class are found in old Christian graveyards, or within the area of early monastic establishments.

The richest collection of them is to be seen at Clonmacnoise, numbering 188; and inscribed slabs to the number of 74 have been lost from this one spot alone. Clonmacnoise was founded by St. Kieran in the middle of the sixth century; and, in time, it was, as Ware says, "above all others famous for the sepulchers of nobility and bishops." Petrie, in his work on 'Christian Inscriptions,' shows, by means of the recorded names and 'Annals,' that for over 600 years, beginning with 628 A.D., this class of monument was used for sepulchral purposes. The inscribed crosses are of great variety—Celtic, Latin, and Greek—many being very chaste, with key-end and other patterns. The most typical form of Celtic cross is that formed from the plain Latin type enclosed in a ring that connects the arms, and leaves varied spaces between it and the corners of their intersection.

This style of memorial appears to have been succeeded by a rudely formed cross, the arms of which are little more than indicated, and which is usually fixed in a socket, cut in a large flat stone. Such crosses rarely exhibit any kind of ornament; but occasionally, even in very rude examples, the upper part of the shaft is hewn into the Celtic form already described, the portions of the stone by which the circle is indicated being frequently perforated or slightly recessed. A fine plain cross of this style may be seen on the road adjoining the graveyard of Tully, County Dublin; and there is an early decorated example near the church of Finglas, in the same county.

In the process of development of Christian art and architecture we find an advance in the work on the memorials of the dead. The design becomes more complicated,

ornamentation more profuse; and there is a change to the minuscule form of the alphabet in the inscriptions. From the rude pillar-stone, marked with the symbol of our Faith inclosed within a circle, the emblem of eternity, the finely-proportioned and elaborately-sculptured crosses of a later period were developed. In the latter, the circle, instead of being simply cut upon the face of the stone, is represented by a ring, binding, as it were, the shaft, arms, and upper portion of the cross together. The top of the shaft is usually in the form of a roof with sloping sides, resembling the shrines of the period for holding the relics of saints. The spaces between the binding ring and the intersecting arms are pierced; and these are finely relieved by rounded bands across the corners of intersection, or on the inner surface of the ring. The whole sculpture thus forms the cross, and is in striking contrast to the Scotch type of memorial, which has the cross carved in relief upon an upright slab. The inscribed crosses were sepulchral, and principally used in covering the grave; but the free standing crosses were erected either to the memory of some famous ecclesiastic or king, or dedicatory, as in the case of the SS. Patrick and Columba Cross at Kells, or terminal, marking the bounds of a sanctuary.

Of these 'high' crosses forty-five still remain, many of which are in a fair state of preservation. The striking feature of these crosses is the ornamental and pictorial work displayed in the carving. As in the manuscript and metal work, and in the general ornamentation of the churches, this is of a most elaborate character. There is a profusion of spiral pattern, Celtic tracery, and zoöomorphic design found on these crosses. The whole body of Christian doctrine finds its expression in their sculpture, intended, no doubt, by means of symbolical representation, to be great object-lessons in the way of faith to every beholder. The central idea on the face of the cross is usually the Crucifixion, and on the back the Resurrection, or Christ in Glory; the remaining spaces in the panels and on the sides being filled with various sacred and other subjects. These highly-sculptured crosses appear to have been very generally erected between the tenth and thirteenth centuries; and there are few examples of a later date remaining, if we except a small number bearing inscriptions in Latin

or English, which generally belong to the close of the sixteenth or to the seventeenth century, and which can hardly be looked upon as either Irish or ancient.

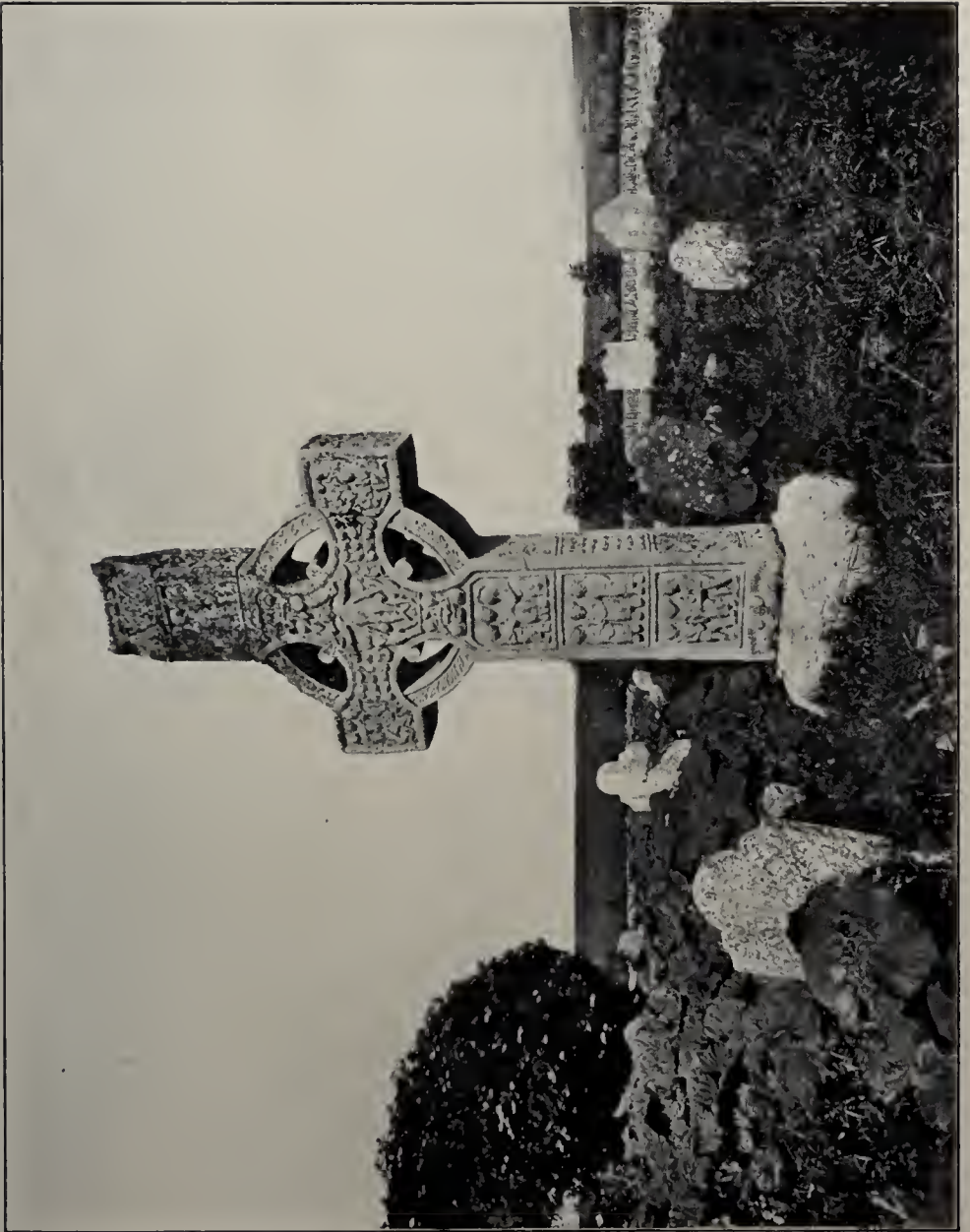
The beautiful remains of this class at Monasterboice, near Drogheda, are the finest now remaining in Ireland, though nearly equaled by some of the many others scattered over the whole island. In these crosses alone there is evidence sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical of the skill which the Irish had attained, in more of the arts than one during the earlier ages of the Church. They may be regarded, not only as memorials of the piety and munificence of the founders, but also as the finest works of sculptured art of their period now existing.

Two of the crosses at Monasterboice remain in their ancient position, and are well preserved, though one of them, in particular, bears distinct evidence of a systematic attempt having been made to destroy it. A third has been broken to pieces, the people say by Cromwell; but its head and part of the shaft remaining uninjured, the fragment has been reset in its ancient socket. The Great Cross, the largest of the two more perfect crosses, measures 27 feet in height, and is composed of three stones. A portion of the base is buried in the soil. The shaft at its junction with the base is 2 feet in breadth, and 1 foot 3 inches in thickness. It is divided upon the western side by fillets into seven compartments, each of which contains two or more figures executed with bold effect, but much worn by the rain and wind of nearly nine centuries. The sculpture of the first compartment, beginning at the base, has been destroyed by those who attempted to throw down the monument. The second contains four figures, of which one, apparently the most important, is presenting a book to another, who receives it with both hands, while a large bird seems resting upon his head. The other figures in this compartment represent females, one of whom holds a child in her arms.

Compartments 3, 4, 5, and 6 contain three figures each, evidently the Apostles; and each figure is represented as holding a book. The seventh division, which runs into the circle forming the head of the cross, is occupied by two figures; and immediately above them is a representation of our Saviour crucified, with the usual figures of a soldier

CROSS AT MONASTERBOICE

From a photograph



upon each side, one piercing His body with a spear, and the other offering a sponge. To the right and to the left of the figure of our Saviour other sculptures appear. The figures upon the right arm of the cross are represented apparently in the act of adoration. The action of those upon the left is obscure; and, in consequence of the greater exposure of the upper portion of the stone to the weather, the sculpture which it bears is much worn, and almost effaced.

The sides of the shaft are ornamented with figures and scroll-work, placed alternately in compartments, one above the other. Of the circle by which the arms and stem are connected, the external edges are enriched. The eastern side is also divided into compartments occupied by sculptures, which may refer to Scripture history.

The smaller cross is the finest example of this class of Celtic sculpture now remaining. The figures and ornaments with which its various sides are enriched, appear to have been executed with an unusual degree of care and of artistic skill. It has suffered but little from the effects of time. The sacrilegious hands which attempted the ruin of the others appear to have spared this; and it stands almost as perfect as when, nearly a thousand years ago, this unrivaled work left the sculptor's hands. An inscription in Irish upon the lower part of the west face of the shaft desires "A prayer for Muiredach, by whom was made this cross"; but as Petrie, by whom the inscription has been published, remarks, there were two of the name mentioned in Irish 'Annals' as having been connected with Monasterboice—one an abbot, who died in the year 844, and the other in the year 924—"so that it must be a matter of some uncertainty to which of these the erection of the cross should be ascribed." There is reason, however, to assign it to the latter, "as he was a man of greater distinction, and probably wealth, than the former, and therefore more likely to have been the erector of the crosses." Its total height is exactly 15 feet, and it is 6 feet in breadth at the arms. The shaft, which at the base measures in breadth $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and in thickness 1 foot 9 inches, diminishes slightly in its ascent, and is divided upon its various sides by twisted bands into compartments, each of which con-

tains either sculptured figures or tracery of very intricate design, or animals, probably symbolical.

The figures and other carvings retain much of their original form and beauty of execution. The former are of great interest, as affording an excellent idea of the dress, both ecclesiastical and military, of the Irish during the ninth and tenth centuries. In the first of the two lower compartments upon the west side are three ecclesiastics holding books, the central one with raised hand in the act of blessing. The lower panel is supposed to represent Christ being led away by armed soldiers. Within the circular head of the cross, upon its eastern face, He is represented sitting in judgment; in His right hand is a cross, indicating His Passion, and in his left a scepter, signifying His victory over death and the grave. A choir of angels occupy the arm to the right of the figure. Several are represented with musical instruments, among which the ancient Irish harp may be seen; it is small and triangular, and rests upon the knees of David, who is represented sitting; the Holy Spirit, in the form of a dove, rests upon the harp, inspiring the Psalmist.

The space to the left of the Saviour is crowded with figures, several of which are in an attitude of despair. They are the damned; and a fiend armed with a trident is driving them from before the throne. In the compartment immediately beneath is the Archangel Michael, the guardian of souls, weighing in a pair of huge scales a soul, the balance seeming to preponderate in his favor. One who appears to have been weighed, and found wanting, is lying beneath the scales in an attitude of terror. The next compartment beneath represents, apparently, the adoration of the Wise Men. The star above the head of the infant Christ is distinctly marked. The third compartment contains several figures, but what they symbolize is not known. The signification of the sculpture of the next following compartment is also very obscure: a figure seated upon the throne or chair is blowing a horn, and soldiers with conical helmets, armed with short broad-bladed swords, and with small circular shields, appear crowding in. The fifth and lowest division illustrates the Temptation and the Expulsion of Adam and Eve. The head of the cross upon this side is sculptured with a Crucifixion, very similar to that upon

the head of the larger cross; but the execution is better. Its northern arm, to the left of the Crucifixion, underneath bears the representation of the *Dextera Dei*, or Hand Symbol, used in early Christian art to represent the First Person of the Trinity. It is also to be seen on the Cross of Flann, at Clonmacnoise, where it is on the right of the Crucifixion; in both cases it is surrounded by a nimbus.

Round towers of about 18 feet in external diameter, and varying in height from 60 to about 110 feet, are frequently found in connection with the earlier monastic establishments of Ireland. The question of their origin and uses long occupied much antiquarian attention. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they had been regarded by archæologists as the work of the Danes; but towards the close of the latter century General Vallancey propounded various theories, which assumed them to be of Phœnician or Indo-Scythian origin, and to have contained the sacred fire from whence all the fires in the kingdom were annually rekindled. By those who affirmed their Christian origin they were successively declared to be anchorite towers in imitation of that of St. Simon Stylites, and penitential prisons, and thus theories were multiplied until they became almost as numerous as the towers themselves. Each succeeding writer, instead of elucidating, appeared to involve the subject in deeper mystery than ever—a mystery that was proverbial until dispelled by George Petrie in his great work on ‘The Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland,’ which was received, with good cause for the effusion, as “the most learned, the most exact, and the most important ever published upon the antiquities of the ancient Irish nation.”

That the general conclusions embodied in this work were arrived at after a long and patient investigation, not only of the architectural peculiarities of the numerous round towers, but also of the ecclesiastical structures usually found in connection with them, is sufficiently shown by the many references to, and illustrations of, examples scattered over the whole country. But Petrie also, with the assistance of the best Celtic scholars in Ireland, sought in the ‘Annals’ and other Irish MSS. for references to such buildings as it was the custom of the early inhabitants to erect; and from these hitherto-neglected sources of in-

formation, much light was thrown upon the subject of ancient Irish ecclesiastical architecture. The following is a summary of Petrie's conclusions:—

1. That the Irish ecclesiastics had, from a very early period, in connection with their cathedral and abbey churches, campaniles or detached belfries, called in the Irish 'Annals' and other ancient authorities by the term *Cloictheach*, 'House of a bell.'

2. That no other building, either round or square, suited to the purpose of a belfry, has ever been found in connection with any church of an age anterior to the twelfth century, with the single exception of the square belfry attached to a church on Inis Clothrann or Clorin, an island in Lough Ree, which seems to be of earlier date.

3. That they were designed to answer at least a twofold purpose—to serve as belfries, and as keeps or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics to whom they belonged could retire for security in cases of sudden attack.

4. An examination of ancient Irish literature tends strongly to the conclusion that the people so generally recognized this use of the round towers as a primary one, that they very rarely applied to a tower erected for defense any other term but that of 'cloictheach' or belfry.

5. That they were probably also used, when occasion required, as beacons and watch-towers.

Petrie, while establishing their ecclesiastical character and origin, gave, however, too wide a margin to the date of their erection, viz., from the sixth century to the thirteenth. The investigations of the late Lord Dunraven in tracing such structures on the Continent narrowed their first erection down to the ninth century. He shows that they were founded on European examples, the most notable being those of Ravenna, where six of its round towers still stand. The round towers were due to Byzantine influences, and some writers trace their original source to the towers built in connection with early Syrian churches. Miss Stokes, following Lord Dunraven, assigns the Irish round towers to three periods between 890 and 1238 A.D., and classifies them into four distinct groups, according to their style of masonry and doorways.

The Norse sea-rovers rendered ecclesiastical establishments most unsafe. The first period of their invasions extended from the end of the eighth century to the middle of the ninth century, and the land was ravaged from north to south with fire and sword. On the sea-coast and along the river valleys the country lay waste. On the banks of the Bann, the shores of Lough Neagh, by the Boyne, and broad expansions of the Shannon, and as far south as the distant Skellig Rock, few sacred establishments escaped plunder and desecration. To protect their churches, oratories, and sacred treasures, these towers were built by the monks, from which watch could be kept, and an easy retreat made to them as places of safety; their lines can still be traced along the shores of the waters where the fleets of the Danes are known to have appeared.

The usual features of the round towers may be thus summarized:

Doorways.—In form these are similar to the doorways we have described as characteristic of the early churches, but they are generally more highly ornamented, and appear to have been furnished with double doors. They are placed almost invariably at a considerable elevation above the ground. A flat projecting band, with a small bead-molding at the angles, is the most usual decoration; but in some instances a human head, sculptured in bold relief, is found upon each side of the arch. A stone immediately above the doorway of Antrim tower exhibits a cross sculptured in *alto-relievo*; and at Donaghmore, in County Meath, a figure of the Crucifixion, in bold relief, occupies a similar position. This style of decoration may have been much more common than is generally supposed, as, of the number of towers remaining in Ireland, the doorways of at least one-third have been destroyed. Concentric arches, with chevron and other moldings, occur at Timahoe and at Kildare.

Windows and Apertures.—Generally speaking, these are similar in form to the windows in contemporary churches—with this difference, that they never splay, and that the arch-head in numerous examples differs in interior form from that of the exterior. The windows in the earliest towers are square-headed or triangular, and in the latest they are well formed, and of cut stone. The tower was

divided into stories, about 12 feet in height, the floors of which were supported by projections of the masonry or by brackets. Each story, except the highest, was generally lighted by one small window; the highest has generally four of large size. A conical roof of stone completed the building. The tower usually rested on a low circular plinth; the walls varied in thickness, from 3 to 5 feet; the lowest story had no aperture, and sometimes its space was filled by solid masonry. The earliest towers were built of rubble masonry; and the spaces between the stones were filled with spawls; little mortar was used in laying the courses, but grouting abundantly. In the latest towers fine ashlar masonry was used, like the Norman work of the twelfth century; a few have external string courses, as in the perfect tower at Ardmore, County Waterford. About seventy round towers still remain, thirteen of which are perfect, of which ten retain the original conical cap.

JOSEPH COOPER WALKER.

(1747—1810.)

JOSEPH COOPER WALKER was born in 1747, at St. Valerie, near Bray, County Wicklow. While yet young he was appointed to a place in the Treasury in Dublin, but in consequence of bad health he went to Europe and traveled through the greater part of Italy, where he acquired a strong taste for the fine arts and increased his love of literature. In 1787 he was admitted a member of the Royal Irish Academy, and a little later was chosen Secretary to the Committee of Antiquities. He had already in 1786 produced his 'Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards,' a work which gave him a distinguished place among literary antiquarians.

Two years later he issued his 'Historical Essays on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish,' in which volume he also printed a 'Memoir on the Armor and Weapons of the Irish.' For some years after this he contributed largely to the 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.' In 1799 appeared in London 'An Historical Memoir of Italian Tragedy from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, by a Member of the Arcadian Academy at Rome,' which in 1805 was reprinted in Edinburgh under the title of 'An Historical and Critical Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy.' On April 12, 1810, after a lingering illness, Walker died at St. Valerie, the place of his birth. His 'Memoirs of Alessandro Tassoni,' edited by his brother, Samuel Walker, appeared in 1815.

DRESS OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.

From 'Historical Essays on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish.'

Amongst the ornaments which formerly adorned the fair daughters of this isle, the *bodkin* is peculiarly deserving our notice. Whence the Irish derived this implement, I might conjecture, but cannot determine. Although I have pursued it with an eager inquiry, I have not been able to trace it beyond the foundation of the celebrated palace of Eamania. The design of this palace (according to our old chroniclers) was sketched on a bed of sand by the Empress Macha with her bodkin. If this tradition be founded in reality, bodkins must have been worn by the Irish ladies several centuries before the Christian Era. But I should be contented to give them a less remote, provided I could assign them a more certain antiquity. If the word *aiccde* in the Brehon laws will admit of being translated

a bodkin, we may infer their use in Ireland about the commencement of the Christian Era : for in a code of sumptuary laws of the second century we find frequent mention of the aiccede. But I am rather inclined to consider the aiccede as a kind of brooch from the circumstance of its marking the rank of the wearer by its value, as was formerly the case amongst the Highlanders, whose frequent intercourse with the Irish occasioned a striking familiarity in the customs and manners of both people.

This instrument was known in Ireland under several names, viz. *coitit*, *dealg*, *meannadh*. Its uses were twofold : it was equally worn in the breast and head. The custom of wearing the bodkin in the breast is alluded to in the following passage of an old Irish MS. romance, called ‘The Interview between Fion Ma Cubhall and Cannan’ :—“Cannan, when he said this, was seated at the table ; on his right hand sat his wife, and upon his left his beautiful daughter Findalve, so exceedingly fair, that the snow driven by the winter storm surpassed not her fairness, and her cheeks were the color of the blood of a young calf. Her hair hung in curling ringlets, and her teeth were like pearls. A spacious veil hung from her lovely head down on her delicate body, and the veil was bound by a golden bodkin.”

Such bodkins as were worn in the head were termed *dealg-fuilt*. Even at this day the female peasants in the interior parts of this kingdom, like the women of the same class in Spain and Turkey, collect their hair at top, and twisting it several times make it fast with a bodkin.

Besides these uses, the bodkin had another : it was sometimes made to answer the purpose of a needle. Hence its name of *meannadh-fuaghala*. To be so employed it must have an eye. It is in a bodkin of this kind that Pope’s Ariel threatens to imprison such of his sylphs as are careless of their charge—

“ Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin’s eye.”

Whether or not the Irish ladies, like those of the neighboring nations, employed their bodkins as weapons offensive and defensive, neither tradition nor history informs us. But such of those implements as I have seen, certainly

seemed as capable of making a man's *quietus*, as that with which Julius Caesar is said to have been killed, or that with which Simekin in the 'Reves Tale' protected the honor of his wife.

But perhaps we should not confine our bodkin to the toilet of the fair. However, I shall let it remain there until I am properly authorized either to give it a place in the breast, or to bury its body in the hair of the ancient heroes of this isle. According to the ingenious Mr. Whitaker, bodkins constituted a part of the ornamental dress of the early British kings. This he asserts on the authority of coins. And from the works of some of the old English dramatists it appears that bodkins were worn by Englishmen during the middle ages. . . .

Of the dresses of the turbulent reign of James II., I cannot speak with certainty; for little is certainly known. If any particular fashion prevailed at that time, it was probably of English origin. Some of the female peasantry, however, still continued attached to their old habits. Of these I will here describe one, as worn to the hour of her death by Mary Morgan, a poor woman, who was married before the battle of the Boyne, and lived to the year 1786. On her head she wore a roll of linen, not unlike that on which milkmaids carry their pails, but with this difference, that it was higher behind than before; over this she combed her hair, and covered the whole with a little round-eared cap or coif, with a border sewed on plain; over all this was thrown a kerchief, which, in her youth, was made fast on the top of her head, and let to fall carelessly behind; in her old age it was pinned under her chin. Her jacket was of brown cloth, or pressed frieze, and made to fit close to the shape by means of whalebone wrought into it before and behind; this was laced in front, but not so as to meet, and through the lacing were drawn the ends of her neckerchief. The sleeves, halfway to the elbows, were made of the same kind of cloth with the jacket; thence continued to the wrist of red chamlet striped with green ferreting; and there, being turned up, formed a little cuff embraced with three circles of green ribbon. Her petticoat was invariably of either scarlet frieze or cloth, bordered with three rows of green ribbon. Her apron green serge, striped longitudinally with scarlet ferreting, and bound

with the same. Her hose were blue worsted; and her shoes of black leather, fastened with thongs or strings.

This fashion of habit, however, had not been always peculiar to the peasantry: it appears to have prevailed formerly in the principal Irish families. About the close of the last century there lived at Credan, near Waterford, a Mrs. Power, a lady of considerable fortune, who, as being lineally descended from some of the kings of Munster, was vulgarly called the Queen of Credan. This lady, proud of her country and descent, always spoke the Irish language, and affected the dress and manners of the ancient Irish. Her dress, in point of fashion, answered exactly to that of Mary Morgan as just described, but was made of richer materials. The border of her coif was of the finest Brussels lace; her kerchief of clear muslin; her jacket of the finest brown cloth, trimmed with narrow gold lace, and the sleeves of crimson velvet striped with the same; and her petticoat of the finest scarlet cloth, bordered with two rows of broad gold lace.

The Huguenots who followed the fortunes of William III. brought with them the fashions of their country. But I cannot find that these fashions were infectious; at least it does not appear that the Irish caught them.

The hat was now shaped in the Ramillie cock. The periwig, which had been of several years' standing in Ireland, was not yet generally worn: it was confined to the learned professions, or to those who affected gravity. "Our ignorant nation (says Farquhar, in a comedy written in this reign), our ignorant nation imagine a full wig as infallible a token of wit as the laurel."

The head-dress which, *The Spectator* says, "made the women of such an enormous stature, that we appeared as grasshoppers before them," now prevailed here. This information I owe to the inquisitiveness of Lucinda, in the comedy which I have just quoted.

"*Lucinda*. Tell us some news of your country; I have heard the strangest stories, that the people wear horns and hoofs.

"*Roebuck*. Yes, faith, a great many wear horns; but we have that, among other laudable fashions, from London; I think it came over with your mode of wearing high top-knots; for ever since the men and wives bear their

heads exalted alike. They were both fashions that took wonderfully."

The reign of Queen Anne seems to have been an age of gay attire: the single dress of a woman of quality then was the product of an hundred climes. Swift, in a poem written in 1708, thus metamorphoses the dress of his Goody Baucis into the dress of the day.

"Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edged with colberteen,
Her petticoat transformed apace,
Became black satin flounced with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down,
'Twas Madam in her grogram gown."

Besides the different articles of dress enumerated in those lines, the Irish ladies wore short jackets with close sleeves, made of Spanish cloth, each side of which was dyed of a different color: these jackets were fastened on the breast with ribbons. Their petticoats were swelled to a monstrous circumference by means of hoops. High stays, piked before and behind, gave an awkward stiffness to their carriage. Their shoes were of red and blue Spanish leather, laced with broad gold and silver lace at top and behind; the heels broad, and of a moderate height: some were fastened with silver clasps, others with knots or roses. Their stockings were generally of blue or scarlet worsted or silk, ornamented with clocks worked with gold or silver thread: neither thread nor cotton hose were then known. And their necks were usually adorned with black collars, tied in front with ribbons of divers colors.

I cannot find that the riding-coat, in such general use among the English ladies in this reign, and so justly reprobated by *The Spectator*, was now worn here: dress had not yet mingled the sexes. A lady in those days mounted her horse in the same dress in which she entered the drawing-room:—nay, she did not even forget her hoop.

"There is not (says Addison) so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress." The justness of this observation deters me from attempting to describe the head-dress of the ladies of those days. I shall be content with concluding that it rose and fell with the head-dress of the English ladies, which, within Addison's memory, rose and fell above thirty degrees. I must, however, observe that I can-

not learn, on the strictest inquiry, that the lovely tresses of nature were then permitted, as in the present day, to wanton on the neck, where (to borrow the language of Hogarth) "the many waving and contrasted turns of naturally intermingling locks ravish the eye with the pleasure of the pursuit, especially when put in motion by a gentle breeze."

But though I waive any attempt to describe the fashion of the ladies' hair at that time, I ought not to omit to mention, that they wore hoods of divers colors, and beaver hats trimmed with broad gold and silver lace, and a buckle in front.

Wafted by the breath of fashion, the mask alighted in this island. Immediately the ladies took it up and appeared in it in the streets, public walks, and theaters. Under this disguise they could now, without fear of discovery, rally their lovers or their friends, and safely smile at the obscenity of a comedy. Patches, too, were much worn: but whether or not their position was determined, as in England, by the spirit of party, I cannot say.

I have been informed that some Irish ladies of this reign affected the dress in which the unfortunate Queen of Scots is usually depicted: so that we may presume the ruff now occasionally rose about the neck of our lovely countrywomen.

The dress of the gentlemen of this reign was more uniform than that of the ladies. Their coats and waistcoats were laced with broad gold or silver lace: the skirts of each were long, and the sleeves of the coat slashed. Instead of stocks they wore cravats, edged with Flanders or Brussels lace, which, after passing several times round the neck, wandered through the button-holes of the coat, almost the whole length of the body. Their hose, like those of the ladies, were blue or scarlet worsted or silk, worked with gold or silver clocks. Their shoes in this (and in the following reign) had broad square toes, short quarters, and high tops; and were made fast with small buckles. Their heads—even the heads of youthful beaux—were enveloped in monstrous periwigs, on which perched a small felt hat. And through the skirts of their coats, stiffened with buckram, peeped the hilt of a small sword.

Longs cloaks too of Spanish cloth, each side dyed of a different color, were now worn by the gentlemen.

With the line of the Stuarts I shall close this crude essay. For, from the accession of George I. to the present day fashion has been such a varying goddess in this country, that neither history, tradition, nor painting has been able to preserve all her mimic forms: like Proteus struggling in the arms of Telemachus on the Pharian coast, she passed from shape to shape with the rapidity of thought.

JOHN FRANCS WALLER.

(1810—1894.)

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER was born in Limerick in 1810; entered Trinity College when he was but sixteen, and was graduated in 1832. He was called to the bar in 1833; in 1852 he received from his university the honorary degrees of LL.B. and LL.D., and was appointed one of the permanent officials of the Courts of Chancery.

He began to write when he was in London studying for the bar. For many years he was one of the most frequent poetic contributors to *The Dublin University Magazine*, his poems appearing usually under the name of "Jonathan Freke Slingsby." A collection of those poems under the title of 'The Slingsby Papers' was published in 1852. In 1854 Dr. Waller brought out a second volume of poems, which were highly spoken of in both the English and the Irish press. In 1856 'The Dead Bridal' appeared. He edited *The University Magazine* for some years after the retirement of Charles Lever, wrote many of the articles in 'The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography,' and generally supervised an edition of Goldsmith's works. He died in 1894, and to the end was actively engaged with his pen.

KITTY NEAL.

Ah, sweet Kitty Neal, rise up from that wheel,
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning.
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore-tree;
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool in the dew-whitened valley;
While all the air rings with the soft loving things
Each little bird sings in the green-shaded alley.

With a blush and a smile Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
'T is hard to refuse when a young lover sues—
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad couples are seen,
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat without fail leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and bound the boys patter the ground,
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean,

Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all around, from the sky to the ground,
NO SUCH SIGHT CAN BE FOUND AS AN IRISH LASS DANCING.

Sweet Kate, who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly,
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful, yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love."

EDWARD WALSH.

(1805—1850.)

EDWARD WALSH was born in 1805, while his father, a small farmer of County Cork, who had joined the militia under pressure of poverty, was stationed at Londonderry. He returned to Cork, and there his son received a good education, devoting a great deal of his time and attention to the Irish language, becoming thoroughly acquainted with the ancient tongue.

Walsh gained his poetic reputation chiefly by translating poems from the Irish. While engaged at various places as tutor or schoolmaster he published a number of translations and poems. These attracted the attention of men of intelligence, and gained for the poet the friendship of Charles Gavan Duffy, who procured him the post of sub-editor of *The Dublin Monitor*. But he did not remain in this position very long. When he resigned it he was engaged in some fugitive literary work, and collected a number of his own poems and translations of the waifs and strays of Gaelic poetry preserved among the people, which afterward appeared under the title of 'Jacobite Poetry.'

Later on he was appointed schoolmaster to the convicts on Spike Island. Here it was that there occurred the interview between him and John Mitchel, of which the latter has given a touching account in his 'Jail Journal.' "A tall gentleman-like person in black but rather over-worn clothes, came up to me and grasped my hands with every demonstration of reverence. I knew his face, but could not at first remember who he was—he was Edward Walsh, author of 'Mo Craoibhin Cno,' and other sweet songs, and of some very musical translations from Irish ballads. Tears stood in his eyes as he told me he had contrived to get an opportunity of seeing and shaking hands with me before I should leave Ireland. I asked him what he was doing in Spike Island, and he told me he had accepted the office of teacher to a school they kept here for small convicts—a very wretched office, indeed, and to a shy, sensitive creature like Walsh it must be daily torture. He stooped down and kissed my hands. 'Ah!' he said, 'you are now the man in all Ireland most *to be envied*.' I answered that I thought there might be room for difference of opinion about that; and then after another kind word or two, being warned by my turnkey, I bid farewell, and retreated into my own den. Poor Walsh! He has a family of young children; he seems broken in health and spirits; ruin has been on his track for years, and I think has him in the wind at last. There are more contented galley-slaves moiling at Spike than the schoolmaster. Perhaps, this man does really envy me, and most assuredly I do not envy him."

Not long after this interview between the two—in August, 1850—poor Walsh's earthly troubles were all over. At the time of his death he was schoolmaster in the Cork workhouse. Seven years after he had ceased to live, a graceful monument to his memory was raised by a number of the workingmen of Cork. He has left two volumes of poetic translations from the Irish, with the original text.

BRIGHIDIN BAN MO STORE.¹

I am a wand'ring minstrel man,
 And Love my only theme;
 I've strayed beside the pleasant Bann,
 And eke the Shannon's stream;
 I've piped and played to wife and maid
 By Barrow, Suir, and Nore,
 But never met a maiden yet
 Like *Brighidin ban mo store*.

My girl hath ringlets rich and rare,
 By Nature's fingers wove—
 Loch-Carra's swan is not so fair
 As is her breast of love;
 And when she moves, in Sunday sheen,
 Beyond our cottage door,
 I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen
 For *Brighidin ban mo store*.

It is not that thy smile is sweet,
 And soft thy voice of song—
 It is not that thou fleest to meet
 My comings lone and long!
 But that doth rest beneath thy breast
 A heart of purest core,
 Whose pulse is known to me alone,
 My *Brighidin ban mo store*.

MAIRGRÉAD NI CHAELLEADH.²

At the dance in the village
 Thy white foot was fleetest;
 Thy voice 'mid the concert
 Of maidens was sweetest;

¹ *Brighidin ban mo store* is, in English, *fair young bride*, or *Bridget my treasure*. The proper name Brighit, or Bride, signifies a *fiery dart*, and was the name of the goddess of poetry in the pagan days of Ireland.—*Walsh*.

² This ballad is founded on the story of Daniel O'Keefe, an outlaw, famous in the traditions of the county of Cork, where his name is still associated with several localities. It is related that O'Keefe's beautiful mistress, Margaret Kelly (*Mairgréad ní Chealleadh*), tempted by a large reward, undertook to deliver him into the hands of the English soldiers; but O'Keefe, having discovered in her possession a document revealing her perfidy, in a frenzy of indignation stabbed her to the heart with his *skian*. He lived in the time of William III., and is represented to have been a gentleman and a poet.—*Walsh*.

The swell of thy white breast
 Made rich lovers follow;
 And thy raven hair bound them,
 Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Thy neck was, lost maid!
 Than the *ceanabhan*¹ whiter;
 And the glow of thy cheek
 Than the *monadan*² brighter;
 But death's chain hath bound thee,
 Thine eye's glazed and hollow,
 That shone like a sunburst,
 Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

No more shall mine ear drink
 Thy melody swelling;
 Nor thy beamy eye brighten
 The outlaw's dark dwelling;
 Or thy soft heaving bosom
 My destiny hallow,
 When thine arms twine around me,
 Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

The moss couch I brought thee
 To-day from the mountain,
 Has drank the last drop
 Of thy young heart's red fountain—
 For this good *skian* beside me
 Struck deep and rung hollow
 In thy bosom of treason,
 Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

With strings of rich pearls
 Thy white neck was laden,
 And thy fingers with spoils
 Of the Sassanach maiden:
 Such rich silks enrobed not
 The proud dames of Mallow—
 Such pure gold they wore not
 As Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Alas! that my loved one
 Her outlaw would injure—

¹ *Ceanabhan*. a plant found in bogs, the top of which bears a substance resembling cotton and as white as snow.

² *Monadan*, the red berry of a creeping plant found on wild marshy mountains.

Alas! that he e'er proved
 Her treason's avenger!
 That this right hand should make thee
 A bed cold and hollow,
 When in Death's sleep it laid thee,
 Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

And while to this lone cave
 My deep grief I 'm venting,
 The Saxon's keen bandog
 My footstep is scenting;
 But true men await me
 Afar in Duhallow.
 Farewell, cave of slaughter,
 And Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

MO CRAOIBHÍN CNO.¹

My heart is far from Liffey's tide
 And Dublin town;
 It strays beyond the southern side
 Of Cnoc-maol-Donn,²
 Where Cappelquin hath woodlands green,
 Where Amhan-mhor's³ waters flow,
 Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,
Mo craoibhín cno,
 Low clustering in her leafy screen,
Mo craoibhín cno!

The high-bred dames of Dublin town
 Are rich and fair,
 With wavy plume, and silken gown,
 And stately air;
 Can plumes compare thy dark brown hair?
 Can silks thy neck of snow?
 Or measured pace, thine artless grace,
Mo craoibhín cno,
 When harebells scarcely show thy trace
Mo craoibhín cno?

¹ *Mo craoibhín cno*, pronounced *Ma Creeveen Kno*; "my cluster of nuts"; "my nut-brown maid."

² *Cnoc-maol-Donn* (the "brown bare hill"), Knockmealdown: between Tipperary and Waterford.

³ *Amhan-mhor* (the "Great River," pronounced *Oan-Vore*): the Black-water, which flows into the sea at Youghal.

I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave
 That maidens sung—
 They sung their land the Saxon's slave,
 In Saxon tongue.
 Oh! bring me here that Gaelic dear
 Which cursed the Saxon foe,
 When thou didst charm my raptured ear
Mo craoibhín cno!
 And none but God's good angels near,
Mo craoibhín cno!

I've wandered by the rolling Lee,
 And Lene's green bowers;
 I've seen the Shannon's widespread sea
 And Limerick's towers—
 And Liffey's tide, where halls of pride
 Frown o'er the flood below;
 My wild heart strays to Amhan-mhor's side,
Mo craoibhín cno!
 With love and thee for aye to bide,
Mo craoibhín cno!

HAVE YOU BEEN AT CARRICK?¹

From the Irish.

Have you been at Carrick, and saw you my true-love there,
 And saw you her features, all beautiful, bright and fair?
 Saw you the most fragrant, flowery, sweet apple-tree?
 Oh! saw you my loved one, and pines she in grief like me?

"I have been at Carrick, and saw thy own true-love there;
 And saw, too, her features, all beautiful, bright and fair;
 And saw the most fragrant, flowering, sweet apple-tree—
 I saw thy loved one—she pines *not* in grief like thee."

Five guineas would price every tress of her golden hair—
 Then think what a treasure her pillow at night to share!

¹ The translator remarks: "This is a song of the South, but there are so many places of the name of Carrick, such as Carrick-on-Shannon, Carrick-on-Suir, etc., that I cannot fix its precise locality. In this truly Irish song, when the pining swain learns that his absent mistress is not lovesick like himself, he praises the beauty of her copious hair, throws off a glass to her health, enumerates his sufferings, and swears to forego the sex forever; but she suddenly bursts upon his view, his resolves vanish into thin air, and he greets his glorious maid."

These tresses thick-clust'ring and curling around her brow—
O Ringlet of Fairness! I'll drink to thy beauty now!

When, seeking to slumber, my bosom is rent with sighs—
I toss on my pillow till morning's blest beams arise;
No aid, bright beloved! can reach me save God above,
For a blood-lake is formed of the light of my eyes with love!

Until yellow autumn shall usher the Paschal day,
And Patrick's gay festival come in its train alway—
Until through my coffin the blossoming boughs shall grow,
My love on another I'll never in life bestow!

Lo! yonder the maiden illustrious, queen-like, high,
With long-flowing tresses adown to her sandal-tie—
Swan, fair as the lily, descended of high degree,
A myriad of welcomes, dear maid of my heart, to thee!

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.¹

From the Irish.

I.

'At early dawn I once had been
Where Lene's blue waters flow,
When summer bid the groves be green,
The lamp of light to glow.
As on by bower, and town, and tower,
And widespread fields I stray,
I met a maid in the greenwood shade
At the dawning of the day.

II.

Her feet and beauteous head were bare,
No mantle fair she wore;
But down her waist fell golden hair,
That swept the tall grass o'er.
With milking-pail she sought the vale,
And bright her charms' display;
Outshining far the morning star
At the dawning of the day.

¹ A close rendering of the Gaelic *Fáinne geal an Lae*. Walsh has preserved some of the internal chimes characteristic of Irish verse.

III.

Beside me sat that maid divine
 Where grassy banks outspread.
 "Oh, let me call thee ever mine,
 Dear maid," I sportive said.
 "False man, for shame, why bring me blame?"
 She cried, and burst away—
 The sun's first light pursued her flight
 At the dawning of the day.

LAMENT OF THE MANGAIRE SUGACH.¹

From the Irish.

I.

Beloved, do you pity not my doleful case,
 Pursued by priest and minister in dire disgrace?
 The churchmen brand the vagabond upon my brow—
 Oh! they 'll take me not as Protestant or Papist now!

II.

The parson calls me wanderer and homeless knave;
 And though I boast the Saxon creed with aspect grave,
 He says that claim my Popish face must disallow,
 Although I 'm neither Protestant nor Papist now!

III.

He swears (and oh, he 'll keep his oath) he's firmly bent
 To hunt me down by penal Acts of Parliament;
 Before the law's coercive might to make me bow,
 And choose between the Protestant and Papist now!

IV.

The priest me deems a satirist of luckless lay,
 Whose merchant-craft hath often led fair maids astray,
 And, worse than hunted fugitive all disavow,
 He 'll take me not a Protestant or Papist now!

¹ Andrew Magrath, commonly called the *Mangaire Sugach* (or "Jolly Merchant"), having been expelled from the Roman Catholic Church for his licentious life, offered himself as a convert to the doctrines of Protestantism; but, the Protestant clergyman having also refused to accept him, the unfortunate *Mangaire* gave vent to his feelings in this lament.—*Author's note.*

V.

That, further, I'm a foreigner devoid of shame,
Of hateful, vile, licentious life and evil name;
A ranting, rhyming wanderer, without a cow,
Who now is deemed a Protestant—a Papist now!

VI.

Alas! it was not charity or Christian grace
That urged to drag my deeds before the Scotie race.
What boots it him to write reproach upon my brow,
Whether they deem me Protestant or Papist now?

VII.

Lo! David, Israel's poet-king, and Magdalene,
And Paul, who of the Christian creed the foe had been—
Did Heaven, when sorrow filled their heart, reject their vow
Though they were neither Protestant nor Papist now?

VIII.

Oh! since I weep my wretched heart to evil prone,
A wanderer in the paths of sin, all lost and lone,
At other shrines with other flocks I fain must bow.
Who'll take me, whether Protestant or Papist, now?

IX.

Beloved, whither can I flee for peace at last,
When thus beyond the Church's pale I'm rudely cast?
The Arian creed, or Calvinist, I must avow,
When severed from the Protestant and Papist now!

THE SUMMING-UP.

Lo Peter the Apostle, whose lapses from grace were three,
Denying the Saviour, was granted a pardon free;
O God! though the *Mangaire* from him Thy mild laws cast,
Receive him, like Peter, to dwell in THY HOUSE at last!

JOHN WALSH.

(1835—1881.)

JOHN WALSH was born at Cappoquin, County Waterford, April 1, 1835. He was educated at the national school there and at Mount Melleray. He became a national school-teacher in his native town and afterward at Cashel, County Tipperary, where he remained till his death in February, 1881. He left a widow and six children, and was buried on the Rock of Cashel. He wrote a very large number of poems for *The Waterford Citizen* over the signature of "A Cappoquin Girl," for *The Irishman* over those of "Shamrock" and "Lismore," for *The Nation* over those of "J. W.," "J. J. W.," and "Boz," and for *The Irish People* over that of "Kilmartin." He also wrote for *The Harp*, *The Celt*, *Tipperary Examiner*, etc. He wrote some admirably simple and touching pieces, which have earned for him the name of "The Sweet Singer of the South." They have never been collected. Michael Cavanagh, the Irish-American poet and journalist, and author of a valuable life of T. F. Meagher, was his brother-in-law.

TO MY PROMISED WIFE.

Dear maiden, when the sun is down,
And darkness creeps above the town,
The woodlands' green is changed to brown,
 And the mild light
Melting beneath the tall hills' frown
 Steals into night,

I don an honest coat of gray,
And, setting stupid care at bay,
Across the fields of scented hay
 I stroll along,
Humming some quaint old Irish lay
 Or simple song.

And when, dear maid, I come to you,
A laughing eye of brightest blue,
And flushing cheek of crimson hue,
 Tell whom I greet,
And bounds a little heart as true
 As ever beat.

The green grass on the river-side,
The full moon dancing on the tide,

The half-blown rose that tries to hide
 Her blush in dew,
 Are fair; but none, my promised bride,
 As fair as you.

And though, dear love, our gathered store
 Of gold is small, the brighter ore
 Of love's deep mine we'll seek the more,
 And truth shall be
 The guard beside our cottage-door,
 Astor mo chroidhe!

DRIMIN DONN DILIS.¹

Oh! *drimin donn dilis!* the landlord has come,
 Like a foul blast of death has he swept o'er our home;
 He has withered our roof-tree—beneath the cold sky,
 Poor, houseless, and homeless, to-night must we lie.

My heart it is cold as the white winter's snow;
 My brain is on fire, and my blood's in a glow.
 Oh! *drimin donn dilis,* 't is hard to forgive
 When a robber denies us the right we should live.

With my health and my strength, with hard labor and toil,
 I dried the wet marsh and I tilled the harsh soil;
 I moiled the long day through, from morn until even,
 And I thought in my heart I'd a foretaste of heaven.

The summer shone round us above and below,
 The beautiful summer that makes the flowers blow:
 Oh! 't is hard to forget it, and think I must bear
 That strangers shall reap the reward of my care.

Your limbs they were plump then—your coat it was silk,
 And never was wanted the mether of milk;
 For freely it came in the calm summer's noon,
 While you munched to the time of the old milking croon.

How often you left the green side of the hill,
 To stretch in the shade and to drink of the rill!
 And often I freed you before the gray dawn
 From your snug little pen at the edge of the bawn.

¹ *Drimin donn dilis*, "Dear brown cow."

But they racked and they ground me with tax and with rent
Till my heart it was sore and my life-blood was spent:
To-day they have finished, and on the wide world
With the mocking of fiends from my home I was hurled.

I knelt down three times for to utter a prayer,
But my heart it was seared, and the words were not there;
Oh! wild were the thoughts through my dizzy head came,
Like the rushing of wind through a forest of flame.

I bid you, old comrade, a long last farewell;
For the gaunt hand of famine has clutched us too well;
It severed the master and you, my good cow,
With a blight on his life and a brand on his brow.

JOHN EDWARD WALSH.

(1816—1869.)

JOHN EDWARD WALSH, the author of 'Ireland Sixty Years Ago,' was the son of the Rev. Robert Walsh, a well-known Irish writer of the early part of the nineteenth century, and was born on Nov. 12, 1816. His father was at the time rector of Finglas, County Dublin, and he was not improbably born at that place.

He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, graduating in 1836. Three years later he was called to the bar, and during his early years of practice found time to write frequently for *The Dublin University Magazine* and to edit a few law books. In the periodical just mentioned portions of the book afterward anonymously printed as 'Ireland Sixty Years Ago' first appeared. His great success at the bar, however, prevented him from devoting much time to literature. In 1857 he became a Queen's Counsel, in 1866 Attorney-General, and in 1867 Master of the Rolls. He died in Paris, Oct. 25, 1869. The book by which he is chiefly known was published in 1847 and was subsequently reprinted as 'Ireland Ninety Years Ago.'

SOME COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS.

From 'Ireland Sixty Years Ago.'

I entered college in the year 1791, a year rendered memorable by the institution of the Society of the United Irishmen. They held their meetings in an obscure passage called Back-lane, leading from Corn Market to Nicholas Street. The very aspect of the place seemed to render it adapt for cherishing a conspiracy. It was in the locality where the tailors, skinners, and curriers, held their guilds, and was the region of the operative democracy. I one evening proceeded from college, and found out Back-lane, and having inquired for the place of meeting, a house was pointed out to me, that had been the hall in which the corporation of tailors held their assemblies. I walked in without hesitation—no one forbidding me—and found the society in full debate, the Hon. Simon Butler in the chair. I saw there, for the first time, the men with the three names, which were now become so familiar to the people of Dublin—Theobald Wolfe Tone, James Napper Tandy, Archibald Hamilton Rowan.

The first was a slight effeminate looking man, with a

hatchet face, a long aquiline nose, rather handsome and genteel looking, with lank, straight hair combed down on his sickly red cheek, exhibiting a face the most insignificant and mindless that could be imagined. His mode of speaking was in correspondence with his face and person. It was polite and gentlemanly, but totally devoid of anything like energy or vigor. I set him down as a worthy, good-natured, flimsy man, in whom there was no harm, and as the least likely person in the world to do mischief to the state.

Tandy was the very opposite looking character. He was the ugliest man I ever gazed on. He had a dark, yellow, truculent-looking countenance, a long drooping nose, rather sharpened at the point, and the muscles of his face formed two cords at each side of it. He had a remarkable hanging-down look, and an occasional twitching or convulsive motion of his nose and mouth, as if he was snapping at something on the side of him while he was speaking.

Not so Hamilton Rowan. I thought him not only the most handsome, but the largest man I had ever seen. Tone and Tandy looked like pigmies beside him. His ample and capacious forehead seemed the seat of thought and energy; while with such an external to make him feared, he had a courtesy of manner that excited love and confidence. He held in his hand a large stick, and was accompanied by a large dog.

I had not been long standing on the floor, looking at and absorbed in the persons about me, when I was perceived, and a whisper ran round the room. Some one went up to the president, then turned round, and pointed to me. The president immediately rose, and called out that there was a stranger in the room. Two members advanced, and taking me under the arm, led me up to the president's chair, and there I stood to await the penalty of my unauthorized intrusion. I underwent an examination; and it was evident, from the questions, that my entrance was not accredited, but that I was suspected as a government spy. The "battalion of testimony" as it was called, was already formed, and I was supposed to be one of the corps. I, however, gave a full and true account of myself, which was fortunately confirmed by a member who knew something

about me, and was ultimately pronounced a harmless "gib," and admitted to the honor of the sitting. . . .

Revolutionary principles began to spread in college, and an incident happened which excited much indignation even among the most loyal. A little previous to the departure of the highly unpopular Lord Camden from the viceroyalty of Ireland, it was announced that the college, in their corporate capacity, intended to proceed to the Castle, and present an address to him. All the fellows and scholars, as members of the Corporation were especially summoned to attend, and generally obeyed the notice. Two scholars, named Power and Ardagh, absented themselves, and when cited before the board, made some trifling excuse. One said he had no gown at the time, and could not borrow one; the other that he was preparing his lecture, and thought it a more important occupation. It appeared, however, that the board had received some secret information that their absence was caused by disaffection, and that they were connected with secret treasonable societies then reported to exist in college. It was thought necessary to make an example; so Power and Ardagh were publicly expelled. There had been a difference of opinion on this measure at the board. Dr. Browne, a senior fellow, and member for the University in Parliament, not only dissented from the severe measure adopted by the board, but was so indiscreet as to mention his dissent to some of the students, as he came out of the board room. Greater importance was attached to this circumstance at that time, for the proceedings of the board were then kept profoundly secret. The two men expelled were of good character, acknowledged talents, and popular manners. Their case excited much sympathy. Their expulsion was considered a very harsh measure, altogether disproportioned to the declared offense, and was generally much condemned.

During this ebullition of collegiate feeling, my extern friend, O'Tundher, came to my rooms. He could hardly speak with rage. When his indignation a little subsided, he proposed that he and I should form a committee, and in the name of more, express our sentiments on the occasion. The proposal amused me, so I sent to the cellar for some "October"—a beverage of which he was fond—and, under its influence, we drew out what we called the resolu-

tions of the "Independent Scholars and Students of Trinity College, Dublin."

When we had read and criticised the precious document, I threw it on the table, supposing it would lie there, like the embryo constitutions we had drawn up for the provisional government, and, like them, have no more important result than the entertainment of the hour.

A short time after, a notice appeared on the college gate, announcing a visitation to be held on Thursday, April 19, 1798, enjoining the attendance without fail, of all the members of the University. I was reading it when my friend, O'Tundher, passed out. He held down his head, but cast at me a significant glance of intelligence under his eye, and holding his middle finger against his thumb, he cracked them with the forefinger, making a report like the lashing of a whip—a mode he had of expressing more than usual glee and satisfaction.

Immediately afterwards I met a lad named E——. He came up to me in great apparent tribulation, and asked me if I knew the cause of the visitation. I declared with truth I did not know it. He began to express himself with great anxiety, and with a confidence altogether gratuitous and unsought on my part; telling me he was deeply compromised, and in hourly expectation of being arrested. He expected some confidential communication in return, and was much disappointed when I declared I had no cause of apprehension, and left him, repeating, "Let the galled jade wince, my withers are unwrung." In fact, I had abstained carefully from mixing myself with parties, and felt a perfect security from any charge, or even suspicion. I afterwards had reason to believe my reserve towards E—— was most fortunate.

On the day of the visitation we all assembled in the hall. Lord Clare, as vice-chancellor of the University, sat as the acting visitor, with Dr. Duigenan as his assessor, on an elevated platform at the upper end of the dining-hall, then followed in order the provost, senior and junior fellows, and scholars, as members of the corporation; then the graduate and undergraduate students; and lastly, the inferior officers and porters of the college. The great door was closed with a portentous sound, and shut in many an anxious heart; I felt mine, however, quite free from care or apprehension.

Those who have seen Lord Clare in his visitatorial capacity never will forget him—the hatchet sharpness of his countenance, the oblique glance of his eye, which seemed to read what was passing in the mind of him to whom it was directed. Silence was commanded, and the multitude was still. The vice-chancellor then said:—

The prevalent reports respecting the state of the University had induced the visitors to inquire whether the disaffection imputed to the college was founded in reality, or was a mere rumor or surmise. Appointed to the high office of superintending the conduct, and promoting the welfare of that college, he should neglect an important duty, if he were to suffer it to continue stained with the infamous imputation of disaffection and rebellion, if unfounded, or permit any guilty member thereof to poison and destroy the prospects of the uninfected. His duty, therefore, to what he considered the happiness of the students, without referring to the more general consequence to society, from the lettered portion of the rising generation cherishing and acting on those devastating principles which had destroyed the peace, and almost annihilated the morals of Europe, indispensably required of him to investigate and suppress any serious disorders. He found great probability had been given to the reports in circulation by a rebellious publication, purporting to be the resolution of the independent scholars and students of the University and it behooved all who heard him to acquit themselves of any concern therein. Such members as acted with want of candor, and refused to exonerate themselves from the treasonable charge made against the University, and which the abominable paper he held in his hand so much warranted, he was determined to remove, and adopt the necessary measures to prevent them from contaminating the youth of the several colleges in England and Scotland, by representing to the governors of them their dangerous principles, and so exclude them from admission. In one of those secret societies, the formation of which he knew of in college, a system of assassination had been recommended, and a proposal made to collect arms. The first proposal was considered, but adjourned to the next meeting, when it was negatived by a small majority. The second was carried and acted on. He concluded by a

declaration of his intention to punish with severity the encouragers and abettors of sedition and treason, and more especially the miscreant authors of that wicked paper, whom he was determined to detect and punish. It had not only been thrown into every letter-box in college, but audaciously flung at his own head, in his house, by way of menace and defiance.

He read the "infamous" paper, and to my utter horror and dismay, it proved to be my own "RESOLUTION!" I was at the time standing close to him. My seniority had placed me near that end of the hall, but my curiosity and the crowd behind had pushed me even higher than I was entitled to by my standing; and when he held the paper in his hand, and waved it in a threatening manner, he actually seemed to shake it in my face, and fix his eye intently on me as the detected victim. It is impossible to describe my feelings of astonishment at my own indiscretion, or my apprehension of the consequences. I had no more notion that the resolutions that we had framed would ever see the light, than that the constitutions we had drawn up would be adopted by the provisional government. I saw myself at once entangled in an awful responsibility, which might compromise my life, and I had not even the support of enthusiasm or participation in what some might think a noble cause. I had been fabricating a falsehood without foundation, in which I actually felt neither interest nor concern, and was in danger of suffering the penalty of a traitor, without having the least connection with the treason. When I contemplated the number it might implicate in suspicion, and the confusion and misery it might cause, I felt as if I had pulled down the pillars of the earth, and the fragments were falling on my head. When I recovered a little from the first stun of surprise, I attempted to converse with the person next me, as if to show my unconcern, but literally *vox faucibus hæsit*, my mouth was so dry, I could not utter a syllable. It next rushed into my mind to escape from the hall, but I saw at once that this would surely cause suspicion. Once it occurred to me to anticipate discovery, and avail myself of the lenity which the visitors had intimated would be extended to those who confessed their faults and abjured their errors—to acknowledge my share

in the authorship, and make a merit of confessing a thing, the detection of which I thought must be immediate and inevitable. But my final and enduring determination was to "bide my time," and bear up, as best I could, against all consequences.

The roll was now called of all the names on the college books, beginning with the provost. Several excuses were offered for absence, some few of which were admitted, but in almost every case personal attendance was insisted on. Among the absent was Robert Emmet, for whom his tutor pleaded hard, but without effect. He was set down as contumacious.

When the examination of individuals commenced, each person, when called on, was first sworn to discover all matters as to which he should be questioned. The provost was the first examined. Among other questions, he was asked if the copy of that paper which had been "hurled at" the chancellor, had been sent to him. He replied that it had, and by the same conveyance—the penny post. He was also interrogated with respect to the proceedings of the board in the expulsion of Power and Ardagh, and the number and description of the votes given on the occasion.

The examination then proceeded through the senior fellows, till it came down to Dr. Browne. He was, as I have mentioned, a member of the board, and represented the college in parliament. His politics were in the extreme of liberality, and therefore he was an object of peculiar suspicion. He was questioned touching his vote at the board in the case of Ardagh and Power. He acknowledged he opposed their expulsion, and voted for rustication during a year, and stated that there were two other members of the board who voted with him. He admitted that he had gone from the board into the college court, and there declared the vote he had given, and said he did so because he thought it was right. The vice-chancellor declared that the conduct of Dr. Browne was highly reprehensible; and that it promoted a spirit of insubordination among the students, by exciting discontent against the proceedings of the board, which it was his duty to recommend as just and proper; and that if the board had thought fit to expel him for such conduct, he would have confirmed the expulsion. Dr. Browne was also asked if

he was the author of that paper, and when he denied it in a most earnest manner, he was asked did he know any person who was its author, or had any connection with it. He, of course, declared he did not.

Dr. Whitley Stokes, then a junior fellow, was next called on. The vice-chancellor, eying him with a stern countenance, and with the confidence of a person who was sure of his man, asked him, in an emphatic manner, if he knew of United Irish Societies existing in college. Stokes answered decidedly, "No." The vice-chancellor looked much amazed by the unexpected repulse, and a slight murmur of surprise ran through the hall. The paper was held out to Stokes, and, in a similar manner he was asked if he knew anything of the authorship of it; and, in a similar tone, and to the surprise of all (except myself), he denied all knowledge of it or its authors. The exceeding candor of Stokes and his love of truth induced all to believe that he would at once declare whatever he knew, when asked, and many thought that he knew much. He was then asked if he knew anything of secret or illegal societies in college. He answered promptly and without hesitation, that he did. He was then called on to explain and declare what they were.

"The only societies of that description, which I am aware of," said he, "are Orange Societies, and I know some members of them."

If the chancellor had been struck a violent blow, he could not have shown more surprise and indignation. He actually started on his seat at the audacious sincerity of this simple-minded man, and another murmur ran through the hall.

A long examination ensued, during which Dr. Stokes answered the questions put to him in a quiet and dignified manner, and with perfect candor and simplicity. He admitted that he had been a member of the society of United Irishmen before the year 1792, when their views were confined to legitimate objects; but stated that he was wholly unconnected with them ever since that time. He admitted that he had since that time subscribed money to their funds, but added that it was merely to supply the necessities of individuals—Butler and Bond, who were in prison. He had, he said, received some account of seri-

ous injuries inflicted on a village by the soldiery, which he communicated to Mr. Sampson, a United Irishman, as materials for Lord Moira's information, on his motion in the House of Lords, but had previously made a communication to his excellency the lord lieutenant. He admitted he had visited a man who was a treasonable character, but he did so as a professional duty, as the man was very poor and sick; and he had always brought with him a third person, to be present, lest there should be any misrepresentation of his motives. He added, that when the French invaded this country, and their fleets were lying off the shore, he went among the Roman Catholics of the city of Dublin, exciting them to take up arms against the common enemy:—

“This my lord,” said Stokes, in an emphatic manner, “was not the conduct of a disaffected man, nor of one entertaining those principles with which this examination appears to try to connect me.”

A Mr. Kerns, a pupil of Dr. Stokes, stood forward, and earnestly defended his tutor. He said that temptations had been held out to him to join treasonable societies, and had so far succeeded as to induce him to withdraw his name from the college corps; but in consequence of the advice and earnest persuasion of Dr. Stokes, he had withdrawn himself from the society of the disaffected, and replaced his name in his company; and that he was not the only person so advised by Dr. Stokes, but that, to his knowledge, several others had been equally influenced in the same way by his persuasions.

Dr. Graves with similar earnestness and zeal, bore testimony to Stokes' character. He said that atheism and republicanism were uniformly connected at that time, but that he had the strongest proof, from his writings, that Dr. Stokes was tainted with neither the one nor the other. When Paine's ‘Age of Reason’ first appeared, the earliest and best answer to it was from the pen of Dr. Stokes. His work was dedicated to the students of Trinity College, and was published without any view of pecuniary profit by Dr. Stokes, who gratuitously made earnest and indefatigable exertions to disseminate it among the junior members of the University.

Many others entered their testimony in favor of a man so much loved and respected; and the vice-chancellor said he was happy to find so many respectable and disinterested witnesses standing forward in Dr. Stokes's favor, and that he was now convinced he was a well-meaning man, but had been led into great indiscretions.

The examination proceeded among the scholars and students. The most lengthily was the examination of a man named Robinson. When pressed with questions, he admitted that he had lent his rooms on a particular day, but was not aware of the purpose for which they were borrowed. He, however, at last confessed that he was aware that the meeting to be held there was of a disaffected nature. He hesitated and wavered much when pressed by the chancellor's and Duigenan's questions.

A growing disposition was soon manifested to decline taking the oath of discovery in the unqualified form in which it had been at first administered. Of those called on, some declared they were ready to swear as to themselves, and purge their character by an oath from any charge or suspicion of disaffection, but would not swear to inform against or implicate others by answering *all* questions put to them. Others declined being sworn, because, as they said, it would be an example subversive of the best acknowledged principles of the English law and of justice, to swear to tell what might criminate themselves. The first day closed with about fifty recusants, who declined to take the oath, and were marked for expulsion as contumacious. On the second day of the visitation, the chancellor found it necessary to modify the examination in such a way as to give the recusants an opportunity of redeeming their contumacy. He indicated what would be the awful state of the University if so large a proportion of its members should appear to be implicated in the conspiracy; and he explained that the visitation was a domestic court, in which the students formed members of a family, and that the authority exercised was merely parental; that the same oath was administered to all—to the provost himself and to the youngest student—and was always accompanied by an injunction not to criminate themselves. The chancellor also indicated that these persons would come forward and confess their own

errors, without reference to others, and promise to separate themselves altogether from their imprudent and dangerous connections, the past should be forgiven and forgotten.

Among those who at first refused to take the oath was Thomas Moore. He was then an undergraduate in college, and already distinguished by the early and juvenile indications of his poetic talents. The scene was amusing. The book was presented to him. He shook his head and declined to take it. It was thrust into his right hand. He hastily withdrew the hand, as if he was afraid of its being infected by the touch, and placed it out of the way behind his back. It was then presented to his left hand, which he also withdrew, and held behind his back with his right. Still the persevering book was thrust upon him, and still he refused, bowing and retreating, with his hands behind him, until he was stopped by the wall. He afterwards, however took the oath, as modified by the explanation, acquitted himself of all knowledge of treasonable practices or societies in college, and was dismissed without further question.

Influenced by the visitor's explanation, many, who had been contumacious, came forward and confessed their errors. In a few instances the names of the persons implicated were insisted on; but for the most part, the information was given in such a general way as to assist in suppressing the evil of disaffection, without compromising individuals. It appeared that there were four committees of United Irishmen in college, the secretaries to which were said to be Robert Emmet, M'Laughlin, Flynn, and Corbett, junior.

In the course of the second day, Dr. Browne made an earnest and deprecating appeal to the visitors, in explanation of his conduct, declaring that their condemnation of it would embitter his future life. The vice-chancellor expressed himself satisfied that, had Dr. Browne known the entire extent of the revolutionary practices to which some members of the college had proceeded, he would have taken every means in their suppression, and not have proclaimed his vote and dissent from the salutary measures of the board; and that his doing so arose from his total ignorance of the dangerous situation of the University.

Browne expressed strongly his contrition for his conduct, and with a servility little according with the independent spirit he was supposed to possess, humbled himself before the vice-chancellor, declaring his deep sorrow for having incurred the censure of the visitors.

At the conclusion of the visitation, the chancellor adverted to the case of Dr. Stokes. He declared himself gratified to find that the rumor of an eminent member of the University having been connected with a treasonable association, was entirely refuted; but, nevertheless, as he had been drawn into a communication with persons who were inimically disposed to the government of the country, he thought it his duty to prevent him from becoming a governing member of the University for the space of three years, which would be the period until the next visitation. During his suspension, it would be seen whether that gentleman had wholly withdrawn himself from the dangerous and improper connections in which he had become indiscreetly entangled. He expressed himself gratified at being able to bear testimony to the general good conduct of the youth of the University. He reiterated his assurance that he had positive information of the existence of societies where assassination was canvassed and arms collected, and which he pledged himself he would have been able to prove, had those who contumaciously absented themselves, or refused to be examined, submitted. He expressed his concern at the duty imposed on him of using severity against the few who had acted with determined obstinacy, or were committed by acts of sedition and treason. He then presented nineteen names of persons for whose offenses he recommended expulsion.

Lord Clare's direction was immediately acted upon, and the sentence of expulsion was pronounced and executed by the board.

Among the disorders which the political excitement had caused was one serious evil—a propensity to dueling. One of the young men previously expelled—Ardagh—supposing that a man named M'Carthy had given secret information to the board against him, immediately branded him as an informer, and sent him a hostile message. They met and exchanged four shots, but parted without reconciliation or concession on either side. The examination

of Robinson, even during the sitting of the visitation, led to angry recrimination, which went as far as blows, and would have ended in a hostile meeting but for the interference of the college authorities. This bitter spirit had broken out in various other duels.

The occasion for these disorders was submitted to the vice-chancellor, and his direction asked, whether a challenge or a duel was to be punished with expulsion. He replied, that whatever allowance might be made for young men forgetting their academic in their military character, yet he would think it right, on the first duel that should again occur, to recommend the lord lieutenant to disband the college corps; but he hoped that as all faction was now crushed within the college walls, all cause for such encounters would cease also. He recommended all gownsmen to avoid collisions with the citizens, and ended with an extraordinary promise, that if a gownsmen were offered any insult, he would take up the case at his own expense, and make such an example of the offender as would prevent a repetition of the offense.

The visitation, which had lasted three days, at length concluded, and the visitors retired amid the plaudits and acclamations of the assembled students.

The impression left on the minds of the auditory by the conduct of Dr. Browne and Dr. Stokes was very different indeed. They saw the latter standing, like Teneriffe or Atlas, unmoved by the assault made upon him; the former bending and yielding with a weak subserviency, ill according with the independent spirit he was before supposed to possess. The distrust excited by his conduct showed itself at the next election for the college. The then very unpopular measure of the Union was suspected to be in agitation, though not yet declared, and a test was put to Browne, whether, in the event of the measure being proposed, he would oppose it. Instead of declaring his determination in a manly manner, he affected displeasure at the suspicion implied by singling him out to take the test. When pressed for an explicit answer, he at length, after much evasion, declared that he saw no case in which he would vote for a union with England, except it was proposed as an alternative for a union with France. It was on this occasion that John Walker stood up, and with that

strange pronunciation by which he always substituted *w* for *r*, surprised us by saying—"If Iwland lose hew libewty and independence, and we awe to be depwived of ouw wights and pwivileges, it is a mattew of no gweat consequence who awe to be ouw mastews."

I did not learn, until after the visitation was over, some circumstances about it. It seems my friend, O'Tundher, had returned to my rooms, and carried off the paper we had composed. He had altered and interpolated many passages, and immediately had five hundred copies of it printed, and with his own hand disseminated them through college. The circumstance which to me rendered the visitation so extraordinary was, that in the searching scrutiny which took place, and lasted three days, a principal delinquent—*fons et origo mali*—was never called on or suspected, while his fellow-students all around him were arraigned for offending by a publication in which they had neither hand nor part. It taught me a painful lesson of caution, to see the University disturbed, its character compromised, its members endangered, some even expelled from its walls and scattered in exile, and all this perhaps traceable to the silly and idle production of a giddy student and woollen-draper's shopman.

There is no doubt that much secret information had been given previous to the visitation. A principal agent in collecting it was said to be E——, who had accosted me in the courts the day previously, and whom I had providentially evaded, without having at the time the slightest suspicion of his motive. Others, into whose confidence he wormed himself, were not so fortunate; and it was reported that through his instrumentality many were implicated. He afterwards obtained a commission in the army. He had entered college as a sizar, and from being an obscure and shabby-looking lad, he emerged from college in full uniform, which he was fond of displaying in the most public streets as long as he remained in Dublin.

Among the expelled men, the most remarkable was Robert Emmet. Those whom I was most intimate with were two brothers of the name of Corbett. The elder was a low, smart little man, a lieutenant in the college corps; the other was tall and delicate, of a mild disposition, and very pleasing manners; he was a sergeant in the corps. Imme-

diately afterwards they went to France, and obtained commissions in the French service; and, I believe, one of them joined in the expedition to Ireland in which Wolfe Tone was captured. The line-of-battle-ship in which Tone embarked, and six of the French frigates, were taken. Two escaped, in one of which was Corbett. He afterwards perished on the field of battle. The other brother met, in France, Sweeney, one of the United Irishmen who had been confined in Fort George; they had a quarrel and fought. After one of the most desperate duels on record, in which they exchanged eight shots, Corbett, who, even after he was wounded, refused all reconciliation, was shot through the heart.

After the visitation, I did not meet my coadjutor in political composition until the evening of the intended insurrection in Dublin—the memorable 23d of May, 1798. On the morning of that day, I received a pressing invitation from my sister, who then lived in Buckingham Street, to join her family, that we might, as she said “all die together.” I set out in the evening for her house. The streets were silent and deserted; no sound was heard but the measured tread of the different yeomanry corps taking up their appointed stations. The only acquaintance I met abroad was my friend O’Tundher. He accosted me in the street, told me it was dangerous to be out, and pressed me to go home and pass the night with him. I was little disposed to join in any plan of his again, even if I had had no other engagement, so I declined his offer. While we were talking, we heard the sound of approaching steps, and saw the attorneys’ corps with solemn tread, marching toward us. My companion disappeared down a lane and I walked up to meet them, and when they had passed me, proceeded on my way. When I reached my sister’s house in Buckingham Street, I found a neighbor had called there, and given to my brother-in-law, who was a clergyman, a handful of ball cartridges, bidding him defend his life as well as he could. So great was their alarm, they had, on parting, taken a solemn leave of each other, as people who never hoped to meet again. The only weapon of defense in the house was a fowling-piece, which I charged with powder, but found the balls in the cartridges too large for the calibre. The family were persuaded to go to bed,

leaving me to keep guard; and with the fowling-piece on my shoulder, and the large ball stuck in the muzzle, I marched up and down until sunrise in the morning. Meetings of the disaffected were held that night in the Barley fields (as the neighborhood of George's Church was then called), and on the strand of Clontarf. The design was, to commence the insurrection in Dublin by the rescue of the state prisoners in Newgate and Kilmainham prisons; but the arrest of Neilson prevented the execution of this plan. More than once, in the still, calm night, I thought I heard the undulating buzz and sound of a crowd, and the regular tread of a mass of men marching, but all else was awfully still.

The companion, my intercourse with whom was marked by such singular results, had many excellent qualities. What I have heard of his subsequent career in life is extraordinary, but I had no opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with him.

ELLIOT Warburton.

(1810—1852.)

BARTHOLOMEW ELLIOT GEORGE Warburton was born at Tullamore, King's County, Ireland, in 1810. He was educated in Yorkshire, at Cambridge, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was graduated in 1837.

In 1843 he traveled through Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, and contributed his impressions of travel to *The Dublin University Magazine*. Lever, who was then the editor, persuaded him to publish them in book form, and 'The Crescent and the Cross, or Romance and Reality of Eastern Travel,' one of the most fascinating books of travel ever issued, was the result. It was immediately a great success, and after thirteen editions had been published the copyright was sold for £425 (\$2,100).

His other books are 'Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers'; 'Reginald Hastings,' a novel of the great rebellion; 'Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries'; 'Darren, or the Merchant Prince: An Historical Romance'; and 'A Memoir of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough.'

He afterward became a confirmed rover, traveling much in Europe and in South America. He was lost in the burning of the West India mail steamer Amazon Jan. 2, 1852. As the ship went down, he was the last passenger recognized on the burning deck.

THE PYRAMIDS.

From 'The Crescent and the Cross.'

"Upon the desert's edge, as last I lay,
Before me rose, in wonderful array,
Those works where man has rivaled Nature most—
Those pyramids, that fear no more decay
Than waves inflict upon the rockiest coast,
Or winds on mountain-steeps; and like endurance boast."
—R. M. MILNES.

Take the whole area of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and convert its gardens into a heap of stones; take one hundred thousand men from their families and their free labors, and employ them, with the taskmaster's lash as their only stimulus, during twenty years in heaping upon that platform the materials of all the houses for miles around it; accumulate their ruins till the pile mounts up one-third higher than the cross of St. Paul's—and you will then have an exact representation of the Great Pyramid, in its size and its mode of construction.

Then proceed with all the other squares of London; heap upon each the brick and stone that compose the city for miles around; and continue these insane constructions from Caesar's Tower to Hampton Court: you will then have imitated those exploits of the Pharaohs, that have filled the world with wonder and misplaced respect for four thousand years.

The Pyramids had become as familiar to our view as the Grampians to a Highlander, when we suddenly recollected that we had left them unexplored, while the days of our stay at Cairo were already numbered. Our donkeys, which stood at our door, from sunrise to sunset, were put into immediate requisition, and we started about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 11th of April.

Mahmoud had a child's birthday to celebrate; and as he assured us we should find comfortable lying among the tombs, and have no occasion for his services, we rashly believed him, and left him to his festivities. He was the best of Dragomans, but an Egyptian still, and we afterwards found cause to repent having trusted to him.

We sallied forth then from the "City of Victory," mounted on two donkeys; Abdallah and another donkey preceded us, as servants always do in this paradoxical country, while a sumpter-mule and four Arabs brought up the procession.

Arriving at the moldering quays of Cairo Vecchia, we embarked our donkeys in a large ferry-boat, which they entered as freely as if it belonged to the craft designated in our service "Jackass frigates." We passed the Nilometer on the island of Rhoda, and landed on the western bank of the river.

The sun had just set in glory over the crimsoned sands of the Lybian desert, throwing the mountain pyramids into fine relief against the gilded sky. There was a brilliant moon, that rendered the absence of the day-god a matter of indifference, except in an ornamental point of view, and even for this purpose, the pale, soft beams of Isis better became the "City of the Dead" we were about to visit. The plain which we traversed on our way thither, however, was as *riant* as if it led to Paris. Wide tracts of waving corn spread all around, and an avenue of acacias concealed all of the distant city, except its minarets, and the silvery mis-

which rose amongst them. The air was very balmy, and the breeze, which had been exploring the Pyramids, seemed to be whispering its discoveries to the palm-trees, and the ruins which ever and anon we came to, and passed by. Suddenly that green plain ceased like a bank, and the ocean-like desert received our silent steps, moving over its waves as noiselessly as ships upon the water.

We killed, somewhat wantonly, two large silvery snakes, traversed some dreary glens, and, surrounded by an immense number of Arabs, soon found ourselves at the foot of the rocky platform on which stands the Great Pyramid. This advantage of ground has been but little noticed by travelers, and yet it gives an additional elevation to the site of the Pyramid of at least forty feet above the surrounding plain.

Vast as these Pyramids appear at a distance, they do not appear to increase in size as you approach; but when at length you arrive at their base, and look up and around, you *do* feel as it were in an awful presence.

After indulging in the usual course of reveries pursued on such occasions, we proceeded in a practical spirit to examine the sepulchre that was to be our lodging for the night. The rocky platform I have alluded to is hollowed out towards the south into numerous tombs; from these the unresisting dead have been long expelled, but have bequeathed a Dejanira *souvenir* of stench and deathiness that Hercules himself might hesitate to encounter. Whilst we were smoking our chibouques and dinner was preparing, such swarms of fleas came crawling and quivering over us, that it gave one the sensation of wearing a hair shirt. There is nothing like statistics—my companion slew fifty-seven of these vampires, in the few minutes that intervened between our ordering dinner, and its appearance.

We did not remain long at the banquet, and hurried out to the Pyramids, accompanied only by five Bedouins, who had volunteered as guides. It was about midnight when we stood under the greatest wonder of the world, and then it appeared in all its mountain magnificence, eclipsing half of the sky.

We climbed up some distance on the eastern front, when we found the narrow entrance, and then half slid down a long narrow passage, which was admirably fitted with

grooves for wheels the whole way through. There seemed to me little doubt that a car was adapted to run down this inclined plane, to be carried by the momentum of its descent up a circular staircase, now broken, which leads to another downward passage. These steep and smooth passages we traversed with considerable difficulty, the torches and naked Bedouins rendering the heat and other annoyances excessive. At length we stood in the King's Chamber, in the heart of the Pyramid. This is lined throughout with polished granite, and is entirely empty. The body of the King has hitherto escaped the researches of caliphs and antiquaries, and is supposed by Sir Gardner Wilkinson to lie beneath a niche which he points out.

As soon as we entered, the Bedouins set up a shout that made the Pyramid echo again through all its galleries, and then, turning somewhat rudely round, they demanded money from us. We put a fierce face on the matter, and began our difficult ascent with the assistance of our angry guides. As soon as we had emerged the Arabs turned round again, and declared that we should not stir until we made them a present. As I put my hands in my pocket, a gigantic Bedouin drew near to receive the expected tribute, and was not a little startled to feel the cold muzzle of a pistol at his breast, which an eloquent click had assured him was no mere demonstration; he fell back terrified, and humbly begged for pardon. Giving him a kick, and threatening him with the bastinado, we drove our guides before us to the other pyramids; which we wandered about in the bright moonlight; and then, after a glimpse at the Sphinx, and a shot or two at jackals, we returned to our abominable tomb. Here, stretched on our cloaks on the hard rock, we were soon asleep, though the indignant Arabs crowded and stormed outside at the doorway, and myriads of fleas were avenging their cause within. We placed Abdallah for a door, reinforced him with a table, and courteously informed our besiegers that the first Arab who presented himself would receive a bullet in his brains as the price of his admission.

By the first daylight we resumed our investigation of the Pyramids and the Sphinx. The latter is cut out of the solid rock, except the leonine paws, which are *built* of hewn stone. In front of this monster is a paved court,

about fifty feet in extent, on which sacrifices were offered; and there was a sanctuary in her bosom (which sounds well), wherein the priests worshiped. This fantastic animal is "always found representing a king, the union of intellect and physical force;" and abounds in ancient Egypt, though never elsewhere in a form of such colossal dimensions as here. On one of the paws is a Greek inscription, a translation of which, by Dr. Young, I subjoin, as it is a sort of autobiography of the monster:—

"My form stupendous here the gods have placed,
Sparing each spot of harvest-bearing land:
And with this mighty work of art have graced
A rocky isle, encompassed once with sand;
And near the Pyramids have bid me stand:
Not that fierce sphynx that Thebes erewhile laid waste,
But great Latona's servant, mild and bland;
Watching the prince beloved, who fills the throne
Of Egypt's plains, and calls the Nile his own.
That heavenly monarch, who his foes defies,
Like Vulcan powerful, and like Pallas wise."

This inscription is attributed to Arrian.

The Sphinx is called by the Arabs "the father of terror," or "immensity." Its features, as well as its attitude, convey an impression of profound repose: the former are mutilated, and want a nose, but appear to be Egyptian in their character; though they are partially painted a dirty red color, and might pass for an exaggeration of the countenance of Crib after a severe "punishing," some authors have traced in them an expression of the softest beauty and most winning grace. If it were so, the contrast of such loveliness with the colossal size, and its leonine body, must have produced a wonderful effect, Una and her Lion, or the Zodiacal signs of Leo and Virgo, thus blended into one.

Near here is an immense tomb, discovered by Colonel Vyse, containing a coffin of black basalt, which still remains, and a sarcophagus, which has been removed to the British Museum. Near here was also found a magnificent gold ring, belonging formerly to Cheops, and now to Dr. Abbott.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson dates the building of the Pyramids about 2160 B.C., or six hundred and twenty-five years before the Exodus of the Israelites. Lord Lindsay inge-

niously argues that they were built by the shepherd kings, who were expelled by Alisphragmuthosis, the Pharaoh of our Joseph. This would make their date about 1900 B.C. But such discussion would be out of place in a work like this, and I shall only mention having met with an authority, which I cannot now recall, that describes the three Great Pyramids as having been designated the gold, the silver, and the jeweled, owing to their being cased over with yellow, white, and spotted marble. Much has been said to contradict their having been used as sepulchers, and with some appearance of plausibility. If they were used for this purpose, they were doubtless connected also with the worship of the country, and may have been selected for the former purpose on account of their consecration, as we use Westminster Abbey. . . .

The erection of one of these Pyramids is ascribed to a Pharaonic princess of great beauty, who was one day taunted by her father with the inutility of the admiration that she excited. Pyramid-building was then the fashion of the family, and she swore that she would leave behind her a monument of the power of her charms as perdurable as her august relations did of the power of their armies. The number of her lovers was increased by all those who were content to sacrifice their fortunes for her smiles. The Pyramid rose rapidly; with the frailty of its foundress, the massive monument increased; her lovers were ruined, but the fair architect became immortal, and found celebrity long afterwards in Sappho's verse.

Another legend relates that a beautiful Greek girl, named Rhodope, was once bathing in the Nile, and the very birds of the air hovered round to gaze upon her beauty. An eagle, more enthusiastic than the rest, carried away one of her slippers in his talons, but startled by a shout of Memphian loyalty, he let fall the souvenir at the feet of Pharaoh, who was holding his court in the open air. It is needless to add how the owner was sought, how found, how wooed, how won; and how she now sleeps within her Pyramid.

To return to practical details: the Great Pyramid covers eight acres, and is eight hundred feet in height, or one-third higher than the cross on St. Paul's. Each Pyramid appears to have stood in a square court, hewn from the

rock, in which were small tombs, and perhaps temples. Far away as the eye can follow, a line of Pyramids of various dimensions succeeds, among wavy heaps of tombs and catacombs, that might seem to be the cemetery of the whole world.

On our return to the tomb, we found the sheikh of the village, who had heard of the robber-like demands of the Arabs, and had brought his executioner to bastinado them. We refused, perhaps weakly, to permit this; and, distributing some small gratuities that made the whole tribe happy, we took our homeward way, shooting quails as we passed through the corn-fields.

BETHLEHEM.

From 'The Crescent and the Cross.'

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

—BISHOP HEBER.

After visiting the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane, I rode round the walls, and set forth across the Plain of Rephaim to visit Bethlehem.

The distance is about five miles, and the way lies for the most part over arid and dreary hills, with here and there a scanty crop of wheat in the intervening valleys, and an occasional herd of goats browsing invisible herbage, under the guardianship of a herdsman as shaggy as his flock, and as brown and almost as bare as the rocks around him.

Occasionally we catch glimpses of the wild mountain scenery that wraps the Dead Sea in its barren bosom. No other landscape in the world is like this. It resembles rather some visionary sketch of Martin's, roughly done in raw sienna, than anything in Nature; distorted piles of cinderous hills, with the Dead Sea lying among them like melted lead, unlighted even by the sunshine that is pouring so vertically down as to cast no shadow.

We pass the convent of Mar Elyas on a hill upon the left, and the tomb of Rachel, in a valley on the right. Thence

the scenery becomes more attractive; some olive groves, intermingled with small vineyards, clothe the hills; rich corn-fields are in the valleys; and lo! as we round a rugged projection in the path, Bethlehem stands before us!

This little city, as it is called by courtesy, has an imposing appearance, walled round, and commanding a fertile valley from a rugged eminence. I rode through steep and rocky streets, that were crowded with veiled and turbaned figures in their gala dresses (for it was a festival), and was much struck by the apparent cleanliness and comfort of this little Christian colony. Ibrahim Pasha, hearing complaints of quarrels between the Christian and Moslem inhabitants, and finding that the former were more numerous, ordered the latter to emigrate; so that Bethlehem is now almost exclusively Christian.

The beauty of the women of Bethlehem has often been observed upon, but I confess it did not strike me as remarkable; nor did I see a countenance there that betokened Jewish blood.

It is remarkable that the Madonna of Raphael, with which, perhaps, all Christendom associates the idea of a portrait, has nothing of the Jewish character; nor does any other master appear to have borne in mind the race that she belonged to. Except the Madonna of Murillo, and the celebrated Negro Virgin, all the pictures of value that we possess are exquisitely fair, and rather an abstraction of feminine grace, sweetness, and purity, than a resemblance of a "daughter of the house of David."

We forget that Mary was a Nazarene, and eagerly scrutinize each maiden-face in Bethlehem, for a realization of the blessed countenance that has so long haunted our imaginations—in vain: she remains as it should be, a half-divine abstraction.

The reader may smile, as I do now; but it was with something like grave respect I looked upon each carpenter in Bethlehem; the very donkeys assumed an additional interest; and the cross, with which they are so singularly marked, a meaning; the camels seemed as if they had just come from the East with gifts, and the palm-tree offered its branches to strew the holy ground; every shepherd appeared to have a mystic character; and, when night came with

stars, I looked eagerly for His, and tried to trace it over Bethlehem.

Well, these are dreams that soon dispel themselves, as we alight at the walls within which an Armenian, Greek, and Latin convent are gathered round the place of the Nativity, under one roof.

Entering by a very low door and long passage, almost upon hands and knees, I stood up under the noble dome of the Church of St. Helena. The roof, constructed of cedar wood from Lebanon, is supported by forty huge marble pillars, showing dimly the faded images of painted saints. The whole building is silent, dirty, and neglected-looking, but of noble proportions. From its court are parked off the different chapels belonging to the rival sects. The Armenian is the handsomest and wealthiest of these, as its friars are by far the most respectable.

The Chapel of the Nativity is a subterranean grotto, into which you descend in darkness that gives way to the softened light of many silver lamps suspended from the roof. Notwithstanding the improbability of this being the actual place of the Nativity, one cannot descend with indifference into the inclosure which has led so many millions of pilgrims in rags or armor during 1800 years from their distant homes. It is, however, impossible to recognize anything like reality in the mass of marble, brass, and silken tawdry ornaments, and one leaves this most celebrated spot in the world with feelings of disappointment.

I then hastened to pay my respects to our bishop, whom I found in the refectory of the Armenian convent, which the monks had surrendered to his use and that of his family. I shall long remember with grateful pleasure the evening I passed in that Armenian convent, where the kindness and piety of our bishop appeared to have conciliated towards him the affection and respect of all the monks.

I should have mentioned that, on his lordship's arrival in Jerusalem, the Armenian patriarch at once recognized his high commission, and waited on him with professions of regard and consideration that were afterwards fully borne out. The Greek patriarch imitated his example; and, as the convents form the only places of hospitality in Palestine, both the Armenians and the Greeks placed theirs at the service of our bishop and his family, and seemed

pleased and flattered when they were visited. The Roman patriarch alone stood aloof from his brother in the Church, and no communication has ever passed between the prelates of the Latin Church and ours.

It was a striking sight, that ancient refectory, gloomy with carved paneling and painted glass, occupied only by the prelate of a different creed, and the fair girl, his daughter, who sat beside him. As the dark-robed monks passed by the grating that separated the refectory from the corridor, each laid his hand upon his heart, and made a graceful reverence, with his eyes still fixed upon the ground.

After dinner, as there was still half an hour of daylight, and a bright moonlight to fall back upon, I mounted my horse, and, accompanied only by my dragoman, rode forth to the Pools of Solomon, about six miles distant, on the road to Hebron.

This neighborhood has a bad character, and I was warned more than once of danger from the Arabs, but I had so often received similar intimations that I now heard them as mere commonplaces. In the hurry of departure, my servant had come away from the convent unarmed, but he cantered along after me as cheerfully as if clad in panoply, and seemed to consider a small bottle that peeped suspiciously from his holsters as a good substitute for more offensive weapons.

As we rode out of the gates, I met a troop of girls carrying water from the well, who presented a most picturesque appearance. With one hand they supported the vase-like vessel on the head, with the other they held up their light drapery, which at every graceful movement revealed their symmetrical proportions. Delicate complexions, although united to the ever-brilliant Eastern eye, distinguished them from all the Arab women I had yet seen; while the finely cut lip, thin, but vermilion bright, and a Grecian profile, distinguished them from the Jewish race. The instep was finely arched, so that only the heel and forepart of the foot left an impression in the sand, and the carriage and attitude of the body were most graceful. Such at least was one whom I stopped upon the steep pathway to ask my way of. I think I see her now, as her round arm detached itself from the folds of her blue mantle, and was raised with pointed finger in the direction of Hebron.

Then, looking up, she said something about night and robbers, and, shaking her head as I smiled in reply, she put up her second hand to steady the water-vessel, and resumed her path.

We now pushed forward at a gallop over a wild and rocky tract, where the pathway was scarcely visible among the fragments with which it was thickly strewn; yet this has been a highway from the days of Abraham, and we read of the constant use of chariots along these roads. Now the way lay over a smooth and slippery rocky surface; now, narrowed between blocks of stone, it was covered with tangled roots or seamed by wide fissures. All the same to my bold Arab courser seemed smooth turf or rugged rock. Eagerly she swept along over hill and hollow, as if it was a pastime; bounding from rock to rock with the ease of a gazelle and the mettle of a bloodhound. The evening was sultry warm, but no stain darkened her silken skin, not a pant escaped from her deep chest, not a spot of foam flecked the Mameluke bit.

The sun was just setting in Eastern glory as we reached a vast embattled Saracenic castle, on which ruin has made but slight impression. Beneath it lie the Pools of Solomon, from which water was once conveyed to Jerusalem. They are in good repair, but quite dry, and indeed it would take all the water I have yet seen in Judea to fill them. They are three in number, at three different levels, and measure respectively about 600, 500, and 300 feet in length.

I returned more slowly and pensively to Bethlehem, by the light of as brilliant a moon as ever shone over this hallowed land in its proudest hour. On the fields through which I was passing, the glory of the Lord once shone around, and the announcement of "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men," was heard through this calm air from angel voices. In the distance, clear against the sky, stood "the city of David," from out whose gloomy walls arose the Light of the world.

As I rode thoughtfully along, I did not observe that my servant was missing: I had heard a shot, but such sounds are too familiar to excite attention in a country where every man goes armed. I rode back to the valley where I had seen him last, but there was no sign of him; a few minutes afterwards, I met a goatherd with a musket slung

upon his shoulder, which I seized hold of, as I demanded intelligence of the dragoman. The man did not appear surprised, said he had heard a shot, and had seen a man galloping off towards the mountains. At the same time, he opened the pan of his firelock, to show that *he* had not fired. I offered him a piece of gold if he would accompany me in my search, but he pointed silently to his flock, and moved on. I then rode along each path, and ascended every eminence, shouting out Nicola's name, which the echoing hills took up, and carried far away. There was no sign of him, and the rocky pathways afforded no trace. I rode back to Bethlehem, and the governor not being visible, I enlisted some volunteers in the pursuit; I then went in search of the bishop, to request that his mounted servants might assist me. He was in the convent chapel, and, hurried as I was, I paused for a moment to contemplate the scene that revealed itself as I drew aside the tapestry that hung across the doorway.

The altar blazed with gold, and the light of the consecrated lamps showed richly on its embroidered velvet drapery. The Superior of the convent, with a reverend gray beard falling over his dark purple robes, had his right hand raised in the attitude of declamation, while the Bishop, in his black dress, would have been scarcely visible in the gloom, but for the white drapery of the lady, his daughter, who leant upon his arm, and followed with her eyes the arguments of each speaker. The sudden change, from excitement, and hard riding, and crowded streets, and eager voices, to that calm, solemn chapel scene, was so imposing, that I almost forgot my haste in its contemplation; but the clank of sword and spur broke dissonantly into the conversation of the churchmen. They turned to me with anxious and kind attention, and the bishop immediately placed his groom and janissary at my disposal.

I did not wait while the servants were arming themselves and mounting; but, leaving directions for them to try the Jerusalem road, and directing some armed citizens, who pressed eagerly to be employed, to disperse themselves over the neighboring hills, I rode away to the ill-favored village, in the direction of which my servant had last been seen. This place bore an evil character in the country; it sold little but wine and spirits, and bought nothing; yet it was

walled round as carefully as if it contained the most respectable and valuable community.

Unwearied as in the morning, my gallant mare dashed away over the rocky valley, exulting in her strength and speed. She pressed against the powerful Mameluke bit, as if its curb were but a challenge, and it was only by slackening the rein that she could be induced to pause over some precipitous descent, or tangled copse; then, tossing her proud head, she would burst away again like a greyhound from the leash.

Her hoofs soon struck fire out of the flinty streets of the unpopular village; few people appeared there, and those few seemed to have just come in from the country, for every man carried a musket, and wore a knife in his sash. They answered sulkily to my inquiries, and said that no horseman had entered their village for many a day.

I now saw that it was useless to seek further until daylight, and pushed on towards a different gate from that by which I had entered. A steep street, whose only pavement was the living rock, led down to this; as I cantered along, I could see a group of dark figures standing under the archway, and the two nearest of the party had crossed their spears to arrest my passage. I could not have stopped if I would; neither the custom of the country, nor the circumstances of the case, required much ceremony; so, shouting to them to clear the way, I gave spurs to my eager steed, and burst through them as if I was "switching a rasper." The thin spears cracked like twigs; the mob rebounded to the right and left, against the wall; and though they were all armed, mine was the only steel that gleamed, as a fellow rushed forward to seize my bridle. The next moment my mare chested him, and sent him spinning and tangled in his long, blue gown, while we shot forth into the open moonlight, and, turning round a pile of ruins, were in a moment hidden from their view.

This is a sort of incident that does not happen every night; but somehow it appeared quite natural then, and I scarcely alluded to it in relating my adventures that evening. I only mention it here as characteristic of the state of the country. The citizens probably only meant to inquire, perhaps demand, the real reason of my untimely

visit; but the result would probably have been an uncomfortable one to a solitary stranger.

I now held on my way for Bethlehem, when, at a turn of the path, I came suddenly upon an armed party. They proved to be only some Bethlehemites, however, who had come out to inform me that my servant was found. They would scarcely believe that I had been in and *out* of that "den of robbers," as they harshly called the village I had just been visiting, and at the same time requested a reward for their services. A few minutes afterwards I found my unfortunate dragoman at the convent, pale and trembling, and leaning against his foaming horse, while a crowd of men, women, and children were listening, with open mouths and eyes, to his adventures.

He had forgotten his rosary at the Pools of Solomon, and rashly turned back to look for it. As he was descending a steep part of the road, an Arab had fired at him from behind a rock, so close that his jacket was singed, while the bullet had torn off part of the embroidery of his collar. I believe the poor fellow would have preferred having his skin scratched, but he was so terrified that as he galloped off he mistook the road, and never drew rein until he reached Jerusalem. Here he found the gates closed, and the guard refused to admit him: he had been met at last by the bishop's janissary making the best of his way back to Bethlehem.

I had enjoyed my moonlight gallop, notwithstanding my anxiety for the cause of it; yet I found it a most pleasant change to join the quiet tea-party in the refectory. It was a rare and real pleasure to enjoy such society, under such circumstances; and the evening flew rapidly away, and the convent's chimes announced the hour for prayer. Then, in the midst of that gloomy convent, I heard the noble liturgy of our own creed read by a father of our own Church, whose voice was echoed by the spot from whence that worship sprung.

And afterwards we walked on the convent's terraced roof, and traced by the clear moonlight the various scenes of interest that lay beneath us. In yonder valley Ruth was found gleaning by her gentle kinsman; yonder mountain is Goliath's hill. Among those fields on which a glory seems still to shine, the shepherds received the angel tid-

ings that Christ was come. Beneath us was the manger where he lay; around us the objects on which his infant eyes unclosed; from beyond those distant, pale blue mountains came the "kings of Arabia and Saba, bringing gifts," and over the hill country opposite, in after-ages, came other pilgrims in warrior guise or humble weed, ready to lay down their lives, their loves—anything but their sins—upon that hallowed spot.

SIR JAMES WARE.

(1594—1666.)

JAMES WARE was born in Castle Street, Dublin, Nov. 26, 1594 ; his father was Auditor-General of Ireland. At sixteen he entered Trinity College, and while there made the acquaintance of Ussher. Before he was thirty years of age, he had made an important collection of books and manuscripts. In 1626 he visited London, and in that same year the 'Antiquities of Ireland' began to appear. It was published in parts, and bears evidences of patchwork. Soon after his return to Ireland he began the publication of his 'Lives of the Irish Bishops'; two years later, in 1628, he again visited London, and brought back to Ireland large additions to his collection. In 1629 he was knighted, and in 1632, when his father died, he succeeded to both the fortune and office of his parent. In 1639 he was made one of the Privy Council, and the same year he published his most quoted work, 'Writers of Ireland.' In this year also he was elected Member of Parliament for the University of Dublin.

On his way to Ireland the vessel in which he sailed was captured by a Parliamentary vessel, and he was sent a prisoner to the Tower of London. After his release he resided in France for some time, continuing his favorite pursuits of hunting for manuscripts and making extracts from those lent to him or which he was allowed to see. In 1651 he was permitted to return to London on family business, and in 1653 he was allowed to return to Ireland. In 1654 he published his final installment of the 'Antiquities of Ireland,' of which a second and improved edition appeared in 1659. In 1656 appeared his 'Works Ascribed to St. Patriek,' in 1664 his 'Annals of Ireland,' and in 1665 he saw the completion of his 'Lives of the Irish Bishops.'

The Restoration brought about Ware's restoration to his previous offices and at the election for Parliament he was again chosen Member for the University. A little later, Dec. 1 (Wills says the 3d) 1666, he died, famed for uprightness and benevolence. He was buried in the family vault in the Church of St. Werburgh, Dublin.

Ware's works were all written and published in Latin, but in the following century they were translated into English by Walter Harris, who married Ware's great-granddaughter, and thereby inherited his manuscripts.

LANGUAGE OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.

From 'The Whole Works of Sir James Ware concerning Ireland.'

Some learned men are of the opinion that the British was the ancient language of the Irish; and they labor to demonstrate this assertion from the vast abundance of

British words which the Irish, even at this day, use, either entire or but little corrupted. I confess I am of the same opinion, but as I think that their most ancient language was British, introduced among them by their first colonies, who were from Britain, so I cannot but be of opinion that their proper language was partly refined and polished by the intermixture of other colonies, and that it was partly changed by the revolutions of time. According to Horace—

“ Such words which now the present age decries,
 Shall in the next with approbation rise;
 Others, grown old in fame and high request,
 In the succeeding age shall be suppress.
 So much doth custom o’er our speech prevail,
 The sole unquestioned judge and law of all.”

The Greeks and Italians may serve us for examples of this assertion, and (which is not to be forgotten in this place) it is evident that, in some years after the arrival of the Saxons, the British language was in Britain itself, as it were, banished and thrust down into Cornwall and Wales, insomuch that in the other parts of the island scarce the least trace or footstep of the ancient language remains to this day.

Besides, as the Irish of old spoke the ancient British language, so also they borrowed their alphabet or letters from the ancient Britains, as it is possible the Saxons afterwards might have done from the Irish, when they flocked to their schools for the sake of education. Further, as, among other arguments, the first inhabitants of Ireland are thought to be colonies of Britains, from the affinity between their languages, so the Albanian Scots, especially those of the north, are for the same reason thought to be colonies of the Irish. “It is from many arguments plain (says Johannes Major) that we derive our origin from the Irish. This we are taught by Bede, an Englishman, who would not be fond of lessening the offspring of his own country; this is evident from the language, for almost half Scotland speaks Irish at this day, and more did so some time past.”

Besides the vulgar characters, the ancient Irish made use of various occult forms and artificial rules in writing called *ogam*, to which they committed their secret affairs.

I have in my custody an ancient parchment book filled with such characters.

SURNAMES OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.

From 'The Whole Works of Sir James Ware concerning Ireland.'

Surnames have been added to the proper names of the ancient Irish either from some remarkable action, or from the quality of the mind, or from the color, or mark, or defect in the body, or from some accident, and sometimes ironically. Thus Neill, king of Ireland, was called Nigia-lac,¹ because he had exacted nine hostages from the petty kings, and held them for some time bound in fetters. King Brien was called Boruma, because he had recovered from the provincialists of Leinster an annual tribute called by that name. Caenfela was called the wise; St. Barr, Finn Barr, or Barr the white; St. Cornin, Fada, *i. e.* long Cornin; and Æd. Clericus Barbosus, the bearded clerk, from an overgrown beard he affected to wear. . . . The same practice prevailed among the Grecians. Seleucus, the third king of Syria, was called Ceraunus, the thunderbolt, from his violent temper. Ptolemy, the seventh king of Egypt, was known by the name of Physcon, from the grossness of his paunch; and, to pass by other instances, the last Ptolemy save one was called Auletes, or the piper, from his excessive fondness of the pipe. So, among the Romans, Marcus Valerius was called Corvus, and his posterity Corvini, because in a single combat he slew a Gaul, who had challenged him, by the help of a raven. One of the Scipios got the name of Africanus, the other of Asiaticus, from victories obtained by them in these two different quarters of the world. So a man born in the absence of his father was called Proclus, if after his father's death, Posthumus, and if lame, Claudius. . . .

It is to be observed that the old Irish besides surnames took other names, by ancient custom, from their paternal names, as Dermot MacCormac, or the son of Cormac; Cormac MacDonald, or the son of Donald; Donald MacTirdelvach, or the son of Tirlagh.

¹ *Nigi* signifies nine, and *geall* a pledge or hostage.

At length, in the reign of King Brien, the surnames of the Irish, or family names, began to be fixed, and handed down to posterity with the aspirate *h* or the monosyllable *ca* prefixed, which was afterwards changed into the vowel *O*, and signifies one descended from some chieftain or head of a principal family, as O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Neill. Yet it must be confessed that some centuries after King Brien's reign numbers of families took no fixed or certain surnames.

It has been observed by writers that about the year 1000, in Brien's reign, surnames also began to be assumed in France, England, and Scotland, first among people of distinction, and afterwards by degrees among the inferior sort. Finally, after surnames were settled in Ireland, some particular children of Irish families had additional sobriquets or nicknames given them, as Bane—White, Boy—Yellow, Bacca—Lame, Moil—Bald, and the like; and the same custom also gradually crept in among some families of English birth.

THE ORIGIN OF THE IRISH.

From 'The Whole Works of Sir James Ware concerning Ireland.'

It is certain there is nothing concerning the first original of nations to be found anywhere worthy of credit but in Holy Writ. Moses hath given us a catalogue of the posterity of Noah, whose children and grandchildren he recounts in order, probably not all, but the principal of them, from whom the most famous nations of the world have drawn their names and originals. "By the sons of Japhet the isles of the Gentiles were divided in their lands, every man after his tongue, and after their families in their nations." Commentators interpret the isles of the Gentiles to mean the maritime parts of Asia, and all Europe, to which the necessary passage is by sea. Josephus hath placed the posterity of Japhet in those countries of Asia which lie extended from the mountains Taurus and Amanus near the Mediterranean Sea, to the river Tanais northward of the Euxine, and from thence hath brought them into Europe, as far as the Gades, that is

Cadiz or Cades, within the mouth of the Streights of Gibraltar.

If then this be so, it is easy to conceive how the rest of Europe came in time to be peopled. For as the nature of man is inquisitive after novelties, and as the number of our ancestors increased, both necessity and curiosity forced them to go in quest of other countries, at once to gratify their ambition and find room for their people. From Cadiz we can easily see them dispersing themselves over Spain; from thence in process of time pushing one another forward into Germany, Gaul, etc., and across the narrow firth from Calis to the coast of Kent; from thence by degrees northward into that part of Britain since called Scotland, and south and southwest to Wales; from each of which countries Ireland is visible, and might easily receive colonies in their wicker corraghs, and other contrivances of these early ages. And this I take to be the most rational way of accounting for the first planting of Ireland; as it is most natural to suppose, that islands were first planted from countries that border nearest to them; which is the reason given by Tacitus why the Gauls first peopled Britain.

But as Ireland, with the rest of Europe, are descended from Japhet, the difficulty then remains from which of his sons we are to claim our original. In the time of Moses the names and fixed seats of the descendants of Noah were without question clear enough; but now, after the space of upwards of three thousand years, after so many flittings, changes, and confusions of nations, there remains nothing to rely upon.

It is very observable what Josephus says upon this subject. "From this time forward (*i. e.* from the confusion of Babel) the multitudes dispersed themselves into divers countries and planted colonies in all places. Some there were also who, passing the sea in ships and vessels, first peopled the islands; and there are some nations likewise who at this day retain the names which in times past were imposed on them; some others have changed them, and others are altered into names more familiar and known to the neighbors, and deriving them from the Greeks, the authors of such titles. For they in latter time, having grown to great name and power, appropriated the ancient

glory to themselves in giving names to the nations which they subdued, as if they took their original from them."

We see here a lively picture of the dispersion and plantation of colonies in several parts of the world, and of the changes and variations of their names; we see the ambitious humor of the Greeks in seeking to draw other nations to a dependence on them for their originals; which hath afforded scope enough to later writers for invention. But to proceed. If we allow the progress and dispersion of our ancestors to be in the manner as before is set forth, then we must admit our descent from Gomer, the eldest son of Japhet, through the Britains, who are confessedly descended from that original. Josephus is my witness that Gomer was the founder of the Gomarians, whom the Greeks (says he) called Galatians, others Gallo-Grecians. Berossus styles Gomer himself Gomerus-Gallus, Gomer the Gaul. . . . But this descent from the Britains must be understood of the first and early colonies arriving in Ireland, which by the best account are allowed to be of British original and consequently descended from Gomer.

As to the Milesian or Scythian, which was the last that got footing in Ireland before the arrival of the English, Magog, another son of Japhet, was their ancestor. The sacred historian gives no manner of account of the sons of Magog; but Josephus makes him "the founder of the Magogians," called by the Greeks Scythians, and whom Ptolemy names the Massagetæ. Keating hath given us a particular genealogy of the posterity of Magog to Milesius through twenty-two generations, and hath conducted them in their several voyages until he sets them down in Spain in as exact manner as if he had been their pilot.

JAMES WHITESIDE.

(1806—1876.)

JAMES WHITESIDE was born Aug. 12, 1806, in Delgany, County Wicklow, and was the son of the Rev. William Whiteside, rector of the parish. His undergraduate career in Trinity College was distinguished and he was graduated with honors. In 1830 he was called to the Irish bar, and before long had a large practice and made a high reputation. In 1842 he was made a Q. C., and from that time onward there was scarcely a case of great importance at nisi prius in which he was not employed. He was sought as counsel in the most momentous state prosecutions of his country, and particularly in that which is one of the most remarkable in the history of Ireland.

When O'Connell, Charles Gavan Duffy, and their colleagues, were put on trial in 1844, Whiteside was one of the counsel for their defense. At the end of the first day of the speech there rose enthusiastic cheers from all parts of the court—from men and from women, from lawyers accustomed to control their feelings—from Catholic and Protestant; and his peroration is said to have moved to tears even the judges, who assuredly were not easily impressed by appeals in favor of O'Connell and his friends. Again, in 1848, he was counsel in a great state trial, his client on this occasion being Smith O'Brien. In 1851 he was returned as Member for Enniskillen. Before long he had established a position at St. Stephen's equal to that which he had so long held in his own profession.

In 1852 he became Solicitor-General, and in 1858 Attorney-General for Ireland. During this period he was still actively engaged in his profession, and in 1861 he was one of the counsel for Miss Longworth in the famous Yelverton trial.

In 1866, with the return of the Conservative party to office, Mr. Whiteside once more became Attorney-General. He held his post for but a few weeks, the resignation of Mr. Lefroy, leaving a vacancy in the Lord-Chief-Justiceship of the Queen's Bench. It was almost a necessity of his position, perhaps also of his years, that he should have accepted this office. But it added nothing to his fame, and perhaps little to his comfort. He died Nov. 25, 1876.

A tour for the benefit of his health produced 'Italy in the Nineteenth Century'—a work sketchy, disconnected, commonplace, which, first published in 1848, passed through six editions. 'Vicissitudes of the Eternal City' was published in 1849. A volume of his essays and lectures, historical and literary, was published in 1869.

IN DEFENSE OF CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

I have told you what constitutes the great crime of conspiracy; it is one of combination, and it is fearfully set forth in books, so often quoted in the history of the state

trials of England, where there are terrible examples given of wrong verdicts, by which men were deprived of their liberty, their lives, and by which innocence was struck down. But, on the other hand, there were in those state trials great and glorious examples of triumphs over power, over the crown, and over kings—as in the case of Hardy on parliamentary reform, and in the case of Horne Tooke, who saved public opinion so far from being extinguished in England, and which would have been the case had not the jury interfered. In earlier days, in the days of the Second James, the seven bishops were charged with a conspiracy for asserting the opinion of freedom; but then a jury also interfered, and those bishops were acquitted, and acquitted amidst those shouts which proclaimed universal freedom. In darker periods of history—in the times of Cromwell, who usurped the monarchy and all under the sacred name of religion, yet dared not to abolish the forms of public justice, they so prevailed and subsisted—that when, in the plenitude of his power, he prosecuted for a libel, there were twelve honest men who had the courage not to pronounce the defendant guilty, thus proving that the unconquerable love of liberty still survived in the hearts of Englishmen. I will say that the true object of this unprecedented prosecution is to stifle the discussion of a great public question. Reviewed in this light, all other considerations sink into insignificance, its importance becomes vast indeed. A nation's rights are involved in the issue—a nation's liberties are at stake—that one—what preserves the precious privileges you possess? The exercise of the right of political discussion—free, untrammelled, bold. The laws which wisdom framed—the institutions struck out by patriotism, learning, or genius—can they preserve the springs of freedom fresh and pure? No; destroy the right of free discussion, and you dry up the sources of freedom. By the same means by which your liberties were won, can they be increased or defended. Do not quarrel with the partial evils free discussion creates, nor seek to contract the enjoyment of the greatest privilege within the narrow limit timid men prescribe. With the passing mischiefs of its extravagance, contrast the prodigious blessings it has heaped on man.

Free discussion aroused the human mind from the

torpor of ages—taught it to think, and shook the thrones of ignorance and darkness. Free discussion gave to Europe the Reformation, which I have been taught to believe the mightiest event in the history of the human race—illuminated the world with the radiant light of spiritual truth. May it shine with steady and increasing splendor! Free discussion gave to England the Revolution, abolished tyranny, swept away the monstrous abuses it rears, and established the liberties under which we live. Free discussion, since that glorious epoch, has not only preserved but purified our constitution, reformed our laws, reduced our punishments, and extended its wholesome influence to every portion of our political system. The spirit of inquiry it creates has revealed the secrets of nature—explained the wonders of creation, teaching the knowledge of the stupendous works of God. Arts, science, civilization, freedom, pure religion, are its noble realities. Would you undo the labors of science, extinguish literature, stop the efforts of genius, restore ignorance, bigotry, barbarism,—then put down free discussion, and you have accomplished all. Savage conquerors, in the blindness of their ignorance, have scattered and destroyed the intellectual treasures of a great antiquity. Those who make war on the sacred rights of free discussion, without their ignorance imitate their fury. They may check the expression of some thought which, if uttered, might redeem the liberties or increase the happiness of man. The insidious assailants of this great prerogative of intellectual beings, by the cover under which they advance, conceal the character of their assault upon the liberties of the human race. They seem to admit the liberty to discuss—blame only its extravagance, pronounce hollow praises on the value of freedom of speech, and straightway begin a prosecution to cripple or destroy it. The open despot avows his object is to oppress or enslave—resistance is certain to encounter his tyranny, and perhaps subvert it. Not so the artful assailant of a nation's rights—he declares friendship while he wages war, and professes affection for the thing he hates.

State prosecutions, if you believe them, are ever the fastest friends of freedom. They tell you peace is disturbed, order broken by the excesses of turbulent and seditious

demagogues. No doubt there might be a seeming peace—a deathlike stillness—by repressing the feelings and passions of men. So in the fairest portions of Europe this day, there is peace, and order, and submission, under paternal despotism, ecclesiastical and civil. That peace springs from terror, that submission from ignorance, that silence from despair. Who dares discuss, when with discussion and by discussion tyranny must perish? Compare the stillness of despotism with the healthful animation, the natural warmth, the bold language, the proud bearing, which spring from freedom, and the consciousness of its possession. Which will you prefer? Insult not the dignity of manhood by supposing that contentment of the heart can exist under despotism. There may be degrees in its severity, and so degrees in the sufferings of its victims. Terrible the dangers which lurk beneath the calm surface of despotic power. The movements of the oppressed will at times disturb the tyrant's tranquillity, and warn him, that their day of vengeance or of triumph may be nigh. But in these happy countries the very safety of the state consists in freedom of discussion. Partial evils in all systems of political governments there must be; but their worst effects are obviated when their cause is sought for, discovered, considered, discussed. Milton has taught a great political truth, in language as instructive as his sublimest verse:—“For this is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievances ever should arise in the commonwealth—that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed—then is the utmost bound of civil liberty obtained that wise men look for.” Suffer the complaints of the Irish people to be freely heard. You want the power to have them speedily reformed. Their case to-day may be yours to-morrow. Preserve the right of free discussion as you would cling to life. Combat error with argument, misrepresentation by fact, falsehood with truth. “For who knows not,” saith the same great writer, “that truth is strong—next to the Almighty? One needs no policies nor stratagems to make her victorious—these are the shifts error uses against her power.”

If this demand for a native parliament rest on a delusion, dispel that delusion by the omnipotence of truth.

Why do you love—why do other nations honor England? Are you—are they dazzled by her naval or military glories, the splendor of her literature, her sublime discoveries in science, her boundless wealth, her almost incredible labors in every work of art and skill? No; you love her—you cling to England because she has been for ages past the seat of free discussion, and therefore, the home of rational freedom, and the hope of oppressed men throughout the world. Under the laws of England it is our happiness to live. They breathe the spirit of liberty and reason. Emulate this day the great virtues of Englishmen—their love of fairness—their immovable independence, and the sense of justice rooted in their nature—these are the virtues which qualify jurors to decide the rights of their fellow-men. Deserted by these, of what avail is the tribunal of a jury? It is worthless as the human body when the living soul has fled. Prove to the accused, from whom, perchance, you widely differ in opinion—whose liberties and fortunes are in your hands—that you are there not to persecute, but to save. Believe me, you will not secure the true interests of England by leaning too severely on your countrymen. They say to their English brethren, and with truth—We have been at your side whenever danger was to be faced or honor won. The scorching sun of the east and the pestilence of the west, we have endured to spread your commerce—to extend your empire—to uphold your glory. The bones of our countrymen whitened the fields of Portugal, of Spain, of France. Fighting your battles they fell—in a nobler cause they could not. We have helped to gather your imperishable laurels. We have helped to win your immortal triumphs. Now, in time of peace, we ask you to restore that parliament you planted here with your laws and language, uprooted in a dismal period of our history, in the moment of our terror, our divisions, our weakness, it may be our crime. Re-establish the commons on the broad foundation of the people's choice—replace the peerage, the Corinthian pillars of the capitol, secured and adorned with the strength and splendor of the crown—and let the monarch of England, as in ages past, rule a brilliant and united empire in solidity, magnificence, and power.

When the privileges of the English parliament were in-

vaded, that people took the field, struck down the ministry, and dragged their sovereign to the block. We shall not imitate English precedent, while we struggle for a parliament. That institution you prize so sighly, which fosters your wealth, adds to your prosperity, and guards your freedom, was ours for six hundred years. Restore the blessing and we shall be content. This prosecution is not essential for the maintenance of the authority and prerogative of the crown. Our gracious sovereign needs not state prosecutions to secure her prerogatives or preserve her power. She has the unbought loyalty of a chivalrous and gallant people. The arm of authority she requires not to raise. The glory of her gentle reign will be—she will have ruled, not by the sword, but by the affections; that the true source of her power has been, not in terrors of the law but in the hearts of her people. Your patience is exhausted. If I have spoken suitably to the subject, I have spoken as I could have wished; but if, as you may think, deficiently, I have spoken as I could. Do you, from what has been said, and from the better arguments omitted, which may be well suggested by your manly understandings and your honest hearts, give a verdict consistent with justice, yet leaning to liberty—dictated by truth, yet inclining to the side of the accused men, struggling against the weight, and power, and influence of the crown, and prejudice more overwhelming still—a verdict undesired by any party, but to be applauded by the impartial monitor within your breasts, becoming the high spirit of Irish gentlemen, and the intrepid guardians of the rights and liberties of a free people.

LADY WILDE ("SPERANZA").

(1826—1896.)

JANE FRANCESCA ELGEE, afterward Lady Wilde, was the daughter of a Wexford clergyman, and was born in 1826. She came of an Italian family long settled in Ireland. McClure, the discoverer, was her uncle, and she was related to Maturin, the author of 'Bertram.'

In the year 1844 Charles Gavan Duffy received at *The Nation* office some verses which were signed "Speranza," with no indication of the real name of the author. From time to time other verses came from the same hand. They attracted much attention even in the pages which were then made bright by so many brilliant poets, and the verses of "Speranza" became more welcome than those of any other writer of the time. "Speranza," moreover, was not only a maker of poems, for some of the most daring, effective, and vehement prose articles of *The Nation* also came from her hand. One of the articles attributed to "Speranza's" pen was the well-known one headed 'Jaeta alea est' (the die is cast), which created more sensation than anything that had previously appeared in *The Nation*, and was one of those produced on the trial of Charles Gavan Duffy. After some months of mystification, Mr. Duffy was invited to a house in Lisson Street, and there the editor of *The Nation*, brought face to face with the contributor, found to his surprise that "Speranza" was not a man but a lady in her early youth.

"Speranza" proved to be Jane Francesca Elgee, a young lady who had been brought up amid surroundings of such intense Conservatism that when the immense funeral procession that marked the admiration in which Thomas Davis was held passed by her window she did not know who that great poet was. Some time after this she got hold of *The Spirit of the Nation*, containing poems by Dalton Williams; her imagination was fired and her patriotic feelings were aroused. The passionate rhetoric of her verses, which reflected her own fearless and generous character, helped in no small degree to make *The Nation* a political force, but, as in the case of many other writers of both prose and verse, she won her true literary success in the former medium.

In 1851 Miss Elgee became the wife of Dr. Wilde, afterward Sir William Wilde, who died in 1869 in Dublin, where he had held for many years an eminent position in his profession. Lady Wilde survived her husband for over a quarter of a century, and continued to write till within a short time of her death, which occurred in 1896.

She published among her prose volumes, 'Driftwood from Scandinavia' (1884), 'Legends and Charms of Ireland' (1886), 'Social Studies' (1893), and a pamphlet on the 'Irish in America,' which attracted great attention on both sides of the Atlantic. She also published several translations of French and German works, among others 'Sidonia the Sorceress,' from the German; and a very remarkable philosophical novel from the German, entitled 'The First Temptation, or Eritis sicut Deus.' Some of her most interesting work was the gathering up of 'The Ancient Legends of Ireland.'

THE DEMON CAT.

From 'Ancient Legends of Ireland.'

There was a woman in Connemara, the wife of a fisherman; as he had always good luck, she had plenty of fish at all times stored away in the house ready for market. But, to her great annoyance, she found that a great cat used to come in at night and devour all the best and finest fish. So she kept a big stick by her, and determined to watch.

One day, as she and a woman were spinning together, the house suddenly became quite dark; and the door was burst open as if by the blast of the tempest, when in walked a huge black cat, who went straight up to the fire, then turned round and growled at them.

"Why, surely this is the devil," said a young girl, who was by, sorting fish.

"I'll teach you how to call me names," said the cat; and, jumping at her, he scratched her arm till the blood came. "There, now," he said, "you will be more civil another time when a gentleman comes to see you." And with that he walked over to the door and shut it close, to prevent any of them going out, for the poor young girl, while crying loudly from fright and pain, had made a desperate rush to get away.

Just then a man was going by, and hearing the cries, he pushed open the door and tried to get in; but the cat stood on the threshold, and would let no one pass. On this the man attacked him with his stick, and gave him a sound blow; the cat, however, was more than a match in the fight, for it flew at him and tore his face and hands so badly that the man at last took to his heels and ran away as fast as he could.

"Now, it's time for my dinner," said the cat, going up to examine the fish that was laid out on the tables. "I hope the fish is good to-day. Now, don't disturb me, nor make a fuss; I can help myself." With that he jumped up and began to devour all the best fish, while he growled at the woman.

"Away, out of this, you wicked beast," she cried, giving it a blow with the tongs that would have broken its back,

only it was a devil; "out of this; no fish shall you have to-day."

But the cat only grinned at her, and went on tearing and spoiling and devouring the fish, evidently not a bit the worse for the blow. On this, both the women attacked it with sticks, and struck hard blows enough to kill it, on which the cat glared at them, and spit fire; then, making a leap, it tore their heads and arms till the blood came, and the frightened women rushed shrieking from the house.

But presently the mistress returned, carrying with her a bottle of holy water; and, looking in, she saw the cat still devouring the fish, and not minding. So she crept over quietly and threw holy water on it without a word. No sooner was this done than a dense black smoke filled the place, through which nothing was seen but the two red eyes of the cat, burning like coals of fire. Then the smoke gradually cleared away, and she saw the body of the creature burning slowly till it became shriveled and black like a cinder, and finally disappeared. And from that time the fish remained untouched and safe from harm, for the power of the evil one was broken, and the demon cat was seen no more.

THE HORNED WOMEN.

From 'Ancient Legends of Ireland.'

A rich woman sat up late one night carding and preparing wool, while all the family and servants were asleep. Suddenly a knock was given at the door, and a voice called—"Open! open!"

"Who is there?" said the woman of the house.

"I am the Witch of the one Horn," was answered.

The mistress, supposing that one of her neighbors had called and required assistance, opened the door, and a woman entered, having in her hand a pair of wool carders, and bearing a horn on her forehead, as if growing there. She sat down by the fire in silence, and began to card the wool with violent haste. Suddenly she paused, and said aloud: "Where are the women? they delay too long."

Then a second knock came to the door, and a voice called as before, "Open! open!"

The mistress felt herself constrained to rise and open to the call, and immediately a second witch entered, having two horns on her forehead, and in her hand a wheel for spinning wool.

"Give me place," she said, "I am the Witch of the two Horns," and she began to spin as quick as lightning.

And so the knocks went on, and the call was heard, and the witches entered, until at last twelve women sat round the fire—the first with one horn, the last with twelve horns.

And they carded the thread, and turned their spinning-wheels, and wound and wove.

All sang together an ancient rhyme, but no word did they speak to the mistress of the house. Strange to hear, and frightful to look upon, were these twelve women, with their horns and their wheels; and the mistress felt near to death, and she tried to rise that she might call for help, but she could not move, nor could she utter a word or a cry, for the spell of the witches was upon her.

Then one of them called to her in Irish, and said—

"Rise, woman, and make us a cake." Then the mistress searched for a vessel to bring water from the well that she might mix the meal and make the cake, but she could find none.

And they said to her, "Take a sieve and bring water in it."

And she took the sieve and went to the well; but the water poured from it, and she could fetch none for the cake, and she sat down by the well and wept.

Then a voice came by her and said, "Take yellow clay and moss, and bind them together, and plaster the seive so that it will hold."

This she did, and the sieve held the water for the cake; and the voice said again—

"Return, and when thou comest to the north angle of the house, cry aloud three times and say, 'The mountain of the Fenian women and the sky over it is all on fire.'"

And she did so.

When the witches inside heard the call, a great and terrible cry broke from their lips, and they rushed forth with

wild lamentations and shrieks, and fled away to Slievenamon,¹ where was their chief abode. But the Spirit of the Well bade the mistress of the house to enter and prepare her home against the enchantments of the witches if they returned again.

And first, to break their spells, she sprinkled the water in which she had washed her child's feet (the feet-water) outside the door on the threshold; secondly, she took the cake which the witches had made in her absence of meal mixed with the blood drawn from the sleeping family, and she broke the cake in bits, and placed a bit in the mouth of each sleeper, and they were restored; and she took the cloth they had woven and placed it half in and half out of the chest with the padlock; and lastly, she secured the door with a great crossbeam fastened in the jambs, so that they could not enter, and having done these things she waited.

Not long were the witches in coming back, and they raged and called for vengeance.

"Open! open!" they screamed, "open, feet-water!"

"I cannot," said the feet-water, "I am scattered on the ground, and my path is down to the Lough."

"Open. open, wood and trees and beam!" they cried to the door.

"I cannot," said the door, "for the beam is fixed in the jambs and I have no power to move."

"Open, open, cake that we have made and mingled with blood!" they cried again.

"I cannot," said the cake, "for I am broken and bruised and my blood is on the lips of the sleeping children."

Then the witches rushed through the air with great cries, and fled back to Slievenamon, uttering strange curses on the Spirit of the Well, who had wished their ruin; but the woman and the house were left in peace, and a mantle dropped by one of the witches in her flight was kept hung up by the mistress as a sign of the night's awful contest; and this mantle was in possession of the same family from generation to generation for five hundred years after.

¹ *Sliabh-na-mban*—i.e. mountains of the women.

THE PRIEST'S SOUL.

From 'Ancient Legends of Ireland.'

In former days there were great schools in Ireland, where every sort of learning was taught to the people, and even the poorest had more knowledge at that time than many a gentleman has now. But as to the priests, their learning was above all, so that the fame of Ireland went over the whole world, and many kings from foreign lands used to send their sons all the way to Ireland to be brought up in the Irish schools.

Now, at this time there was a little boy learning at one of them who was a wonder to every one for his cleverness. His parents were only laboring people, and of course poor; but young as he was, and as poor as he was, no king's or lord's son could come up to him in learning. Even the masters were put to shame; for when they were trying to teach him he would tell them something they never heard of before, and show them their ignorance. One of his great triumphs was in argument; and he would go on till he proved to you that black was white, and then when you gave in, for no one could beat him in talk, he would turn round and show you that white was black, or maybe that there was no color at all in the world. When he grew up his poor father and mother were so proud of him that they resolved to make him a priest, which they did at last, though they nearly starved themselves to get the money. Well, such another learned man was not in Ireland, and he was as great in argument as ever, so that no one could stand before him. Even the bishops tried to talk to him, but he showed them at once they knew nothing at all.

Now, there were no schoolmasters in those times, but it was the priests taught the people; and as this man was the cleverest in Ireland, all the foreign kings sent their sons to him, as long as he had house-room to give them. So he grew very proud, and began to forget how low he had been, and worst of all, even to forget God, who had made him what he was. And the pride of arguing got hold of him, so that from one thing to another he went on to prove that there was no Purgatory, and then no Hell, and

then no Heaven, and then no God; and at last that men had no souls, but were no more than a dog or a cow, and when they died there was an end of them. "Whoever saw a soul?" he would say. "If you can show me one, I will believe." No one could make any answer to this; and at last they all came to believe that as there was no other world, every one might do what they liked in this; the priest setting the example, for he took a beautiful young girl to wife. But as no priest or bishop in the whole land could be got to marry them, he was obliged to read the service over for himself. It was a great scandal, yet no one dared to say a word, for all the king's sons were on his side, and would have slaughtered any one who tried to prevent his wicked goings-on. Poor boys; they all believed in him and thought every word he said was the truth. In this way his notions began to spread about, and the whole world was going to the bad, when one night an angel came down from Heaven, and told the priest he had but twenty-four hours to live. He began to tremble, and asked for a little more time.

But the angel was stiff, and told him that could not be. "What do you want time for, you sinner?" he asked.

"Oh, sir, have pity on my poor soul!" urged the priest.

"Oh, no! You have a soul, then," said the angel. "Pray, how did you find that out?"

"It has been fluttering in me ever since you appeared," answered the priest. "What a fool I was not to think of it before."

"A fool, indeed," said the angel. "What good was all your learning, when it could not tell you that you had a soul?"

"Ah, my lord," said the priest, "if I am to die, tell me how soon I may be in Heaven?"

"Never," replied the angel. "You denied there was a Heaven."

"Then, my lord, may I go to Purgatory?"

"You denied Purgatory also; you must go straight to Hell," said the angel.

"But, my lord, I denied Hell also," answered the priest, "so you can't send me there either."

The angel was a little puzzled.

"Well," said he, "I'll tell you what I can do for you.

You may either live now on earth for a hundred years, enjoying every pleasure, and then be cast into Hell forever; or you may die in twenty-four hours in the most horrible torments, and pass through Purgatory, there to remain till the Day of Judgment, if only you can find some one person that believes, and through his belief mercy will be vouchsafed to you, and your soul will be saved."

The priest did not take five minutes to make up his mind.

"I will have death in the twenty-four hours," he said, "so that my soul may be saved at last."

On this the angel gave him directions as to what he was to do, and left him.

Then immediately the priest entered the large room where all the scholars and the kings' sons were seated, and called out to them—

"Now, tell me the truth, and let none fear to contradict me; tell me what is your belief—have men souls?"

"Master," they answered, "once we believed that men had souls; but thanks to your teaching, we believe so no longer. There is no Hell, and no Heaven, and no God. This is our belief, for it is thus you taught us."

Then the priest grew pale with fear, and cried out—"Listen! I taught you a lie. There is a God, and man has an immortal soul. I believe now all I denied before."

But the shouts of laughter that rose up drowned the priest's voice, for they thought he was only trying them for argument.

"Prove it, master," they cried. "Prove it. Who has ever seen God? Who has ever seen the soul?"

And the room was stirred with their laughter.

The priest stood up to answer them, but no word could he utter. All his eloquence, all his powers of argument had gone from him; and he could do nothing but wring his hands and cry out, "There is a God! there is a God! Lord have mercy on my soul!"

And they all began to mock him! and repeat his own words that he had taught them—

"Show him to us; show us your God." And he fled from them, groaning with agony, for he saw that none believed; and how, then, could his soul be saved?

But he thought next of his wife. "She will believe," he said to himself; "women never give up God."

And he went to her; but she told him that she believed only what he taught her, and that a good wife should believe in her husband first and before and above all things in Heaven or earth.

Then despair came on him, and he rushed from the house, and began to ask every one he met if they believed. But the same answer came from one and all—"We believe only what you have taught us," for his doctrine had spread far and wide through the country.

Then he grew half mad with fear, for the hours were passing, and he flung himself down on the ground in a lonesome spot, and wept and groaned in terror, for the time was coming fast when he must die.

Just then a little child came by. "God save you kindly," said the child to him.

The priest started up.

"Do you believe in God?" he asked.

"I have come from a far country to learn about him," said the child. "Will your honor direct me to the best school they have in these parts?"

"The best school and the best teacher is close by," said the priest, and he named himself.

"Oh, not to that man," answered the child, "for I am told he denies God, and Heaven, and Hell, and even that man has no soul, because he cannot see it; but I would soon put him down."

The priest looked at him earnestly. "How?" he inquired.

"Why," said the child, "I would ask him if he believed he had life to show me his life."

"But he could not do that, my child," said the priest. "Life cannot be seen; we have it, but it is invisible."

"Then if we have life, though we cannot see it, we may also have a soul, though it is invisible," answered the child.

When the priest heard him speak these words, he fell down on his knees before him, weeping for joy, for now he knew his soul was safe; he had met one at last that believed. And he told the child his whole story—all his wickedness, and pride, and blasphemy against the great God; and how the angel had come to him, and told him of

the only way in which he could be saved, through the faith and prayers of some one that believed.

"Now, then," he said to the child, "take this penknife and strike it into my breast, and go on stabbing the flesh until you see the paleness of death on my face. Then watch—for a living thing will soar up from my body as I die, and you will then know that my soul has ascended to the presence of God. And when you see this thing, make haste and run to my school, and call on all my scholars to come and see that the soul of their master has left the body, and that all he taught them was a lie, for that there is a God who punishes sin, and a Heaven, and a Hell, and that man has an immortal soul destined for eternal happiness or misery."

"I will pray," said the child, "to have courage to do this work."

And he kneeled down and prayed. Then when he rose up he took the penknife and struck it into the priest's heart, and struck and struck again till all the flesh was lacerated; but still the priest lived, though the agony was horrible, for he could not die until the twenty-four hours had expired.

At last the agony seemed to cease, and the stillness of death settled on his face. Then the child, who was watching, saw a beautiful living creature, with four snow-white wings, mount from the dead man's body into the air and go fluttering round his head.

So he ran to bring the scholars; and when they saw it, they all knew it was the soul of their master; and they watched with wonder and awe until it passed from sight into the clouds.

And this was the first butterfly that was ever seen in Ireland; and now all men know that the butterflies are the souls of the dead, waiting for the moment when they may enter Purgatory, and so pass through torture to purification and peace.

But the schools of Ireland were quite deserted after that time, for people said, "What is the use of going so far to learn, when the wisest man in all Ireland did not know if he had a soul till he was near losing it, and was only saved at last through the simple belief of a little child?"

SEANCHAN THE BARD AND THE KING OF
THE CATS.

When Seanchan, the renowned Bard, was made *Ard-Filé*, or Chief Poet of Ireland, Guaire, the king of Connaught, to do him honor, made a great feast for him and the whole Bardic Association. And all the professors and learned men went to the king's house, the great ollaves of poetry and history and music, and of the arts and sciences; and the learned, aged females, Grug and Grag and Grangait; and all the chief poets and poetesses of Ireland, an amazing number. But Guaire the king entertained them all splendidly, so that the ancient pathway to his palace is still called "The Road of the Dishes."

And each day he asked, "How fares it with my noble guests?" But they were all discontented, and wanted things he could not get for them. So he was very sorrowful, and prayed to God to be delivered from "the learned men and women, a vexatious class."

Still the feast went on for three days and three nights. And they drank and made merry. And the whole Bardic Association entertained the nobles with the choicest music and professional accomplishments.

But Seanchan sulked and would neither eat nor drink, for he was jealous of the nobles of Connaught. And when he saw how much they consumed of the best meats and wine, he declared he would taste no food till they and their servants were all sent away out of the house.

And when Guaire asked him again, "How fares my noble guest, and this great and excellent people?" Seanchan answered, "I have never had worse days, nor worse nights, nor worse dinners in my life." And he ate nothing for three whole days.

Then the king was sorely grieved that the whole Bardic Association should be feasting and drinking while Seanchan, the chief poet of Erin, was fasting and weak. So he sent his favorite serving-man, a person of mild manners and cleanliness, to offer special dishes to the bard.

"Take them away," said Seanchan; "I'll have none of them."

"And why, O Royal Bard?" asked the servitor.

"Because thou art an uncomely youth," answered Sean-

chan. "Thy grandfather was chip-nailed—I have seen him; I shall eat no food from thy hands."

Then the king called a beautiful maiden to him, his foster-daughter, and said, "Lady, bring thou this wheaten cake and this dish of salmon to the illustrious poet, and serve him thyself." So the maiden went.

But when Seanchan saw her he asked: "Who sent thee hither, and why hast thou brought me food?"

"My Lord the king sent me, O Royal Bard," she answered, "because I am comely to look upon, and he bade me serve thee with food myself."

"Take it away," said Seanchan, "thou art an unseemly girl, I know of none more ugly. I have seen thy grandmother; she sat on a wall one day and pointed out the way with her hand to some traveling lepers. How could I touch thy food?" So the maiden went away in sorrow.

And then Guaire the king was indeed angry, and he exclaimed, "My malediction on the mouth that uttered that! May the kiss of a leper be on Seanchan's lips before he dies!"

Now there was a young serving-girl there, and she said to Seanchan, "There is a hen's egg in the place, my lord; may I bring it to thee, O Chief Bard?"

"It will suffice," said Seanchan; "bring it that I may eat."

But when she went to look for it, behold the egg was gone.

"Thou hast eaten it," said the bard, in wrath.

"Not so, my lord," she answered; "but the mice, the nimble race, have carried it away."

"Then I will satirize them in a poem," said Seanchan; and forthwith he chanted so bitter a satire against them that ten mice fell dead at once in his presence.

"'T is well," said Seanchan; "but the cat is the one most to blame, for it was her duty to suppress the mice. Therefore I shall satirize the tribe of the cats, and their chief lord, Irusan, son of Arusan; for I know where he lives with his wife Spit-fire, and his daughter Sharp-tooth, with her brothers the Purrer and the Growler. But I shall begin with Irusan himself, for he is king, and answerable for all the cats."

And he said: "Irusan, monster of claws, who strikes

at the mouse but lets it go; weakest of cats. The otter did well who bit off the tips of thy progenitor's ears, so that every cat since is jagged-eared. Let thy tail hang down; it is right, for the mouse jeers at thee."

Now Irusan heard these words in his cave, and he said to his daughter Sharp-tooth: "Seanchan has satirized me, but I will be avenged."

"Nay, father," she said, "bring him here alive that we may all take our revenge."

"I shall go then and bring him," said Irusan; "so send thy brothers after me."

Now when it was told to Seanchan that the King of the Cats was on his way to come and kill him, he was timorous, and besought Guaire and all the nobles to stand by and protect him. And before long a vibrating, impressive, impetuous sound was heard like a raging tempest of fire in full blaze. And when the cat appeared he seemed to them of the size of a bullock; and this was his appearance—rapacious, panting, jagged-eared, snub-nosed, sharp-toothed, nimble, angry, vindictive, glare-eyed, terrible, sharp-clawed. Such was his similitude. But he passed on amongst them, not minding till he came to Seanchan; and him he seized by the arm and jerked him upon his back, and made off the way he came before any one could touch him; for he had no other object in view but to get hold of the poet.

Now Seanchan, being in evil plight, had recourse to flattery. "O Irusan," he exclaimed, "how truly splendid thou art: such running, such leaps, such strength, and such agility! But what evil have I done, O Irusan, son of Arusan? spare me, I entreat. I invoke the saints between thee and me, O great King of the Cats."

But not a bit did the cat let go his hold for all this fine talk, but went straight on to Clonmacnoise, where there was a forge; and St. Kieran happened to be there standing at the door.

"What!" exclaimed the saint; "is that the Chief Bard of Erin on the back of a cat? Has Guaire's hospitality ended in this?" And he ran for a red-hot bar of iron that was in the furnace, and struck the cat on the side with it, so that the iron passed through him, and he fell down lifeless.

"Now my curse on the hand that gave that blow!" said the bard, when he got upon his feet.

"And wherefore?" asked St. Kieran.

"Because," answered Seanchan, "I would rather Irusan had killed me, and eaten me every bit, that so I might bring disgrace on Guaire for the bad food he gave me; for it was all owing to his wretched dinners that I got into this plight."

And when all the other kings heard of Seanchan's misfortunes, they sent to beg he would visit their courts. But he would have neither kiss nor welcome from them, and went on his way to the bardic mansion, where the best of good living was always to be had. And ever after the kings were afraid to offend Seanchan.

So long as he lived he had the chief place at the feast, and all the nobles there were made to sit below him, and Seanchan was content. And in time he and Guaire were reconciled; and Seanchan and all the ollaves, and the whole Bardic Association, were feasted by the king for thirty days in noble style, and had the choicest of viands and the best of French wines to drink, served in goblets of silver. And in return for his splendid hospitality the Bardic Association decreed unanimously a vote of thanks to the king. And they praised him in poems as "Guaire the Generous," by which name he was ever after known in history, for the words of the poet are immortal.

THE BLACK LAMB.

It is a custom amongst the people, when throwing away water at night, to cry out in a loud voice, "Take care of the water;" or literally, from the Irish, "Away with yourself from the water"—for they say that the spirits of the dead last buried are then wandering about, and it would be dangerous if the water fell on them.

One dark night a woman suddenly threw out a pail of boiling water without thinking of the warning words. Instantly a cry was heard, as of a person in pain, but no one was seen. However, the next night a black lamb entered the house, having the back all fresh scalded, and it

lay down moaning by the hearth and died. Then they all knew that this was the spirit that had been scalded by the woman, and they carried the dead lamb out reverently, and buried it deep in the earth. Yet every night at the same hour it walked again into the house, and lay down, moaned, and died; and after this had happened many times, the priest was sent for, and finally, by the strength of his exorcism, the spirit of the dead was laid to rest; the black lamb appeared no more. Neither was the body of the dead lamb found in the grave when they searched for it, though it had been laid by their own hands deep in the earth, and covered with clay.

THE EXODUS.

“A million a decade!” Calmly and cold
The units are read by our statesmen sage;
Little they think of a nation old,
Fading away from history’s page;
Outcast weeds by a desolate sea—
Fallen leaves of humanity.

“A million a decade!”—of human wrecks,
Corpses lying in fever sheds—
Corpses huddled on foundering decks,
And shroudless dead on their rocky beds;
Nerve and muscle, and heart and brain,
Lost to Ireland—lost in vain.

“A million a decade!” Count ten by ten,
Column and line of the record fair;
Each unit stands for ten thousand men,
Staring with blank, dead eye-balls there;
Strewn like blasted trees on the sod,
Men that were made in the image of God.

“A million a decade!”—and nothing done;
The Cæsars had less to conquer a world;
And the war for the right not yet begun,
The banner of freedom not yet unfurled:
The soil is fed by the weed that dies;
If forest leaves fall, yet they fertilize.

But ye—dead, dead, not climbing the height,
Not clearing a path for the future to tread;
Not opening the golden portals of light,
Ere the gate was choked by your piled-up dead:
Martyrs ye, yet never a name
Shines on the golden roll of fame.

Had ye rent one gyve of the festering chain,
Strangling the life of the nation's soul;
Poured your life-blood by river and plain,
Yet touched with your dead hand freedom's goal;
Left of heroes one footprint more
On our soil, tho' stamped in your gore—

We could triumph while mourning the brave,
Dead for all that was holy and just,
And write, through our tears, on the grave,
As we flung down the dust to dust—
"They died for their country, but led
Her up from the sleep of the dead."

"A million a decade!" What does it mean?
A nation dying of inner decay—
A churchyard silence where life has been—
The base of the pyramid crumbling away:
A drift of men gone over the sea,
A drift of the dead where men should be.

Was it for this ye plighted your word,
Crowned and crownless rulers of men.
Have ye kept faith with your crucified Lord,
And fed his sheep till he comes again?
Or fled like hireling shepherds away,
Leaving the fold the gaunt wolf's prey?

Have ye given of your purple to cover,
Have ye given of your gold to cheer,
Have ye given of your love, as a lover
Might cherish the bride he held dear,
Broken the sacrament-bread to feed
Souls and bodies in uttermost need?

Ye stand at the judgment-bar to-day—
The angels are counting the dead-roll, too;
Have ye trod in the pure and perfect way,
And ruled for God as the crowned should do?
Count our dead—before angels and men,
Ye're judged and doomed by the statist's pen.

RELATED SOULS.

Between us may roll the severing ocean
 That girdles the land where the red suns set,
 But the spell and thrill of that strange emotion
 Which touched us once is upon us yet.
 Ever your soul shadows mine, o'erleaning
 The deepest depths of my inmost thought;
 And still on my heart comes back the meaning
 Of all your eloquent lips have taught.
 Time was not made for spirits like ours,
 Nor the changing light of the changing hours;
 For the life eternal still lies below
 The drifted leaves and the fallen snow.

Chords struck clear from our human nature
 Will vibrate still to that past delight
 When our genius sprang to its highest stature,
 And we walked like gods on the spirit-height.
 Can we forget—while these memories waken,
 Like golden strings 'neath the player's hands,
 Or as palms that quiver, by night-winds shaken,
 Warm with the breath of the perfumed lands?
 Philosophy lifted her torch on high,
 And we read the deep things of the spirit thereby,
 And I stood in the strength your teaching gave,
 As under Truth's mighty architrave.

Royally crowned were those moments of feeling,
 Or sad with the softness of twilight skies,
 While silent tears came mournfully stealing
 Up through the purple depths of our eyes!
 I think of you now—while ocean is dashing
 The foam in a thunder of silver spray,
 And the glittering gleams of the white oars flashing
 Die in the sunset flush of the day.
 For all things beautiful, free, divine,
 The music that floats through the waving pine,
 The starry night, or the infinite sea,
 Speak with the breath of your spirit to me.

All my soul's unfulfilled aspiration—
 Founts that flow from eternal streams—
 Awoke to life, like a new creation,
 In the paradise light of your glowing dreams.

As gold refined in a threefold fire,
As the Talith robe of the sainted dead,
Were the pure, high aims of our hearts' desire,
The words we uttered, the thoughts half said.
We spoke of the grave with a voice unmoved,
Of love that could die as a thing disproved,
And we poured the rich wine, and drank, at our pleasure,
Of the higher life, without stint or measure.

Time fled onward without our noting,
Soft as the fall of the summer rain,
While thoughts in starry cascades came floating
Down from the living fount of the brain.
Yet—better apart! Without human aidance
I cross the River of Life and Fate—
Wake me no more with that voice, whose cadence
Could lure me back from the Golden Gate;
For my spirit would answer your spirit's call,
Though life lay hid where the death-shadows fall,
And the mystic joys of the world unseen
Would be less to me than the days that have been.

Life may be fair in that new existence
Where saints are crowned and the saved rejoice,
But over the depth of the infinite distance
I'll lean and listen to hear your voice.
For never on earth, though the tempest rages,
And never in heaven, if God be just,
Never through all the unnumbered ages
Can souls be parted that love and trust.
Wait—there are worlds diviner than this,
Worlds of splendor, of knowledge, and bliss!
Across the death-river—the victory won—
We shall meet in the light of a changeless sun.

TO IRELAND.

My country, wounded to the heart,
Could I but flash along thy soul
Electric power to rive apart
The thunder-clouds that round thee roll,
And, by my burning words, uplift
Thy life from out Death's icy drift,
Till the full splendors of our age
Shone round thee for thy heritage—

As Miriam's, by the Red Sea strand
 Clashing proud cymbals, so my hand
 Would strike thy harp,
 Loved Ireland!

She flung her triumphs to the stars
 In glorious chants for freedom won,
 While over Pharaoh's gilded cars
 The fierce, death-bearing waves rolled on;
 I can but look in God's great face,
 And pray him for our fated race,
 To come in Sinai thunders down,
 And, with his mystic radiance, crown
 Some prophet-leader, with command
 To break the strength of Egypt's band,
 And set thee free,
 Loved Ireland!

New energies, from higher source,
 Must make the strong life-currents flow,
 As Alpine glaciers in their course
 Stir the deep torrents 'neath the snow.
 The woman's voice dies in the strife
 Of Liberty's awakening life;
 We wait the hero heart to lead,
 The hero, who can guide at need,
 And strike with bolder, stronger hand,
 Though towering hosts his path withstand,
 Thy golden harp,
 Loved Ireland!

For I can breathe no trumpet call,
 To make the slumbering soul arise;
 I only lift the funeral-pall,
 That so God's light might touch thine eyes,
 And ring the silver prayer-bell clear,
 To rouse thee from thy trance of fear;
 Yet, if thy mighty heart has stirred,
 Even with one pulse-throb at my word,
 Then not in vain my woman's hand
 Has struck the gold harp while I stand,
 Waiting thy rise,
 Loved Ireland!

FAMINE SCENE IN IRELAND

From a photograph by A. Ayton, Londonderry



THE FAMINE YEAR.

Weary men, what reap ye?—"Golden corn for the stranger."
What sow ye?—"Human corpses that await for the Avenger."
Fainting forms, all hunger-stricken, what see you in the
offing?

"Stately ships to bear our food away amid the stranger's
scoffing."

There's a proud array of soldiers—what do they round your
door?

"They guard our master's granaries from the thin hands of the
poor."

Pale mothers, wherefore weeping?—"Would to God that we
were dead—

Our children swoon before us, and we cannot give them
bread!"

Little children, tears are strange upon your infant faces,
God meant you but to smile within your mother's soft em-
braces.

"Oh! we know not what is smiling, and we know not what is
dying;

But we're hungry, very hungry, and we cannot stop our
crying;

And some of us grow cold and white—we know not what it
means.

But as they lie beside us we tremble in our dreams."

There's a gaunt crowd on the highway—are ye come to pray
to man,

With hollow eyes that cannot weep, and for words your faces
wan?

"No; the blood is dead within our veins; we care not now for
life;

Let us die hid in the ditches, far from children and from wife;

We cannot stay to listen to their raving, famished cries—

Bread! Bread! Bread!—and none to still their agonies.

We left an infant playing with her dead mother's hand:

We left a maiden maddened by the fever's scorching brand:"

Better, maiden, thou wert strangled in thy own dark-twisted
tresses!

Better, infant, thou wert smothered in thy mother's first
caresses.

"We are fainting in our misery, but God will hear our groan;
Yea, if fellow-men desert us, He will hearken from His throne!

Accursed are we in our own land, yet toil we still and toil;
But the stranger reaps our harvest—the alien owns our soil.
O Christ, how have we sinned, that on our native plains
We perish, houseless, naked, starved, with branded brow, like
Cain's?

Dying, dying wearily, with a torture sure and slow—
Dying as a dog would die, by the wayside as we go.

“One by one they're falling round us, their pale faces to the
sky;

We've no strength left to dig them graves—there let them lie.
The wild bird, when he's stricken, is mourned by the others,
But we, we die in Christian land—we die amid our brothers—
In the land which God has given—like a wild beast in his
cave,

Without a tear, a prayer, a shroud, a coffin, or a grave.
Ha! but think ye the contortions on each dead face ye see,
Shall not be read on judgment-day by the eyes of Deity?

“We are wretches, famished, scorned, human tools to build
your pride,
But God will yet take vengeance for the souls for whom Christ
died.

Now is your hour of pleasure, bask ye in the world's caress;
But our whitening bones against ye will arise as witnesses,
From the cabins and the ditches, in their charred, uncoffined
masses,

For the ANGEL OF THE TRUMPET will know them as he passes.
A ghastly, spectral army before great God we'll stand
And arraign ye as our murderers, O spoilers of our land!”

OSCAR WILDE.

(1856—1900.)

OSCAR FINGAL O'FLAHERTIE WILLS WILDE was born in Dublin, in 1856. He was the son of Sir Wm. Wilde and J. Francesca Elgee—Lady Wilde (*q.v.*). He was educated at Enniskillen and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he won the Berkeley gold medal with an essay on the Greek comic poets. He afterward went to Oxford and was graduated there in 1878.

On leaving college he plunged into the vortex of London society, posed as the apostle of culture, established for himself a reputation as a wit, and by the charm of his conversation attracted to him the brightest spirits of his time.

At this period he contributed poems to *The Month*, *The Catholic Mirror*, *The Irish Monthly*, *Kottabos*, and to *Time*. These poems were collected and published in a volume in 1882.

His affectations and mannerisms caused him to be caricatured in *Punch*, good-humoredly rallied in all the public prints, and satirized in a comic opera by Gilbert and Sullivan entitled *Patience*, of which he was the central figure, as the poet Bunthorne.

His fame soon spread to the United States, and in 1882 he came here on a lecturing tour. On arriving he sent a characteristic cablegram to England saying that he was "disappointed with the Atlantic," and that the American and English people had everything in common "except, of course, language."

He married in 1884 the daughter of Horace Lloyd, LL.D., Q.C., and for some time thenceforward was busily occupied in literature. He wrote two original and very successful volumes of fairy tales, 'The Happy Prince' and 'A House of Pomegranates,' two stories entitled 'Lord Arthur Savile's Crime' and 'The Picture of Dorian Gray,' and published a volume of essays entitled 'Intentions.' The stage next attracted his attention, and some of his tragedies and comedies were highly successful. Among the latter may be mentioned 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' 'An Ideal Husband,' 'A Woman of No Importance,' and 'The Importance of Being in Earnest.'

The closing years of his career were dark and sorrowful indeed. He became involved in the meshes of the law, and was condemned to a term of imprisonment. On his release he went to live in France, and died there in the year 1900. Soon after his release he published the ballad of 'Reading Gaol,' which has been characterized by a competent critic as second only, in weird power, to Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner.' He was, as the late William E. Henley once said, "the sketch of a great man." As a wit and a dramatist he is worthy to be compared to that other Irishman of genius, William Congreve.

LIFE, ART, AND NATURE.

From 'The Decay of Lying.'

Vivian. Paradox though it may seem—and paradoxes are always dangerous things—it is none the less true that Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life. We have all seen in our own day in England how a certain curious and fascinating type of beauty, invented and emphasized by two imaginative painters, has so influenced Life that whenever one goes to a private view or to an artistic salon one sees, here the mystic eyes of Rossetti's dream, the long ivory throat, the strange square-cut jaw, the loosened shadowy hair that he so ardently loved, there the sweet maidenhood of "The Golden Stair," the blossom-like mouth and weary loveliness of the "Laus Amoris," the passion-pale face of Andromeda, the thin hands and lithe beauty of the Vivien in "Merlin's Dream." And it has always been so. A great artist invents a type, and Life tries to copy it, to reproduce it in a popular form, like an enterprising publisher. Neither Holbein nor Vandyck found in England what they had given us. They brought their types with them, and Life with her keen imitative faculty set herself to supply the master with models.

The Greeks, with their quick artistic instinct, understood this, and set in the bride's chamber the statue of Hermes or of Apollo, that she might bear children as lovely as the works of art that she looked at in her rapture or her pain. They knew that Life gains from Art not merely spirituality, depth of thought and feeling, soul-turmoil or soul-peace, but that she can form herself on the very lines and colors of Art, and can reproduce the dignity of Pheidias as well as the grace of Praxiteles. Hence came their objection to realism. They disliked it on purely social grounds. They felt that it inevitably makes people ugly, and they were perfectly right. We try to improve the conditions of the race by means of good air, free sunlight, wholesome water, and hideous bare buildings for the better housing of the lower orders. But these things merely produce health, they do not produce beauty. For this, Art is required, and the true disciples of the great artist are not his studio-imitators, but those who

become like his works of art, be they plastic as in Greek days, or pictorial as in modern times: in a word, Life is Art's best, Art's only pupil.

As it is with the visible arts, so it is with literature. The most obvious and the vulgarest form in which this is shown is in the case of the silly boys who, after reading the adventures of Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin, pillage the stalls of unfortunate applewomen, break into sweet-shops at night, and alarm old gentlemen who are returning home from the city by leaping out on them in suburban lanes, with black masks and unloaded revolvers. This interesting phenomenon, which always occurs after the appearance of a new edition of either of the books I have alluded to, is usually attributed to the influence of literature on the imagination. But this is a mistake. The imagination is essentially creative, and always seeks for a new form. The boy-burglar is simply the inevitable result of life's imitative instinct. He is Fact, occupied as Fact usually is, with trying to reproduce Fiction, and what we see in him is repeated on an extended scale throughout the whole of life.

Schopenhauer has analyzed that pessimism that characterizes modern thought, but Hamlet invented it. The world has become sad because a puppet was once melancholy. The Nihilist, that strange martyr who has no faith, who goes to the stake without enthusiasm, and dies for what he does not believe in, is a purely literary product. He was invented by Tourgénéieff, and completed by Dostoieffski. Robespierre came out of the pages of Rousseau as surely as the People's Palace rose out of the *débris* of a novel. Literature always anticipates life. It does not copy it, but molds it to its purpose. The nineteenth century, as we know it, is largely an invention of Balzac. Our Luciens de Rubempré, our Rastignacs, and De Marsays made their first appearance on the stage of the *Comédie Humaine*. We are merely carrying out, with footnotes and unnecessary additions, the whim or fancy or creative vision of a great novelist. I once asked a lady who knew Thackeray intimately, whether he had any model for Becky Sharp. She told me that Becky was an invention, but that the idea of the character had been partly suggested by a governess who lived in the neighborhood of

Kensington Square, and was the companion of a very selfish and rich old woman. I inquired what became of the governess, and she replied that, oddly enough, some years after the appearance of 'Vanity Fair,' she ran away with the nephew of the lady with whom she was living, and for a short time made a great splash in society, quite in Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's style, and entirely by Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's methods. Ultimately she came to grief, disappeared to the Continent, and used to be occasionally seen at Monte Carlo and other gambling places.

The noble gentleman from whom the same great sentimentalist drew Colonel Newcome died, a few months after 'The Newcomes' had reached a fourth edition, with the word "Adsum" on his lips. Shortly after Mr. Stevenson published his curious psychological story of transformation, a friend of mine, called Mr. Hyde, was in the north of London, and being anxious to get to a railway station, took what he thought would be a short cut, lost his way, and found himself in a network of mean, evil-looking streets. Feeling rather nervous, he began to walk extremely fast, when suddenly out of an archway ran a child right between his legs. It fell on the pavement, he tripped over it, and trampled upon it. Being of course very much frightened and a little hurt, it began to scream, and in a few seconds the whole street was full of rough people who came pouring out of the houses like ants. They surrounded him, and asked him his name. He was just about to give it when he suddenly remembered the opening incident in Mr. Stevenson's story. He was so filled with horror at having realized in his own person that terrible and well written scene, and at having done accidentally, though in fact, what the Mr. Hyde of fiction had done with deliberate intent, that he ran away as hard as he could go. He was, however, very closely followed, and finally he took refuge in a surgery, the door of which happened to be open, where he explained to a young assistant, who happened to be there, exactly what had occurred. The humanitarian crowd were induced to go away on his giving them a small sum of money, and as soon as the coast was clear he left. As he passed out, the name on the brass door-plate of the surgery caught his eye. It was "Jekyll." At least it should have been.

Here the imitation, as far as it went, was of course accidental. In the following case the imitation was self-conscious. In the year 1879, just after I had left Oxford, I met at a reception at the house of one of the Foreign Ministers a woman of very curious exotic beauty. We became great friends, and were constantly together. And yet what interested me most in her was not her beauty, but her character, her entire vagueness of character. She seemed to have no personality at all, but simply the possibility of many types. Sometimes she would give herself up entirely to Art, turn her drawing-room into a studio, and spend two or three days a week at picture-galleries or museums. Then she would take to attending race-meetings, wear the most horsey clothes, and talk about nothing but betting. She abandoned religion for mesmerism, mesmerism for politics, and politics for the melodramatic excitements of philanthropy. In fact, she was a kind of Proteus, and as much a failure in all her transformations as was that wondrous sea-god when Odysseus laid hold of him. One day a serial began in one of the French magazines. At that time I used to read serial stories, and I well remember the shock of surprise I felt when I came to the description of the heroine. She was so like my friend that I brought her the magazine, and she recognized herself in it immediately, and seemed fascinated by the resemblance.

I should tell you, by the way, that the story was translated from some dead Russian writer, so that the author had not taken his type from my friend. Well, to put the matter briefly, some months afterwards I was in Venice, and finding the magazine in the reading-room of the hotel, I took it up casually to see what had become of the heroine. It was a most piteous tale, as the girl had ended by running away with a man absolutely inferior to her, not merely in social station, but in character and intellect also. I wrote to my friend that evening about my views on John Bellini, and the admirable ices at Florio's, and the artistic value of gondolas, but added a postscript to the effect that her double in the story had behaved in a very silly manner. I don't know why I added that, but I remember I had a sort of dread over me that she might do the same thing. Before my letter had reached her, she had

run away with a man who deserted her in six months. I saw her in 1884 in Paris, where she was living with her mother, and I asked her whether the story had had anything to do with her action. She told me that she had felt an absolute irresistible impulse to follow the heroine step by step in her strange and fatal progress, and that it was with a feeling of real terror that she had looked forward to the last few chapters of the story. When they appeared, it seemed to her that she was compelled to reproduce them in life, and she did so. It was a most clear example of this imitative instinct of which I was speaking, and an extremely tragic one.

However, I do not wish to dwell any further upon individual instances. Personal experience is a most vicious and limited circle. All that I desire to point out is the general principle that Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life, and I feel sure that if you think seriously about it you will find that it is true. Life holds the mirror up to Art, and either reproduces some strange type imagined by painter or sculptor, or realizes in fact what has been dreamed in fiction. Scientifically speaking, the basis of life—the energy of life, as Aristotle would call it—is simply the desire for expression, and Art is always presenting various forms through which this expression can be attained. Life seizes on them and uses them, even if they be to her own hurt. Young men have committed suicide because Rolla did so, have died by their own hand because by his own hand Werther died.

Cyril. The theory is certainly a very curious one, but to make it complete you must show that Nature, no less than Life, is an imitation of Art. Are you prepared to prove that?

Vivian. Certainly. Where, if not from the Impressionists, do we get those wonderful brown fogs that come creeping down our streets, blurring the gas-lamps and changing the houses into monstrous shadows? To whom, if not to them and their master, do we owe the lovely silver mists that brood over our river, and turn to faint forms of fading grace curved bridge and swaying barge? The extraordinary change that has taken place in the climate of London during the last ten years is entirely due to this particular school of Art. You smile. Consider the matter

from a scientific or a metaphysical point of view, and you will find that I am right. For what is Nature? Nature is no great mother who has borne us. She is our creation. It is in our brain that she quickens to life. Things are because we see them, and what we see, and how we see it, depends on the Arts that have influenced us. To look at a thing is very different from seeing a thing. One does not see anything until one sees its beauty. Then, and then only, does it come into existence. At present, people see fogs, not because there are fogs, but because poets and painters have taught them the mysterious loveliness of such effects. There may have been fogs for centuries in London. I dare say there were. But no one saw them, and so we do not know anything about them. They did not exist until Art had invented them. Now, it must be admitted, fogs are carried to excess. They have become the mere mannerism of a clique, and the exaggerated realism of their method gives dull people bronchitis. Where the cultured catch an effect, the uncultured catch cold. And so, let us be humane, and invite Art to turn her wonderful eyes elsewhere. She has done so already, indeed. That white quivering sunlight that one sees now in France, with its strange blotches of mauve, and its restless violet shadows, is her latest fancy, and, on the whole, Nature produces it quite admirably.

Where she used to give us Corots and Daubignys, she gives us now exquisite Monets and entrancing Pissaros. Indeed there are moments, rare, it is true, but still to be observed from time to time, when Nature becomes absolutely modern. Of course she is not always to be relied upon. The fact is that she is in this unfortunate position. Art creates an incomparable and unique effect, and, having done so, passes on to other things. Nature, upon the other hand, forgetting that imitation can be made the sincerest form of insult, keeps on repeating this effect until we all become absolutely wearied of it. Nobody of any real culture, for instance, ever talks nowadays about the beauty of the sunset. Sunsets are quite old-fashioned. They belong to the time when Turner was the last note in Art. To admire them is a distinct sign of provincialism of temperament. Upon the other hand, they go on. Yesterday evening Mrs. Arundel insisted on my going to the win-

dow, and looking at the glorious sky, as she called it. Of course, I had to look at it. She is one of those absurdly pretty Philistines, to whom one can deny nothing. And what was it? It was simply a very second-rate Turner, a Turner of a bad period, with all the Painter's worst faults exaggerated and over-emphasized. Of course, I am quite ready to admit that Life very often commits the same error. She produces her false Renés and her sham Vautrins, just as Nature gives us, on one day a doubtful Cuyp, and on another a more than questionable Rousseau. Still, Nature irritates one more when she does things of that kind. It seems so stupid, so obvious, so unnecessary. A false Vautrin might be delightful. A doubtful Cuyp is unbearable. However, I don't want to be too hard on Nature. I wish the Channel, especially at Hastings, did not look quite so often like a Henry Moore, gray pearl with yellow lights, but then, when Art is more varied, Nature will, no doubt, be more varied also. That she imitates Art, I don't think even her worst enemy would deny now. It is the one thing that keeps her in touch with civilized man.

THE SELFISH GIANT.

From 'The Happy Prince, and Other Tales.'

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach-trees that in the spring-time broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. "How happy we are here!" they cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation was limited, and

he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden.

"What are you doing there?" he cried in a gruff voice, and the children ran away.

"My own garden is my own garden," said the Giant; "any one can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself." So he bult a high wall all round it, and put up a notice-board.

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED.

He was a very selfish Giant.

The poor children had now nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high wall when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside. "How happy we were there," they said to each other.

Then the Spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice-board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. "Spring has forgotten this garden," they cried, "so we will live here all the year round." The Snow covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimney-pots down. "This is a delightful spot," he said, "we must ask the Hail on a visit." So the Hail came. Every day for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle till he broke most of the slates, and then he ran round the garden as fast as he could go. He was dressed in gray, and his breath was like ice.

"I cannot understand why the spring is so late in coming," said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden; "I hope there will be a change in the weather."

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant's garden she gave none. "He is too selfish," she said. So it was always Winter there, and the North Wind, and the Hail, and the Frost, and the Snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the Hail stopped dancing over his head, and the North Wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casement. "I believe the Spring has come at last," said the giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their arms gently above the children's heads. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene, only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still quite covered with frost and snow, and the North Wind was blowing and roaring above it. "Climb up! little boy," said the tree and it bent its branches down as low as it could; but the boy was too tiny.

And the Giant's heart melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why the

Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's playground for ever and ever." He was really very sorry for what he had done.

So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they all ran away. Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant stole up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant's neck, and kissed him. And the other children, when they saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the Spring. "It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at twelve o'clock they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-bye.

"But where is your little companion?" he said, "the boy I put into the tree." The Giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

"We don't know," answered the children; "he has gone away."

"You must tell him to be sure and come here to-morrow," said the Giant. But the children said that they did not know where he lived, and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again. The Giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and often spoke of him. "How I would like to see him!" he used to say.

Years went over, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any more, so he sat in a huge armchair, and watched the children at their games,

and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said, "but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the Winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder, and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvelous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said, "Who hath dared to wound thee?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet.

"Who hath dared to wound thee?" cried the Giant; "tell me, that I may take my big sword and slay him."

"Nay!" answered the child; "but these are the wounds of Love."

"Who art thou?" said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him, "You let me play once in your garden, to-day you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise."

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.

AVE IMPERATRIX.

Set in this stormy Northern sea,
Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England! What shall men say of thee,
Before whose feet the worlds divide?

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
Lies in the hollow of thy hand,
And through its heart of crystal pass,
Like shadows through a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war,
The long white-crested waves of fight,
And all the deadly fires which are
The torches of the lords of Night.

The yellow leopards, strained and lean,
The treacherous Russian knows so well,
With gaping blackened jaws are seen
To leap through hail of screaming shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,
To battle with the storm that mars
The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen-throated clarion blows
Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
And the high steep of Indian snows
Shake to the tread of armed men.

And many an Afghan chief who lies
Beneath his cool pomegranate-trees,
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
When on the mountain-side he sees

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind meet
Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,
England with bare and bloody feet
Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

O lonely Himalayan height,
Gray pillar of the Indian sky,
Where saw'st thou last in clanging fight
Our wingèd dogs of Victory?

The almond groves of Samarcand,
Bokhara, where red lilies blow,

And Oxus, by whose yellow sand
The grave white-turbaned merchants **go**;

And on from thence to Ispahan,
The gilded garden of the sun,
Whence the long dusty caravan
Brings cedar and vermillion;

And that dread city of Cabool
Set at the mountain's scarpèd feet,
Whose marble tanks are ever full
With water for the noonday heat,

Where through the narrow straight **Bazaar**
A little maid Circassian
Is led, a present from the Czar
Unto some old and bearded khan,—

Here have our wild war-eagles flown,
And flapped wide wings in fiery fight;
But the sad dove, that sits alone
In England—she hath no delight.

In vain the laughing girl will lean
To greet her love with love-lit eyes:
Down in some treacherous black ravine,
Clutching his flag, the dead boy lies.

And many a moon and sun will see
The lingering wistful children wait
To climb upon their father's knee;
And in each house made desolate

Pale women who have lost their lord
Will kiss the relics of the slain—
Some tarnished epaulette—some sword—
Poor toys to soothe such anguished pain.

For not in quiet English fields
Are these, our brothers, lain to rest,
Where we might deck their broken shields
With all the flowers the dead love best.

For some are by the Delhi walls,
And many in the Afghan land,
And many where the Ganges falls
Through seven mouths of shifting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie,
And others in the seas which are
The portals to the East, or by
The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

O wandering graves! O restless sleep!
O silence of the sunless day!
O still ravine! O stormy deep!
Give up your prey! Give up your prey!

And those whose wounds are never healed,
Whose weary race is never won,
O Cromwell's England! must thou yield
For every inch of ground a son?

Go! crown with thorns thy gold-crowned head,
Change thy glad song to song of pain;
Wind and wild wave have got thy dead,
And will not yield them back again.

Wave and wild wind and foreign shore
Possess the flower of English land—
Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more,
Hands that shall never clasp thy hand.

What profit now that we have bound
The whole round world with nets of gold,
If hidden in our heart is found
That care that groweth never old?

What profit that our galleys ride,
Pine-forest like, on every main?
Ruin and wreck are at our side,
Grim warders of the House of Pain.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet?
Where is our English chivalry?
Wild grasses are their burial-sheet,
And sobbing waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,
What word of love can dead lips send?
O wasted dust! O senseless clay!
Is this the end? Is this the end?

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble dead
To vex their solemn slumber so;

Though childless, and with thorn-crowned head,
Up the steep road must England go.

Yet when this fiery web is spun,
Her watchman shall descry from far
The young Republic like a sun
Rise from these crimson seas of war.

APOLOGIA.

Is it thy will that I should wax and wane,
Barter my cloth of gold for hodden gray,
And at thy pleasure weave that web of pain
Whose brightest threads are each a wasted day?

Is it thy will—Love that I love so well—
That my Soul's House should be a tortured spot
Wherein, like evil paramours, must dwell
The quenchless flame, the worm that dieth not?

Nay, if it be thy will I shall endure,
And sell ambition at the common mart,
And let dull failure be my vestiture,
And sorrow dig its grave within my heart.

Perchance it may be better so—at least
I have not made my heart a heart of stone,
Nor starved my boyhood of its goodly feast,
Nor walked where Beauty is a thing unknown.

Many a man hath done so; sought to fence
In straitened bonds the soul that should be free,
Trodden the dusty road of common sense,
While all the forest sang of liberty.

Not marking how the spotted hawk in flight
Passed on wide pinion through the lofty air,
To where the steep untrodden mountain height
Caught the last tresses of the Sun God's hair.

Or how the little flower he trod upon,
The daisy, that white-feathered shield of gold,
Followed with wistful eyes the wandering sun,
Content if once its leaves were aureoled.

But surely it is something to have been
 The best beloved for a little while,
 To have walked hand in hand with Love, and seen
 His purple wings flit once across thy smile.

Ay! though the gorged asp of passion feed
 On my boy's heart, yet have I burst the bars,
 Stood face to face with Beauty, known indeed
 The Love which moves the Sun and all the stars!

FABIEN DEI FRANCHI.

The silent room, the heavy creeping shade,
 The dead that travel fast, the opening door,
 The murdered brother rising through the floor,
 The ghost's white fingers on thy shoulders laid,
 And then the lonely duel in the glade,
 The broken swords, the stifled scream, the gore,
 Thy grand revengeful eyes when all is o'er,—
 These things are well enough,—but thou wert made
 For more august creation! frenzied Lear
 Should at thy bidding wander on the heath
 With the shrill fool to mock him, Romeo
 For thee should lure his love, and desperate fear
 Pluck Richard's recreant dagger from its sheath—
 Thou trumpet set for Shakespeare's lips to blow!

HER VOICE.

The wild bee reels from bough to bough
 With his furry coat and his gauzy wing,
 Now in a lily-cup, and now
 Setting a jacinth bell a-swing,
 In his wandering;
 Sit closer love: it was here I trow
 I made that vow,

Swore that two lives should be like one
 As long as the sea-gull loved the sea,
 As long as the sun-flower sought the sun,—
 It shall be, as I said, for eternity
 'T wixt you and me!
 Dear friend, those times are over and done,
 Love's web is spun.

Look upward where the poplar trees
 Sway in the summer air,
 Here in the valley never a breeze
 Scatters the thistledown, but there
 Great winds blow fair
 From the mighty murmuring mystical seas,
 And the wave-lashed leas.

Look upward where the white gull screams,
 What does it see that we do not see?
 Is that a star? or the lamp that gleams
 On some outward voyaging argosy,—
 Ah! can it be
 We have lived our lives in a land of dreams!
 How sad it seems.

Sweet, there is nothing left to say
 But this, that love is never lost,
 Keen winter stabs the breasts of May
 Whose crimson roses burst his frost,
 Ships tempest-tossed
 Will find a harbor in some bay,
 And so we may.

And there is nothing left to do
 But to kiss once again, and part,
 Nay, there is nothing we should rue,
 I have my beauty,—you your Art,
 Nay, do not start,
 One world was not enough for two
 Like me and you.

AMOR INTELLECTUALIS.

Oft have we trod the vales of Castaly
 And heard sweet notes of sylvan music blown
 From antique reeds to common folk unknown:
 And often launched our bark upon that sea
 Which the nine Muses hold in empery,
 And plowed free furrows through the wave and foam
 Nor spread reluctant sail for more safe home
 Till we had freighted well our argosy.
 Of which despoiled treasures these remain,
 Sordello's passion, and the honeyed line

Of young Endymion, lordly Tamburlaine
Driving his pampered jades, and more than these,
The seven-fold vision of the Florentine,
And grave-browed Milton's solemn harmonies.

HELAS!

To drift with every passion till my soul
Is a stringed lute on which all winds can play,
Is it for this that I have given away
Mine ancient wisdom, and austere control?—
Methinks my life is a twice-written scroll
Scrawled over on some boyish holiday
With idle songs for pipe and virelay
Which do but mar the secret of the whole.
Surely there was a time I might have trod
The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God;
Is that time dead? lo! with a little rod
I did but touch the honey of romance—
And must I lose a soul's inheritance?

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

(1789—1847.)

RICHARD HENRY WILDE was born in Dublin, Sept. 24, 1789. When eight years old his parents came to Baltimore, where he received his early education. His father died in 1802, and Richard removed with his mother to Augusta, Georgia, for the purpose of completing his studies for the law. In 1815 he was called to the bar, and he early attained to the position of Attorney-General for the State of Georgia. Mr. Wilde was an accomplished linguist, and contributed translations from Spanish, French, and Italian poets to *the Southern Review* and other leading periodicals.

Mr. Wilde was three times elected member of Congress for Georgia, and distinguished himself by his clear views, sound judgment, and eloquence as a speaker. In the latter part of 1845 he went to Europe for literary research and the gratification of his classic tastes. He traveled through England, France, Belgium, and Switzerland, but spent the greater portion of his time in the beautiful city of Florence. Here he was engaged in examining the secret archives of the city by permission of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It was owing to his research that the fresco portrait of Dante, by Giotto, was discovered, coated over with whitewash, on the wall of the Bargello at Florence.

In 1840 the fruit of his labors appeared in 'Conjectures and Researches concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso.' This work was well received by the critics, and bears the stamp of earnest research and discriminating selection.

The poems from Tasso are admirably translated into English, preserving closely the sentiment and expression of the original. In 1844 Mr. Wilde became a member of the New Orleans bar, and in the spring of 1847 he was appointed professor of common law in the Louisiana University. He died on Sept. 10 of that year.

TO GOLD.

From 'Hesperia.'

Bright sparkling pile! dull earth's most glittering prize,
Of wealth the brief epitome and sign.
The type of worth,—bewitching mortal eyes,
At least I humbly own enchanting mine,—
What fascination in thy glances lies!
What grace, what grandeur, in thy presence shine!
For thy seducing smile what votaries strive,
Crassus, Pizarro, Cortes, Bacon, Clive.

In my hot youth I did account thee base,
 Forsware thy worship, and renounced thy name,
 Defied thy touch, ay! and blasphemed thy face
 For empty Pleasure and still emptier Fame:
 What brought they? Disappointment and Disgrace,
 Imputed faults and genius,—pride and shame,—
 False friends, that cooled, and summer loves, that flew
 With the first wintry, withering blast that blew.

I do repent me of that early sin,
 The folly of my inconsiderate days;
 And now, however late, would fain begin
 To burn thee incense, and to hymn thy praise;
 If all who truly worship thee may win,
 I too would offer thee a laureate's lays,—
 Haply for ears tuned to sweet chimes unfit,
 And yet not worse than have for gold been writ.

Most subtle casuist! pure and calm, and sweet,—
 Whose sure persuasion, eloquent though dumb,
 Ever converted men the most discreet,
 Or if it failed, failed only in the sum;
 Where shall we find thee rank and title meet,
 High-priestess of the kingdom not to come,
 Since even now thy rule and reign are seen,
 Rock of all faiths, of every realm the queen?

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.¹

My life is like the summer rose,
 That opens to the morning sky,
 But ere the shades of evening close,
 Is scattered on the ground—to die.
 Yet on the rose's humble bed
 The sweetest dews of night are shed,
 As if she wept the waste to see—
 But none shall weep a tear for me!

¹ These beautiful verses ran the risk of being considered merely a translation from the Greek. Some time after their publication they appeared in a Georgia newspaper in Greek, purporting to be an ode written by Alcæus, an early Eolian poet of obscure fame. Mr. Wilde, conscious that the poem was his own, had the matter investigated. It was found that the author was a young Oxford scholar, who had translated the poem into Greek for the purpose of deciding a wager that no one in the University was sufficiently familiar with the style of the early Greek poets to detect the forgery. We believe the student won the wager.

My life is like the autumn leaf,
 That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
 Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
 Restless—and soon to pass away!
 Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
 The parent tree will mourn its shade,
 The winds bewail the leafless tree,
 But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
 Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
 Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
 All trace will vanish from the sand;
 Yet, as if grieving to efface
 All vestige of the human race,
 On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
 But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

CANZONE.

TO THE PRINCE OF TUSCANY FROM PRISON.

But I—than other lovers' state,
 So much more hard, alas! my own
 As love less cruel is than hate—
 Must sigh to winds that round me moan,
 Just anger at my unjust fate—
 And not for sweet illusions flown,
 Averted look, or prudish air,
 False words, or a deceitful tone,
 Disdainful smile, or frown severe,
 Nor roses lost, nor lilies flown,
 Nor glove, nor veil reclaimed, alone—
 No! no! alas! from none of those
 Arise my far more serious woes.

For I, unhappy wretch! complain
 Of torments strange and new
 Save in the realms of hate and pain,
 Nor does a tear for me bedew
 Even Pity's cheek, which free from stain
 Wears a pale marble hue.
 Nor of my living hell the gates
 Can I break down, where angels deign

My faults to punish, like the Fates,
Because I dared in burning strain
On my poor lyre my griefs to own,
Like Orpheus, finding once again
My Proserpine can turn to stone!

A FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

Farewell, my more than fatherland!
Home of my heart and friends, adieu!
Lingering beside some foreign strand,
How oft shall I remember you!
How often o'er the waters blue,
Send back a sigh to those I leave,
The loving and beloved few,
Who grieve for me,—for whom I grieve!

We part!—no matter how we part,
There are some thoughts we utter not,
Deep treasured in our inmost heart,
Never revealed, and ne'er forgot!
Why murmur at the common lot?
We part!—I speak not of the pain,—
But when shall I each lovely spot
And each loved face behold again?

It must be months,—it may be years,—
It may—but no!—I will not fill
Fond hearts with gloom,—fond eyes with tears,
“Curious to shape uncertain ill.”
Though humble,—few and far,—yet, still
Those hearts and eyes are ever dear;
Theirs is the love no time can chill,
The truth no chance or change can sear!

All I have seen, and all I see,
Only endears them more and more;
Friends cool, hopes fade, and hours flee,
Affection lives when all is o'er!
Farewell, my more than native shore!
I do not seek or hope to find,
Roam where I will, what I deplore
To leave with them and thee behind!

WILLIAM WILKINS.

(1852 —)

MR. WILKINS was born in 1852, and was educated at Dundalk Grammar School. In 1878 he was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, with the best degree of his year in mathematics and in modern literature, an unusual combination. In the following year he became head-master of the High School, Dublin.

'Songs of Study,' mainly verse of actual or possible student life at Trinity College, Dublin, to which institution as well as to the memory of a fellow-student the volume was dedicated, was published in 1881. The poem 'Actæon' was a favorite with Lord Tennyson, and 'In the Engine-Shed,' which he wrote at the age of nineteen, has attained considerable vogue as a recitation. These and many of the lyrics had previously appeared in *Kottabos*.

Mr. G. F. Savage-Armstrong says of him in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry': "A perfectly genuine ardor; a keen delight in Nature; a hearty self-abandonment to emotion and imagination; a fearless frankness in the utterance of personal thought and feeling; often a power of calling up a vivid picture by means of a single felicitous original phrase; a good deal of rhythmic fervor; a fine sympathy with the varied activities of human kind; a cultivated intellectuality, are among the poetic qualities which lift Mr. Wilkins out of the ranks of the versifiers, and entitle him to a place among the poets."

IN THE ENGINE-SHED.

Through air made heavy with vapors murk,
O'er slack and cinders in heaps and holes,
The engine-driver came to his work,
Burly and bluff as a bag of coals;
With a thick gold chain where he bulged the most,
And a beard like a brush, and face like a toast,
And a hat half-eaten by fire and frost;
And a diamond pin in the folded dirt
Of the shawl that served him for collar and shirt.

Whenever he harnessed his steed of mettle:—
The shovel-fed monster that could not tire,
With limbs of steel and entrails of fire;
Above us it sang like a tea-time kettle.

He came to his salamander toils
In what seemed a devil's cast-off suit,
All charred, and discolored with rain and oils,
And smeared and sooted from muffler to boot.

Some wiping—it struck him—his paws might suffer
 With a wisp of threads he found on the buffer
 (The improvement effected was not very great);
 Then he spat, and passed his pipe to his mate.

And his whole face laughed with an honest mirth,
 As any extant on this grimy earth,
 Welcoming me to his murky region;
 And had you known him, I tell you this—
 Though your bright hair shiver and shrink at its roots,
 O piano-fingering fellow-collegian—
 You would have returned no cold salutes
 To the cheery greeting of hearty Chris,
 But locked your hands in the vise of his.

For at night when the sleet-storm shatters and scatters,
 And clangs on the pane like a pile of fetters,
 He flies through it all with the world's love-letters:
 The master of mighty leviathan motions,
 That make for him storm when the nights are fair,
 And cook him with fire and carve him with air,
 While we sleep soft on the carriage cushions,
 And he looks sharp for the signals, bleary-eyed.
 Often had Chris over England rolled me;
 You shall hear a story he told me—
 A dream of his rugged watch unwearied.

THE STORY.

We were driving the down express;
 Will at the steam, I at the coal:
 Over the valleys and villages,
 Over the marshes and coppices,
 Over the river, deep and broad;
 Through the mountain, under the road,
 Flying along,
 Tearing along,
 Thunderbolt engine, swift and strong,
 Fifty tons she was, whole and sole!

I had been promoted to the express:
 I warrant I was proud and gay.
 It was the evening that ended May,
 And the sky was a glory of tenderness.
 We were thundering down to a midland town,—
 It doesn't matter about the name,

For we didn't stop there, or anywhere
 For a dozen miles on either side.
 Well, as I say, just there you slide,
 With your steam shut off, and your brakes in hand,
 Down the steepest and longest grade in the land,
 At a pace that, I promise you, is grand.
 We were just there with the express,
 When I caught sight of a girl's white dress
 On the bank ahead; and as we passed—
 You have no notion how fast—
 She shrank back scared from our baleful blast.

We were going—a mile and a quarter a minute—
 With vans and carriages—down the incline!
 But I saw her face, and the sunshine in it;
 I looked in her eyes, and she looked in mine
 As the train went by, like a shot from a mortar:
 A roaring hell-breath of dust and smoke.
 And it was a minute before I woke,
 When she lay behind us—a mile and a quarter.

And the years went on, and the express
 Leaped in her black resistlessness,
 Evening by evening, England through.—
 Will—God rest him!—was found—a mash
 Of bleeding rags, in a fearful smash
 He made of a Christmas train at Crewe.
 It chanced I was ill the night of the mess,
 Or I shouldn't now be here alive;
 But thereafter, the five o'clock out express,
 Evening by evening, I used to drive.

And often I saw her: that lady, I mean,
 That I spoke of before. She often stood
 Atop at the bank;—it was pretty high,
 Say, twenty feet, and backed by a wood.—
 She would pick daisies out of the green
 To fling down at us as we went by.
 We had grown to be friends, too, she and I,
 Though I was a stalwart, grimy chap,
 And she a lady! I'd wave my cap
 Evening by evening, when I'd spy
 That she was there, in the summer air,
 Watching the sun sink out of the sky.

Oh, I didn't see her every night:

Bless you! no; just now and then,
And not at all for a twelvemonth quite.

Then, one evening, I saw her again,
Alone, as ever—but wild and pale—
Climbing down on the line, on the very rail,
While a light as of hell from our wild wheels broke,
Tearing down the slope with their devilish clamors
And deafening din, as of giant hammers
That smote in a whirlwind of dust and smoke
All the instant or so that we sped to meet her.

Never, O never, had she seemed sweeter!—
I let yell the whistle, reversing the stroke,
Down that awful incline; and signaled the guard
To put on his brakes at once, and **HARD!**—
Though we couldn't have stopped. We tattered the rail
Into splinters and sparks, but without avail.
We couldn't stop; and she wouldn't stir,

Saving to turn us her eyes, and stretch
Her arms to us:—and the desperate wretch
I pitied, comprehending her.
So the brakes let off, and the steam full again,
Sprang down on the lady the terrible train.—
She never flinched. We beat her down,
And ran on through the lighted length of the town
Before we could stop to see what was done.

Yes, I've run over more than one!
Full a dozen, I should say; but none
That I pitied as I pitied her.
If I could have stopped—with all the spur
Of the train's weight on, and cannily—
But it never would do with a lad like me
And she a lady,—or had been.—Sir?—
We won't say any more of her;
The world is hard. But I'm her friend,
Right through—down to the world's end.
It is a curl of her sunny hair
Set in this locket that I wear;
I picked it off the big wheel there.—
Time's up, Jack.—Stand clear, sir. Yes,
We're going out with the express.

FROM 'ACTÆON.'

It was on the Mount Cithæron, in the pale and misty morn,
That the hero, young Actæon, sounded the hunter's horn.
Princeliest of pursuers of the flying roe was he,
Son of great Aristæus and Theban Autonoë.
Oak-like in massy stature and carriage of kingly limb—
Lo! the broad, brave grace, and the fleet, fine might of man-
hood's fair prime in him,
Grandly browed as a sea-cliff with the curling waves at its
base,
And its storm-haunted crest a tangle of deep ripe weeds and
grass.
And many an Arcadian maiden thought not of a maiden's
pride,
But looked on the youth with longing, and watched as he went,
and sighed;
And Æglë had proffered a jewel that a queen might carefully
keep
For a favoring smile of the hunter and a touch of his beard-
less lip;
But never on dame or damsel had his falcon glance made stay,
And he turned from the love-sick Æglë, and tossed her gifts
away.

For where was so soft a bower, or where so goodly a hall,
As the dell where the echoes listened to the noise of the water-
fall?
And where was there cheek of woman as lovely to soul and
sense
As the gracious hues of the woodlands in depths of the stately
glens?
And where were there eyes or tresses as gloriously dark or
bright
As the flood of the wild Alpheus as it poured from the lonely
height?

So the hero, young Actæon, fled far from the girl-filled house,
To rove with the beamy spear-shaft through the budded forest
boughs.
And sweeter than smiles of Æglë or sheen of her rippling hair
Were the heads of his great hounds fawning, or snuffing the
morning air;
And to tread by the precipices that down from his feet shore
clean;
And to mark where the dappled leopard was crouched in the
long ravine;

And to look at the eagle wheeling up peak-ward, and hear him
scream;
And to plant strong steps in the meadows, and plash through
the babbling stream;
And to hurl the spear in the thicket, and draw the bow in the
glade,
And to rush on the foaming fury of the boar by the dogs em-
bayed;
And ever in midland valley to smell the leaves and the grass,
Or the brine-scent blown o'er the headlands high up to the bare
hill-pass,
Where, lovelier far than Æglē or her eyes' bright witchery,
Was Morning, born of the marriage of silent Sky and Sea.

So the hunter, young Actæon, to the Mount Cithæron came,
And blew his horn, in the dank, white morn, to startle the
sleeping game;
Nor thought, as the pealing echoes were clattered from crag to
crag,
That Fate on his trace held him in chase, as a huge hound
holds a stag.

By rock and by rift and runnel, by marsh and meadow and
mound,
He went, with his dogs beside him, and marveled no game was
found;
Till the length of the whole green gorge and the gray cliffs
gleaming on high
Rang and re-echoed with horns and the musical hunting-cry;
And the hounds broke out of the cover, all baying together in
tune;
And the hart sprang panting before them along up the lawns
dew-strewn;
And a bevy of buskined virgins, dove-breasted, broke from the
bowers,
With spears half-poised for the hurling, and tresses tangled
with flowers;
Their lips, rose-ruddy, disparted to draw their delightful
breath
For the chase, and the cheer thereof ringing the rapture of
dealing death—
The fine heads eagerly lifted, the pitiless fair eyes fixed;
The cheeks, flower-fresh, flushed, flower-like—rich lily, rich rose
commixed;
The slender feet flying swiftly, the slight shapes rushing like
reeds

When the Thracian breezes of winter descend on the marshy
meads;
So swept they along like music, and wildered Actæon stood
Till the last of the maiden rangers was lost in the leaning
wood.

DISILLUSION.

"Say a day without the ever."
—'As You Like It.'

Your proud eyes give me their wearied splendor;
Your cold loose touch and your colder smile
The truth to my jealous heart surrender:
You tire, having loved me a little while.
Ah! well, my sweet, I was sure you would,
For I knew you false when I saw you fair.
I have watched and watched for your altered mood,
And have schooled me so that I shall not care.

The knoll's blue bonnet, the dell's green mantle,
The mid-wood hollow where waters run,
The bare, stained shore, with its white surf-sandal,
The sudden smile of the gallant sun—
Will change not, be you or sweet or bitter:
A heart after all is hard to break;
But the world at sweetest were surely sweeter
If only sweet for your own sweet sake.

Yea, I know right well, if our love were sterling
We had drained the earth and the skies of joy;
But I—God wot—and you too, my darling,
No rare fair flower of girl and boy:
How should we rise to such exaltation
As climbs from a cloud a splendid star?
How live—how love with such perfect passion,
We—who are only what others are?

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

(1822—1862.)

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS was born in Dublin; the date of his birth is uncertain, but is usually said to be October 8, 1822. At an early age he was removed to Grenanstown, near the Devil's Bit, one of the most romantic spots in Tipperary. He was first sent to school to St. Stanislaus College, Tullabeg, and afterward to Carlow College. While there he sent 'The Munster War Song' to *The Nation*. His school-boy days over, he went to Dublin to prepare for the medical profession. In his leisure hours he amused himself by writing a series of poems full of grotesque humor under the title 'The Misadventures of a Medical Student.' On May 26, 1848, Mitchel was convicted, and on the following day his paper, *The United Irishman*, was suppressed. New revolutionary journals at once rose to fill the vacant place: John Martin started *The Irish Felon*; and Williams, with his friend, Kevin Izod O'Doherty, established *The Irish Tribune*. Of course the new journals went the same way as the old; Martin was convicted and transported, so was O'Doherty; but Williams escaped.

In 1851 he came to this country, and after a while settled down in New Orleans as a medical man. After this came two flittings, his last residence being Thibodeaux in Louisiana. Here he was when the civil war broke out. He took advantage of the occasion to write 'Song of the Irish-American Regiments.' While his pen was attaining its full vigor, Williams himself had begun to decay; consumption had seized hold of his frame, and on July 5, 1862, he died. His resting-place had been marked by nothing better than a rude deal board bearing his name and the date of his death, until shortly after his death some companies of Irish-American soldiers happened to pass through the locality; resolving that the spot where a countryman so gifted and so faithful lay should be properly marked, they raised by subscription a monument of Carrara marble, inscribed with a brief but eloquent epitaph.

Alike in his humorous, patriotic, and pathetic verse he writes with facility—never quite achieving greatness, however, although 'The Dying Girl' comes very near to it.

THE MUNSTER WAR-SONG.

Battle of Aherlow, A. D. 1190.

Can the depths of the ocean afford you not graves,
That you come thus to perish afar o'er the waves—
To redden and swell the wild torrents that flow
Through the valley of vengeance, the dark Aherlow?¹

¹ Aherlow Glen, County Tipperary.

The clangor of conflict o'erburthens the breeze,
From the stormy Slieve Bloom to the stately Galtees;
Your caverns and torrents are purple with gore,
Slievenamon, Glen Colaich, and sublime Galtee Mor!

The Sunburst that slumbered, enbalmed in our tears,
Tipperary! shall wave o'er thy tall mountaineers!
And the dark hill shall bristle with saber and spear
While one tyrant remains to forge manacles here.

The riderless war-steed careers o'er the plain
With a shaft in his flank and a blood-dripping mane;
His gallant breast labors, and glare his wild eyes;
He plunges in torture—falls—shivers—and dies.

Let the trumpets ring triumph! The tyrant is slain!
He reels o'er his charger deep-pierced through the brain;
And his myriads are flying, like leaves on the gale—
But who shall escape from our hills with the tale?

For the arrows of vengeance are showering like rain,
And choke the strong rivers with islands of slain,
Till thy waves, lordly Shannon, all crimsonly flow,
Like the billows of hell, with the blood of the foe.

Ay! the foemen are flying, but vainly they fly—
Revenge with the fleetness of lightning can vie;
And the septs of the mountains spring up from each rock
And rush down the ravines like wolves on the flock.

And who shall pass over the stormy Slieve Bloom,
To tell the pale Saxon of tyranny's doom,
When, like tigers from ambush, our fierce mountaineers
Leap along from the crags with their death-dealing spears?

They came with high boasting to bind us as slaves,
But the glen and the torrent have yawned on their graves.
From the gloomy Ardfinnan to wild Temple Mor—
From the Suir to the Shannon—is red with their gore.

By the soul of Heremon! our warriors may smile,
To remember the march of the foe through our isle;
Their banners and harness were costly and gay,
And proudly they flashed in the summer sun's ray;

The hilts of their falchions were crusted with gold,
And the gems of their helmets were bright to behold;
By Saint Bride of Kildare! but they moved in fair show—
To gorge the young eagles of dark Aherlow!

THE DYING GIRL.

From a Munster vale they brought her,
From the pure and balmy air;
An Ormond peasant's daughter,
With blue eyes and golden hair—
They brought her to the city,
And she faded slowly there.
Consumption has no pity
For blue eyes and golden hair.

When I saw her first reclining
Her lips were moved in prayer,
And the setting sun was shining
On her loosened golden hair.
When our kindly glances met her,
Deadly brilliant was her eye;
And she said that she was better,
While we knew that she must die.

She speaks of Munster valleys,
The *pattern*, dance and fair,
And her thin hand feebly dallies
With her scattered golden hair.
When silently we listened
To her breath with quiet care
Her eyes with wonder glistened—
And she asked us, "What was there?"

The poor thing smiled to ask it,
And her pretty mouth laid bare,
Like gems within a casket,
A string of pearlets rare.
We said that we were trying
By the gushing of her blood
And the time she took in sighing
To know if she were good.

Well, she smiled and chatted gaily
 Though we saw in mute despair
 The hectic brighter daily,
 And the death-dew on her hair.
 And oft her wasted fingers
 Beating time upon the bed:
 O'er some old tune she lingers,
 And she bows her golden head.

At length the harp is broken;
 And the spirit in its strings,
 As the last decree is spoken,
 To its source exulting springs.
 Descending swiftly from the skies,
 Her guardian angel came,
 He struck God's lightning from her eyes,
 And bore Him back the flame.

Before the sun had risen
 Thro' the lark-loved morning air,
 Her young soul left its prison,
 Undefined by sin or care.
 I stood beside the couch in tears
 Where pale and calm she slept,
 And tho' I've gazed on death for years,
 I blush not that I wept.
 I checked with effort pity's sighs
 And left the matron there,
 To close the curtains of her eyes
 And bind her golden hair.

THE LEGEND OF STIFFENBACH.

One day the Baron Stiffenbach among his fathers slept,
 And his relict o'er his ashes, like a water goddess, wept,
 Till her apparatus lachrymal required so many "goes"
 From certain flasks, that soon there shone a ruby on her nose.

The Dowager of Stiffenbach was fair enough to view,
 And having her dead husband's wealth, could touch the rhino
 too;
 But yet of all the neighboring nobs not one would e'er propose,
 Because she wore a ruby, a large ruby on her nose.

At this the jeweled baroness was very much annoyed,
But rival baronesses her perplexity enjoyed,
For the ruby was a byword and a triumph to her foes,
Who, spinster, wife, and widow, all exulted at her nose.

The Baroness of Stiffenbach now called the doctors in,
And freely gave for drugs and shrugs great quantities of "tin."
At length they said 'twas surgeon's work, then gravely all
arose,
And left her as they found her, with the ruby on her nose.

Now came the surgeons. First they voted all the doctors
fools,
Then drew from curious armories a multitude of tools.
That they were armed to fight a bear a stranger would sup-
pose,
And not to dig a ruby from a baroness's nose.

But now among the surgeons vital difference we find,
For some proposed to cut before, and some to cut behind;
And soon in scalpelomachy they well-nigh came to blows,
For the baroness's ruby—for the ruby on her nose.

At length came forward one, by lot elected from the rest,
But, alas! the eager brotherhood too closely round him pressed,
For they stood upon the corns of the operator's toes,
Who, leaping, with the ruby also sliced away the nose.

They stitched it on immediately (*why* yet has not transpired)
That very day the baroness capriciously expired;
Thus died that lovely lady, a judgment, some suppose,
For having led the baron, in his lifetime, by the nose.

They made her grave three fathoms deep by Rhine's embattled
tide,
And bowed her gently downwards by her darling Stiffy's side;
But her restless spirit wanders still, and oft at evening's close
She haunts the castle ramparts with her finger on her nose.

Grim reader! let us blubber o'er the melancholy fate
Of the quondam Baron Stiffy's nonteetotalizing mate;
And for the future solemnly, if possible, propose
To shun the weird elixirs that bring rubies on the nose.

WILLIAM GORMAN WILLS.

(1828—1891.)

WILLIAM GORMAN WILLS was born in 1828 in County Kilkenny. Sent to Trinity College, he passed through the entire undergraduate course, but did not take a degree. The first love of Mr. Wills was art, and he devoted himself for many years with great assiduity to portrait painting. In this he attained considerable distinction, and in his latter years—for he never wholly forgot his pencil while busy with his pen—he had the Princess Louise among several other distinguished sitters.

The 'Man o' Airlie,' 1866, was the first drama by which he attracted public attention. It was played by Lawrence Barrett in the United States, and was well liked here, Mr. Barrett appearing at his best in it. It is a striking picture of the degradation and misery brought on a great poetic genius by drink, and some of the soliloquies and scenes are deeply moving. 'Hinko'—brought out at the Queen's Theater in 1871—is full of splendid situations, of clever character-drawing, and of stately language. It was not, however, suitable for the English public in its then temper, and did not prove popular. 'Charles the First,' on the other hand, was one of the most successful plays put on the stage in his generation. Brought out at the Lyceum in 1872, it gave Mr. Irving a most popular part, and it had—exclusive of revivals—a run of two hundred nights. 'Eugene Aram,' produced in the same theater, and with Mr. Irving again in the chief rôle, also had a long run. In addition to the plays mentioned, Mr. Wills was author of 'Mary, Queen of Scots'—in which the beautiful and hapless Mrs. Rousby made one of her last public appearances; 'Jane Shore,' an historical drama—produced at the Princess's Theater in 1876, where it ran for five consecutive months; 'England in the Days of Charles II'—founded on Scott's 'Peveril of the Peak,' and not a wholly undeserved failure; 'Olivia,' in which the Vicar of Wakefield's daughter has her familiar story once more told in poetic and touching language; 'Nell Gwynne,' 'Ninon,' and 'Claudius,' which had a great vogue. Mr. Wills was also the author of many novels; of these the best known are 'Notice to Quit' and 'The Wife's Evidence.' He died in 1891. He is considered one of the best of modern writers of poetic drama, and many of his plays are as readable as they are actable—a combination not often found.

THE QUEEN AND CROMWELL.

From 'Charles the First.'

Whitehall Palace. CROMWELL discovered seated.

Cromwell. On me and on my children!
So said the voice last night! A lying dream!

This blood—this blood on me and on my children?
 It is my wont to feel more heartiness
 When face to face with action. But this deed
 Doth wrap itself in doubt and fearfulness.
 Do I well to confront him at this hour,
 Even when yon scaffold waiteth for its victim,
 And his pale face doth look like martyrdom?
 I will not. Out upon my sinking heart!
 The standard-bearer fainteth, and my followers
 Grow slack. I'll hie me to them,—
 And yet, if by the granting him his life
 He abdicate—no shifts—he abdicate!
 Then—then this offer of the Prince of Wales—
 This young Charles Stuart—he is in our absolute power,
 As he doth promise if we spare his father.
 Why if he come—I had not thought of that,—
 Both son and father given to our hands:
 Then have we scotched the snake!

Enter an Attendant, who hands CROMWELL a letter.

Cromwell (reads the letter). "Declines to see me!"
 Well—well—
"His last hour disturbed!" It shall be thy last hour.
"As touching the Prince of Wales' noble
Offering of himself for me. Look back
On my past life, and thou art answered!"
 Past life! full of deceit and subtle courage.
"I pardon thee and all mine enemies,
And may Heaven pardon them!"
 What now doth stay to send away this patch
 On our new garment?
 England! one hour—gray tyranny is dead!
 And in this hand thy future destiny.

Enter the Queen.

Madam, my daughter hardly did prevail
 That I should grant you this last interview.
 It must be brief and private, or I warn you
 I cannot answer for your safe return.

Queen (aside). Sainte Vierge, aidez moi! This is the man
who holds

My husband's life within his hands. Ah! could I—
Sainte Marie, inspirez moi, mettez votre force dans mes prières.
 I see him as the drowning swimmer sees
 The distant headland he can never reach.

Sir, do not go. I wish to speak to you.

Cromwell. Madam, I wait.

Queen. Oh, sir! the angels wait and watch your purpose:
Unwritten history pauses for your deed,
To set your name within a shining annal,
Or else to brand it on her foulest page!

Cromwell. Madam, 't is not for me to answer you.
And for unwritten history—thou nor I
Can brief it in our cause; 't will speak the truth!
England condemns the king! and he shall die!

Queen. Oh, pity! pity! Hast a human heart?
How canst thou look on me so cruelly?
I look for pity on thy stubborn cheek
As I might place a mirror to dead lips
To find one stain of breath.

The brightest jewel ever set in crown
Were worthless to the glisten of one tear
Upon thy lid—one faint hope-star of mercy.
Be merciful! A queen doth kneel to thee.

Cromwell. Not to me! Nor am I now
A whit more moved because thou art a queen!

Queen. I am no queen; but a poor stricken woman,
On whom this dreadful hour is closing in.

(*Chimes the half hour.*)

Dost hear the clock? Each second quivering on
Is full of horror for both thee and me.
Endless remorse *thy* doom, and sorrow mine.

Cromwell. Madam, no more. I shall have no remorse
For an unhappy duty well performed.

Queen. Thou call'st it duty; but all heaven and earth
Shall raise one outraged cry, and call it murder;
It shall be written right across the clouds
In characters of blood till Heaven hath judged it.

Cromwell. Nay, you forget: the righteous cause doth prosper.

If this be crime, the hand of Heaven not in it,
Then had thy husband flourished; on our side
God's heavy judgment fallen, shame and slaughter!

Queen. God speaketh not in thunder when he judges,
But in the dying moans of those we treasure,
And in the silence of our broken hearts!
Thou hast a daughter, and her cheek is pale;
Her days do balance between life and death,
Whether they wither or abide with thee.
Let him be cruel who hath none to love;
But let that father tremble who shall dare
Widow another's home! She loves the king.

Take now his sacred life, and hie thee home.
 Smile on her, call her to thee, she will linger.
 Ask for thy welcome, she will give it thee!
 A shudder as she meets thee at the door;
 A cry as thou wouldst think to touch her lips;
 A sickening at thy guilty hand's caress!
 The haunting of a mute reproach shall dwell
 For ever in her eyes till they both be dead!

Cromwell (*moved*). Silence! You speak you know not
 what. No more!

Thou voice within, why dost thou seem so far?
 Shine out, thou fiery pillar! Bring me up
 From the dead wilderness—

Queen. Oh! yield not to that voice, hearken to mercy,
 And I will join my prayers to thine henceforth
 That thy Elizabeth may live for thee.

Cromwell. Madam, I came here with intent of mercy,
 And with a hope of life.

Queen. Of life!—of life!

Cromwell. I offered him his life—he scorned my offer!

Queen. No—no—he shall not. I am somewhat faint;
 The hope thou showest striketh me like lightning.

Life! didst thou say his life? Ask anything.

Cromwell. If he would abdicate and quit the kingdom.

Queen. And he shall do it. I will answer for it.
 Give me but breathing-time to move him, sir.

Cromwell. Stay, madam. If we spare your husband's life
 Your son has offered to submit his person
 Into our hands, and set his sign and seal
 To any proposition we demand.

Queen. Thou striketh a fountain for me in the rock,
 And ere my lips can touch it, it is dry!
 My husband first must abdicate, and then my son.—
 What was the answer of the king to thee?

Cromwell. He doth refuse our mercy, and elects
 To carry to his death the name of king.

Queen. When all was lost at Newark, and thy king
 Was bought and sold by his own countrymen,
 'T was thou who with a fawning cozenage
 Lured thy good master to undo himself,
 To doubt where all his hope was to confide,
 And blindly trust where every step was fatal!
 'T was thou, when the repenting Parliament
 Were fain for reconcilment, brought thy soldiers—
 Thou (jealous stickler for the Commons' rights)
 Arrested every true man in the house,

And packed the benches with thy regicides!

Cromwell. What, madam, is the purpose of this railing?

Queen. Thou think'st to make the mother a decoy,
And, holding the lost father in thy grip,
Secure the son who yet may punish thee!

(*Chimes.—Three-quarters.*)

Cromwell. Madam, the clock! say, what dost thou intend?

Queen. To choke my sighs, to hide each bitter tear,
To keep a calm and steadfast countenance,
To mask my anguish from his majesty.

Cromwell. So! it were well; and then—

Queen. Then we will both be faithful to ourselves,
Even unto death!

Cromwell. Will you not, madam, use your influence!

Queen. Never! My husband, sir, shall die a king!

Cromwell. Thou shadow of a king, then art thou doomed!

I wash my hands of it.

(*Aside.*) What melancholy doth ravin on my heart?

Thou child of many prayers, Elizabeth!—

I'll to the General's. Fairfax relents,

That will not I. My hand is on the plow;

I will not look behind.

(*Exit Cromwell.*)

ROBERT A. WILSON.

(1820-1875.)

ROBERT A. WILSON, whose pen name of "Barney Maglone" is famous all over the north of Ireland, was born in Dunfanaghy, County Donegal, where his father was a coast guard, about 1820. He received a good education in Raymonterdoney school, but his mother was a great assistance to him in his studies. He appears to have taught himself a good deal, as he was credited in after years with an astonishing knowledge of many languages. It is said that he mastered the Celtic language thoroughly. He left home quite young and acted as teacher in a school at Ballycastle, County Antrim, but some time after left for America, where he began to write for the press, contributing to *The Boston Republic* for some time. He returned to Ireland in 1847, and was soon connected with the local press of County Fermanagh. In 1849 he accepted an offer from Charles Gavan Duffy to act as sub-editor of *The Nation*, and for nearly two years was on the staff of that paper. He left *The Nation* to take charge of *The Impartial Advertiser*, in Enniskillen, and soon became the chief editor of *The Fermanagh Mail*. During his tenure of the post in *The Mail* office he commenced his famous "Barney Maglone" articles. His writings made his name—or rather his pseudonym—known outside the little Fermanagh town, and in 1865 he was offered and accepted a post on *The Morning News* of Belfast. He there continued his inimitable local skits, and the paper rose to a great circulation. He was a familiar figure in the streets of Belfast, as he had been in Enniskillen, with his slouch hat, his capacious cloak, worn like a Roman toga, and necktie of pronounced hue. In 1875 he went to Dublin to attend the O'Connell centenary. On the 10th of August he was found dying in his room in Wesley place, Belfast, from the effect of his besetting sin. In 1894 F. J. Bigger and John S. Crone made a selection of his poems, Bigger editing them. "Maglone" was one of the most lovable of men, but unfortunately his social qualities were his bane.

"THE IRISH CRY."

There's a wail from the glen;
There's a groan from the hill;
'T is the cry of the land
'Gainst the Fiend of the Still!
'T is the Caoine of Erin,
The caoine so dread
That swells for the living,
And not for the dead.

The living! the smitten—
The blasted—the seared—

The souls by the slime of
 The drink-snake besmeared—
 From the home on the upland,
 The hut in the dale,
 From the hamlet and city,
 Is bursting the wail.

'Tis the sob of the wife;
 'Tis the moan of the child,
 'Tis the groan of a nation,
 By bloodshed defiled.
 From the prison's dark cell
 It pierces the air;
 It bursts from the widow's
 White lips of despair!

It moans from the roofless
 Untenanted walls;
 And gurgling and choked,
 From the gallows it falls!
 It sobs o'er the grave
 Where the drunkard is laid;
 It shrieks from the soul
 Of the maiden betrayed.

It bursts from the poor-house,
 The mad-house, the jail,
 This woful—despairing—
 Wild—wild—Irish wail!
 Up! children of Erin,
 Respond to the cry
 For man's sake—for God's sake
 Up! act in reply!

For the sake of the soul smitten
 Slave of the cup—
 For the sake of his victims—
 Up! countrymen, up!
 By the hell in his heart,
 And the hell that he fears;
 By his wife and his children,
 Their tortures and tears.

Up! act nor be backward
 With heart, voice and hand,

Till the king-fiend of curses
Is swept from our land.
Heave up the old land,
Into daylight again—
The smiled on by Heaven—
A praise among men.
Wring the curse from her heart—
Wipe the stain from her sod;
Roll her out among nations
An island of God!

LEWIS WINGFIELD.

(1842—1887.)

THE HON. LEWIS WINGFIELD was born Feb. 25, 1842. He was educated at Eton and Bonn, and was intended for the diplomatic service. He preferred the stage, and, having appeared in various provincial companies, made his *début* at the Haymarket as Laertes in 'Hamlet,' and Minerva in the burlesque of 'Ixion.' But he soon abandoned the stage, and entered as an art student in the academy at Antwerp, at the same time studying surgery in the hospital of St. Elizabeth in the same city. He finished his studies in painting in Paris, under Couture, 1870, and obtained his diploma as a surgeon. When the Franco-German war broke out he went to the German side as a medical man, and was present at the battles of Woerth and Wissembourg. He returned to Paris in time for the first siege, and was employed during those trying days as head assistant surgeon in the American hospital, and as correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph*.

He was present during the Commune and the second siege of the French metropolis, and during this period he was the special correspondent of the *London Times*. Meanwhile he had not been idle with his brush; one of his pictures was bought by the French government, and hangs in the town hall at Orleans. In 1876 Mr. Wingfield entered on a new career, publishing a novel under the title 'Slippery Ground.' At the end of 1877 appeared 'Lady Grizel,' a story dealing with the history of George III., which attracted a considerable amount of attention. Still more marked was the success of 'My Lords of Strogue'—a tale dealing with Irish affairs at the period of the Union. This work has received great and deserved praise, and is marked by eloquence and high powers of graphic description. Mr. Wingfield also wrote a novel dealing with prison life. He died in 1887.

ENNISHOWEN.

From 'My Lords of Strogue.'

Shane and Doreen arrived by and by at the summit of a hill-crest, from which the northern half of the promontory lay spread like a map before them. Just below was a white speck—the village of Carndonagh—beyond, a row of lakes, tiny mirrors set in the hill-flank—on either side the jagged lines of Loughs Foyle and Swilly, varied with many a peaked headland and jutting point and shelving bay scooped out of the living rock. In front, a flat stretch on which cloud-shadows were playing hide-and-seek—a bo-

peep dance of subtly chequered tones; and away still farther, looming through the mist, the bluffs of Malin Head, the extreme limit, to the north, of Ireland. As they looked the mists melted in eddying swirls of gold, unveiling an expanse of immense and lonely sea, dotted with fairy islets strewn in a raveled fringe—the long span of the blue-green Atlantic, marked with a line of white where it seethed and moaned and lashed without ceasing against the foot of the beetling cliff.

“What a lovely spot!” Doreen exclaimed, as she sniffed the brisk breeze; “how wild—how desolate—how weirdly fair! Not the vestige of a dwelling as far as eye can reach—except that speck below us.”

Unpoetic Shane had been busy counting the wild-fowl, watching the hawks, marking the sublime slow wheeling of a pair of eagles far away in ether heavenward. At the call of his cousin he brought his thoughts down to earth, and cried out:—

“By the Hokey! a nice coast for the French to land upon. I wish them joy of it if they try. If they do we shall be in the thick of it, for look! You can just discern Glas-aitch-é—that dot in the sea, no bigger than a pin’s point—between Dunaff and Malin. A fleet would have to pass close by us that was making either for Lough Swilly or Lough Foyle. But come—a canter down the hill, and we will see what we can get to eat. This sharp air gives one a plaguey appetite!”

Doreen spoke truly, for Ennishowen is weirdly fair. The atmosphere of winter gave the desolation she had passed through a special charm. The ponderous banks of rolling steel-gray clouds, which had only just been conquered by a battling sun, gave a ghastly beauty to its wildness. Dun and steel-gray, sage-green and russet-brown, with here and there a bit of genuine color—a vivid tuft of the *Osmunda* fern. Such chromatic attributes were well in harmony with the intense stillness, broken only by the rustle now and then of whirring wings, or the sharp boom of the frightened bittern. But beyond Carndonagh the face of nature changed—or would have if it had been summer—for bleak elevated moorland and iron gorge vary but little with the season, whilst lower-lying districts are more privileged.

During the warm months the track between Carndonagh and Malin is like a garden—an oasis of rich, damp, dewy verdure from the ever-dripping vapors of the Atlantic—an expanse of emerald mead saturated with the moisture of the ocean. Every bush and bank breaks forth in myriad flowers. Each tarn is edged with blossom, each path is tricked with glory. It is as if Persephone had here passed through the granite-bound gates of hell, and had dropped her garland at its portals. White starry water-lilies clothe the lakelets. The bells of the fuchsia-hedges glow red from beneath a burden of honeysuckle and dog-roses; orange-lilies and sheets of yellow iris cast ruddy reflections into the streams, while purple heather and patches of wild heartsease vie with each other in a friendly struggle to mask the wealth of green.

Strabagy Bay cuts deep into the peninsula. A rider must skirt its edge with patience, rewarded now and again by some vision of surprise, as he finds himself at a turn in the pathway on the summit of a precipice 1200 feet above the water, or in a sheltered cove where waves of *céladon* and malachite plash upon a tawny bed. At one point, if the tide happens to be in, he must sit and await its ebb; for the only passage is by a ford across the sand, which is dangerous to the stranger at high water. Not so to the dwellers in this latitude, for they speed like monkeys along the overhanging crags, or like the waddling penguins and sea-parrots that are padding yonder crannies with the softest down from off their breasts for the behoof of a yet unborn brood.

Towards Malin Head the ground rises gradually from a shingly beach till it breaks off abruptly to seaward in a sheer wall of quartz and granite—a vast frowning face, vexed by centuries of tempest, battered by perennial storms, comforted by the clinging embrace of vegetation, red and russet heath of every shade, delicate ferns drooping from cracks and fissures, hoary lichens, velvet mosses, warm-tinted cranesbill; from out of which peeps here and there the glitter of a point of spar, a stain of metal or of clay, a sparkling vein of ore. The white-crested swell which never sleeps laps round its foot in curdled foam; for the bosom of the Atlantic is ever breathing—heaving in

arterial throws below, however calm it may seem upon the surface.

Away down through the crystal water you can detect the blackened base resting on a bank of weed—dense, slippery citrine hair, swinging in twilit masses slowly to and fro, as if humming to itself under the surface, of the march of time, whose hurry affects it not; for what have human cares, human soul-travail, human agony, to do with this enchanted spot, which is, as it were, just without the threshold of the world? The winter waves, which dash high above the bluffs in spray, have fretted, by a perseverance of many decades, a series of caverns half-submerged; viscous arcades, where strange winged creatures lurk that hate the light; beasts that, hanging like some villainous fruit in clusters, blink with purblind eyes at the fishes which dart in and out, fragments of the sunshine they abhor; at the invading shoals of seals, which gambol and turn in clumsy sport, with a glint of white bellies as they roll, and a shower of prismatic gems.

In June the salmon arrive in schools, led each by a solemn pioneer, who knows his own special river; and then the fisher-folk are busy. So are the seals, whose appetite is dainty. Yet the hardy storm-children of Ennishowen love the seals although they eat their fish—for their coats are warm and soft to wear; their oil gives light through the long winter evenings for weaving of stuff and net-mending. There is a superstition which accounts for their views as to the seals; for they believe them to be animated by the souls of deceased maiden-aunts. It is only fair in the inevitable equalization of earthly matter that our maiden-aunts should taste of our good things, and that we in our turn should live on theirs.

A mile from the shore—at Swilly's mouth—stands Glas-aitch-é Island, a mere rock, a hundred feet above sea-level, crowned by an antique fortress which was modernized and rendered habitable by a caprice of the late lord. At the period which now occupies us it consisted of a dwelling rising sheer from the rock on three sides; its rough walls pierced by small windows, and topped by a watch-tower, on which was an iron beacon-basket. The fourth side looked upon a little garden, where, protected by low scrub and chronically asthmatic trees, a few flowers grew un-

kempt—planted there by my lady when she first visited the place as mistress. On this side, too, was a little creek which served as harbor for the boats—a great many boats of every sort and size; for the only amusement at Glas-aitch-é was boating, with a cast for a salmon or a codling now and again, and an occasional shot at a seal or cormorant.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

(1802—1865.)

NICHOLAS PATRICK STEPHEN WISEMAN was born Aug. 2, 1802. He was in early boyhood a pupil at a private school in Waterford. His principal place of education in youth, however, was St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, near Durham. Here he had among his teachers Dr. Lingard, the eminent historian. In 1818 he left Ushaw and with five others set out for the English College at Rome, which had been desolate and uninhabited for almost an entire generation.

In his new abode Wiseman soon attracted attention, and in his eighteenth year he published 'Horæ Syriacæ' on the subject of the languages of the East—a study in which he took a deep interest throughout his whole life. He could not be ordained till he was twenty-three years of age, but before that time he had obtained the degree of D.D. In June, 1840, he was consecrated Bishop of Melipotamus *in partibus*. He was also made President of St. Mary's College, Oscott. In 1848 Dr. Walsh was appointed Vicar Apostolic of London in room of Dr. Griffiths; Dr. Wiseman again became his coadjutor, and when, in the following year, Dr. Walsh died, Dr. Wiseman was raised to the presidency of the district, taking upon himself the duties of the office Feb. 18, 1849.

On Sept. 30, 1850, Dr. Wiseman was created Cardinal by the title of St. Pudentiana, and was named Archbishop of Westminster. This brought about the famous Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which made illegal the assumption by Roman Catholic prelates of such titles as the Pope had recently conferred on them. This measure led to wild and prolonged debates in Parliament, split parties, and broke up a government; and the final result of all was that the bill, when passed, was openly violated without an attempt at prosecution, and that some years afterward it was repealed without attracting any particular notice.

Dr. Wiseman paid a visit to Ireland in 1859, and was received with much enthusiasm. His last public lecture was delivered in January, 1863, before the Royal Society. He died at his residence, 8 York Place, Baker Street, London, Feb. 15, 1865. His writings are voluminous and deal with religious controversy, science, philology, and art. His 'Recollections of the Last Four Popes' give several graphic pictures and amusing sketches of life in Rome during the pontificates of Pius VII., Leo XII., Pius VIII. and Gregory XVI. He is the author of a romance, 'Fabiola,' in which a vivid and apparently lifelike description is given of the days when the early Christians had to worship among the Catacombs. He also wrote a drama called 'The Hidden Gem,' which was first performed at the jubilee of St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw, and, being produced on the stage at Liverpool in 1859, was well received. A considerable number of his essays have been reprinted from *The Dublin Review*, of which he was one of the founders.

ITALIAN GESTICULATION.

From 'Essays.'

When Italians converse, it is not the tongue alone that has full occupation; their words are sure to have an instrumental accompaniment in the gestures of their bodies. You never see among them two gentlemen standing bolt upright, one with his hands behind his back and the other leaning on his umbrella, while they are resolving to oppose a bill in Parliament, or to file one in Chancery, or to protest one in the City. You never see an orator, sacred or profane, screwed down in the middle of his pulpit, or wedged between the benches of his court, or holding hard on the front of his hustings, as though afraid of being run away with by his honorable pillory, and pouring forth impassioned eloquence with a statue-like stillness of limbs; unless the right arm escape to move up and down with the regularity of a pump-handle, or inflict from time to time a clenching blow upon the subjacent boards. No, it is not so in Italy.

Let two friends sit down to solace themselves at the door of a *café* in the cool of a summer's evening, or let them walk along the noisy street of Toledo at Naples; let their conversation be upon the merest trifle, the present opera, the last festival, or the next marriage, and each speaker, as he utters his opinion in flowing musical sounds, will be seen to move his fingers, his hands, and his entire body, with a variety of gestures, attuned in perfect cadence to the emphasis of his words. See, one of them now is not actually speaking, though the other has ceased; but he has raised his right hand, keeping the points of the thumb and index joined, and the other fingers expanded, and has laid his left gently on his companion's arm. Depend upon it, his reply is going to open with a sententious saw, some magnificent truism, from which he will draw marvelous consequences. His mouth will open slowly, ere it yields a sound; and when at last "Sir Oracle" speaks, the right hand will beat time, by rising and falling on each substantive and verb of the sentence; and at its close the two wedded fingers will fly apart, and the entire expanded hand wave with grace and dignity outwards, if the propo-

sitions be positive. If negative, the forefinger alone will remain extended and erect, and be slowly moved backwards and forwards between the interlocutors' faces.

When the solemn sentence has been pronounced and enforced by a dignified toss of the head it is the other's turn. But the *dictum* was probably too vague and general to receive a specific reply; and therefore, reserving his opinion till he has better felt his way, he shakes his head and hands, uttering, you may depend upon it, the monosyllabic but polysemous exclamation, "Eh!" which, like a Chinese word, receives its meaning from its varying accent. The active speaker perceives that he has not carried the outworks of his friend's conviction, and addresses himself to a stronger attack. He now assumes the gesture of earnest remonstrance; his two hands are joined palm to palm, with the thumbs depressed, and the fingers closely glued together (for were the former erect, and the little fingers detached, and especially were they moved up and down, the gesture would signify not to *pray* but to *bray*, being the hieroglyphic for a donkey); and in this position they beat time, moving up and down, while the head is thrown back upon the right shoulder. We can hear the very words too here; they begin for certain with *abbia pazienza* (be patient) a reproachful expostulation; after which follows a more energetic repetition, slightly varied, of what had been previously urged; and, as the sentence closes, the hands are separated and fly apart. If the point is not carried the reasoning is enforced by a more personal appeal.

All the fingers of the right hand are joined together with the thumb, and their united points are placed upon the forehead, which bends forward towards the unconvinced and incredulous listener, while a new form is given to the argument. This gesture is a direct appeal to the common sense of the other party; it is like intimating, that if he have brains he must understand the reasoning. Further obstinacy would lead to altercation; and assent is yielded by a slow shrug, with the head inclined, and the hands separately raised, the palms turned downwards. *E vero, ha ragione*, or *non si puo negare* (it is true, I am right, or it is not to be denied), are doubtless the accompanying words.

SHAKESPEARE.

From 'William Shakespeare : a Lecture.'

There have been some men in the world's history—and they are necessarily few—who, by their deaths, have deprived mankind of the power to do justice to their merits, in those particular spheres of excellence in which they had been pre-eminent. When the "immortal" Raphael for the last time laid down his palette, still moist with the brilliant colors which he had spread upon his unfinished masterpiece destined to be exposed to admiration above his bier, he left none behind him who could worthily depict and transmit his beautiful lineaments; so that posterity has had to seek in his own paintings, among the guards at a sepulcher, or among the youthful disciples in an ancient school, some figure which may be considered as representing himself. When his mighty rival, Michael Angelo, cast down that massive chisel which no one after him was worthy or able to wield, none survived him who could venture to repeat in marble the rugged grandeur of his countenance; but we imagine that we can trace in the head of some unfinished satyr, or in the sublime countenance of Moses, the natural or the idealized type from which he drew his stern and noble inspirations.

And, to turn to another great art, when Mozart closed his last uncompleted score, and laid him down to pass from the regions of earthly to those of heavenly music, which none had so closely approached as he, the science over which he ruled could find no strains in which worthily to mourn him except his own, and was compelled to sing for the first time his own marvelous requiem at his funeral.

No less can it be said that when the pen dropped from Shakespeare's hand, when his last mortal illness mastered the strength of even his genius, the world was left powerless to describe in writing his noble and unrivaled characteristics. Hence we turn back upon himself, and endeavor to draw from his own works the only true records of his genius and his mind.

Was he silent, thoughtful, while his fertile brain was seething and heaving in the fermentation of his glorious

conceptions; so that men should have said—"Hush! Shakespeare is at work with some new and mighty imaginings!" or wore he always that light and careless spirit which often belongs to the spontaneous facility of genius; so that his comrades may have wondered when, and where, and how his grave characters, his solemn scenes, his fearful catastrophes, and his sublime maxims of original wisdom were conceived, planned, matured, and finally written down, to rule for ever the world of letters? Almost the only fact connected with his literary life which has come down to us is one which has been recorded, perhaps with jealousy, certainly with ill-temper, by his friend Ben Jonson—that he wrote with overhaste, and hardly ever erased a line, though it would have been better had he done so with many. . . .

It seems, therefore, hardly wonderful that even the last year, dedicated naturally to the tercentenary commemoration of William Shakespeare, should have passed over without any public eulogy of his greatness in this metropolis. It seemed, indeed, as if the magnitude of that one man's genius was too oppressive for this generation. It was not, I believe, an undervaluing of his merits which produced the frustration of efforts, and the disappointment of expectations that seemed to put to rout and confusion, or rather to paralyze the exertions so strenuously commenced, to mark the year as a great epoch in England's literary history. I believe, on the contrary, that the dimensions of Shakespeare had grown so immeasurably in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen, that the proportions of his genius to all that followed him, and all that surround us, had grown so enormously in the judgment and feeling of the country, from the nobleman to the workman, that the genius of the man oppressed us, and made us feel that all our multiplied resources of art and speech were unequal to his worthy commemoration. No plan proposed for this purpose seemed adequate to attain it. Nothing solid and permanent that could either come up to his merits or to our aspirations seemed to be within the grasp either of the arts or of the wealth of our country.

EGYPTIAN ART.

From 'The Highways of Peaceful Commerce Have Been the Highways of Art.' A Lecture.

There never was a country which more satisfactorily tested this principle (the principle expressed in the title of the lecture) than Egypt. From the earliest period it had an art of its own, obstinately indigenous, as much belonging to its soil as the lotus or papyrus to its waters. In architecture, sculpture, painting—in decoration, writing, illumination—its art was national, and most characteristic. It existed early enough for Moses to have studied it. It lasted long enough for Christianity to destroy it.

For it was heathenish in its very essence, in its rind, and its core. It was entirely an outward expression of Pagan untruth. It was, consequently, nearly stationary. The practiced eye of the antiquarian or artist will see in that lapse of many ages a certain ebb and flow, a slight decline, and a partial revival; but the main and striking features scarcely alter. The type of Egyptian art flags or varies but little. Yet four times was this country conquered, and in three instances long and successfully held in subjection by nations which had an art of their own; but in this the conquerors were conquered, and had to yield. Not to dwell on its temporary subjugation to the Assyrians, it was thoroughly subjected by Cambyzes to the Persian rule, 525 years before Christ, and in spite of one successful rebellion, and partial insurrections, it remained in subjection for 111 years. Yet the conquerors were obliged to have their deeds recorded, not in the sculptured forms and legends of Persepolis, but in the colors and hieroglyphics of the Pharaohs. Then came the still more complete and influential conquest by the Grecian power, under which Egypt was not merely a province of a distant empire, but the seat of a new dynasty foreign to it in every respect.

From its invasion by Alexander the Great, 332 years, till the death of Cleopatra, 30 years before Christ, Egypt was held for 302 years by a race of kings mostly pacific, or who, when warlike, carried their contests into other lands. The period of this conquest was one when the literature and arts of Greece were at their perfection, when

eloquence, shone unrivaled in Demosthenes, philosophy was directed by Aristotle, and painting represented by Apelles, and when the civilization of the people had reached its highest refinement. And so soon as the Ptolemies had established their reign, Demetrius Philareus bore thither the very pride of Grecian science, made Alexandria the rival of Athens, which he had governed, and laid the foundations of a school of philosophy which in time outshone the original teacher, and may be said to have continued more or less active till it broke out again with greater brilliancy in the third century of Christianity in Clement and Origen. Shortly after, too, was the first great public library in the world founded at Alexandria, which continued in existence till it was destroyed by the Saracens. In it were collected all the treasures of Greek learning, which thus became substituted for the mystic lore of Egypt. The polished language of Attica supplanted the uncouth dialect of the Nile; laws, habits, and customs were changed, but every attempt to introduce the beautiful art of Greece failed; it scarcely impressed a passing modification on the surface of the national representations. The Greek Ptolemies, though they might erect a tablet or a pillar of their own, though they might compromise so far as to have a bilingual or a trilingual inscription set up, were obliged to submit to have their polysyllabic names cut up into little bits, and each portion represented by a feather, or a lion, or an owl, as the case might be, to suit the artistic and intellectual capacities of their subjects. Not even imperial Rome, the next and last subduer of that tenacious race, could wrench from it its arts, any more than its religion; and it continued to grow its deities and its gardens, and to record its new emperors in hieroglyphics, till Christianity replaced the one, and holier symbols superseded the other.

CHARLES WOLFE.

(1791—1823.)

CHARLES WOLFE was born in Dublin Dec. 14, 1791. He was connected with Wolfe Tone by family, and was also a relative of General Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec. His father died while he was young, and soon afterward the family removed to England. Charles received the later part of his education in Winchester School, where he was distinguished by proficiency in classical knowledge and in Latin and Greek versification. In 1808 he returned to Ireland with his mother, and entered Trinity College, Dublin. He gained several prizes for English and Latin verse, and obtained a scholarship with the highest honors. He also became a member of the College Historical Society, where the few speeches he delivered were distinguished for refinement of conception, classical elegance, and clear reasoning power.

During his college life most of his poems were written, and apparently without much idea of publication. He was ordained in November, 1817, and appointed to the curacy of Ballyclog in County Tyrone. He was soon removed to a wider field of labor, Castle Caulfield, in the diocese of Armagh. Here the labors of an extensive parish, combined with the regret caused by an entirely hopeless attachment, preyed upon his constitution, and he took sea voyages for his health, but on one of them he died at Queenstown, Feb. 21, 1823.

The 'Remains of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, A.B.' was edited by his friend, Archdeacon Russell, and published in one volume, comprising letters, poems, and fifteen sermons. His 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' which Lord Byron considered "the most perfect ode in the language," first appeared in *The Newry Telegraph*, signed "C. W." For a length of time its authorship was uncertain, and it was attributed in turn to Moore, Campbell, Barry Cornwall, Byron, and others. It was only after Wolfe's death that the authorship was definitely settled by the discovery of the original copy among his papers. The copy is now preserved in the Royal Irish Academy.

As to the manner in which the ode was composed, a letter to Mr. Taylor from the Rev. Samuel O'Sullivan, quoted by the poet's college mate, Dr. Anster, gives ample particulars.

Wolfe entered his friend's room one night and found him reading the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1808. Mr. O'Sullivan began to read aloud a description of the battle of Corunna, to which Wolfe listened attentively. Then the two went for a walk, Wolfe remaining very silent until they were nearly home, when he turned to his companion and repeated the first and last stanzas of the ode as we have them. His friend praised them highly, and encouraged him to complete the poem.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

I.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

II.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

III.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

IV.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

V.

We thought, as we hallowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

VI.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

VII.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

VIII.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory !

LINES WRITTEN TO MUSIC.

Air—'Grammachree.'

If I had thought thou couldst have died
 I might not weep for thee ;
 But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou couldst mortal be :
 It never through my mind had past
 The time would e'er be o'er,
 And I on thee should look my last,
 And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 't will smile again ;
 And still the thought I will not brook,
 That I must look in vain !
 But when I speak—thou dost not say
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
 And now I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary, thou art dead !

If thou would stay e'en as thou art,
 All cold and all serene,
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been.
 While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own :
 But there I lay thee in thy grave—
 And now I am alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me,
 And I perhaps may soothe this heart
 In thinking too of thee :
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light, ne'er seen before,
 'As Fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore.

SONNET WRITTEN IN COLLEGE.

My spirit's on the mountains, where the birds
In wild and sportive freedom wing the air,
Amidst the heath-flowers and the browsing herds,
Where Nature's altar is, my spirit's there.
It is my joy to tread the pathless hills,
Though but in fancy—for my mind is free,
And walks by sedgy ways and trickling rills,
While I'm forbid the use of liberty.
This is delusion, but it is so sweet
That I could live deluded. Let me be
Persuaded that my springing soul may meet
The eagle on the hills—and I am free.
Who'd not be flattered by a fate like this?
To fancy is to feel our happiness.

VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.

(1833 —)

GARNET JOSEPH, VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., formerly Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief of the British Army, is the son of Major G. J. Wolseley, and was born at Golden Bridge House, near Dublin, June 4, 1833. He entered the army in 1852, and was engaged in the Burmese war. In the Crimean campaign he distinguished himself by almost reckless bravery, was wounded severely, and received the Legion of Honor and the Order of the Medjidie. He next took part in suppressing the Indian mutiny, and was mentioned in dispatches and raised to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. During the Chinese campaign he acted as Quartermaster-General.

When the expedition was organized to the Red River in 1871, Sir Garnet was given the chief command. The success with which he carried out the operations of this campaign established his reputation; and from that time forward he has been selected on such occasions as demand great military skill and high qualities as a leader. He was the successful commander of the expedition against the King of Ashantee in 1873-74. He was soon afterwards sent to Natal to arrange some difficulties of administration and colonial defense; in 1878 he was made administrator of Cyprus; and in 1879 he was dispatched again to South Africa, to succeed Lord Chelmsford in command of the forces engaged in the Zulu war, which he soon brought to a successful termination. He was Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Egypt in 1882—for which he was raised to the peerage; of the Gordon Relief Expedition in 1884-85—after which he was made a Viscount; was Commander of the Forces in Ireland from 1890 to 1895, and Field-Marshal, Commanding-in-Chief of the British Army during 1895-1900.

Viscount Wolseley has written a 'Narrative of the War with China in 1860'; 'The Soldier's Pocket-Book,' a work on field maneuvers, and he came forward in 1877 as the editor of a novel, 'Marley Castle.' He has also written various articles in the magazines, 'A Life of the Duke of Marlborough,' and 'The Decline and Fall of Napoleon.'

SACK OF THE SUMMER PALACE.

From 'Narrative of the War with China.'

Upon the 7th of October, at daybreak, we fired twenty-one guns from the high earthen ramparts, near which we halted the evening before, and upon which we had kept large fires burning during the night. These measures were adopted for the purpose of intimating to our cavalry and the French the position we had taken up. A cavalry pa-

trol, under an officer of the quartermaster-general's department, started, as soon as it became light, with orders to ascertain their position and communicate with the French, who were found to be at the Summer Palace, our cavalry being about two miles to their right. Sir Hope Grant, accompanied by Lord Elgin, rode thither in the course of the day for the purpose of seeing General Montauban, who said that as soon as he learned Sir Hope Grant's intention of marching upon Youen-ming-youen, he also made for that place, and fell in with our cavalry during his march, when both proceeded together until they reached the large village Hai-teen, which is situated close by the palace.

Our cavalry brigadier, naturally disliking the idea of getting his men entangled in a town of which he knew nothing, skirted it to the eastward, whilst the French proceeded direct through it and reached the palace gates. About twenty badly armed eunuchs made some pretense at resistance, but were quickly disposed of and the doors burst open, disclosing the sacred precincts of his majesty's residence to what a Chinaman would call the sacrilegious gaze of the barbarians. A mine of wealth and of everything curious in the empire lay as a prey before our French allies. Rooms filled with articles of *vertu*, both native and European, halls containing vases and jars of immense value, and houses stored with silks, satins, and embroidery, were open to them. Indiscriminate plunder and wanton destruction of all articles too heavy for removal commenced at once. When looting is once commenced by an army it is no easy matter to stop it. At such times human nature breaks down the ordinary trammels which discipline imposes, and the consequences are most demoralizing to the very best constituted army. Soldiers are nothing more than grown-up schoolboys. The wild moments of enjoyment passed in the pillage of a place live long in the soldier's memory. Although, perhaps, they did not gain sixpence by it, still they talk of such for years afterwards with pleasure.

Such a time forms so marked a contrast with the ordinary routine of existence passed under the tight hand of discipline, that it becomes a remarkable event in life, and is remembered accordingly. I have often watched soldiers

after the capture of a place wandering in parties of threes or fours through old ranges of buildings, in which the most sanguine even could scarcely hope to find anything worth having; yet every one of them bore about them that air of enjoyment which is unmistakable. Watch them approach a closed door; it is too much trouble to try the latch or handle, so Jack kicks it open. They enter, some one turns over a table, out of which tumbles perhaps some curious manuscripts. To the soldier these are simply waste paper, so he lights his pipe with them. Another happens to look round and sees his face represented in a mirror, which he at once resents as an insult by shying a footstool at it; whilst Bill, fancying that the "old gentleman" in the fine picture-frame upon the wall is making faces at him, rips up the canvas with his bayonet. Some fine statue of Venus is at once adorned with a mustache, and then used as an "Aunt Sally!" Cock-shots are taken at all remarkable objects, which, whilst occupying their intended positions, seem somehow or other to offend the veteran's eye, which dislikes the *in statu quo* of life, and studies the picturesque somewhat after the manner that Colonel Jebb recommends to all country gentlemen who are desirous of converting their mansions into defensible posts.

The love of destruction is certainly inherent in man, and the more strictly men are prevented from indulging in it, so much the more keenly do they appear to relish it when the opportunity occurs. Such an explanation will alone satisfactorily account for the ruin and destruction of property which follows so quickly after the capture of any place; tables and chairs hurled from the windows, clocks smashed upon the pavement, and everything not breakable so injured as to be valueless henceforth.

Soldiers of every nation under heaven have peculiarities common to all of the trade, and the amusements which I have just described are amongst them. The French most certainly are no exception to the rule. If the reader will imagine some three thousand men, imbued with such principles, let loose into a city composed only of Museums and Wardour Streets, he may have some faint idea of what Youen-ming-youen looked like after it had been about twenty hours in possession of the French. The far-famed

palaces of a line of monarchs claiming a celestial relationship, and in which the ambassador of an English king had been insulted with impunity, were littered with the *débris* of all that was highly prized in China. Topsy-turvy is the only expression in our language which at all describes its state.

The ground around the French camp was covered with silks and clothing of all kinds, whilst the men ran hither and thither in search of further plunder, most of them, according to the practice usual with soldiers upon such occasions, being decked out in the most ridiculous-looking costumes they could find, of which there was no lack, as the well-stocked wardrobes of his imperial majesty abounded in such curious raiment. Some had dressed themselves in richly-embroidered gowns of women, and almost all had substituted the turned-up mandarin hat for their ordinary forage-cap. Officers and men seemed to have been seized with a temporary insanity; in body and soul they were absorbed in one pursuit, which was plunder, plunder. I stood by whilst one of the regiments was supposed to be parading; but although their fall in was sounded over and over again, I do not believe there was an average of ten men a company present.

Plundering in this way bears its most evil fruit in an army; for if when it is once commenced an effort is made to stop it, the good men only obey; the bad soldiers continue to plunder, and become rich by their disobedience, whilst the good ones see the immediate effect of their steadiness is to keep them poor. I do not believe that it is attended with such demoralizing effects in a French army as it is in ours. The Frenchman is naturally a more thrifty being than the careless Britisher, who squanders his money in drinking, and "standing drink" to his comrades. Three days afterwards, when the French moved into their position before Peking, they seemed to have regained their discipline, and their men were as steady under arms as if nothing had occurred to disturb the ordinary routine of their lives.

W. G. WOOD-MARTIN.

(1847 —)

W. G. WOOD-MARTIN, J.P., D.L., was born in Woodville, County Sligo, July 16, 1847. He was first educated at private schools, and later in Switzerland, in Belgium, and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. He is the oldest surviving son of the late James Wood of Woodville, and Anne, the eldest daughter of Abraham Martin of Cleveragh, Sligo. He married in 1873 Frances Dora, the eldest daughter of Roger Dodwell Robinson of Wellmont, County Sligo.

His publications are 'Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland,' 'Pagan Ireland,' 'The Lake Dwellings of Ireland,' 'The Rude Stone Monuments of Ireland,' 'History of Sligo County and Town,' and 'Sligo and the Enniskilleners.' He was at one time editor of the *Journal* of the Society of Antiquaries of Ireland; and a member of the Royal Irish Academy.

He was Aide-de-camp to Queen Victoria, and is now to the King (militia); he was Colonel commanding the Duke of Connaught's Own Sligo Artillery from 1883 to 1902.

KEENING AND WAKE.

From 'Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland.'

The assembling of the Irish peasantry at funerals and wakes, and the keening may be described in the Latin lines, of which the following is a free translation:—

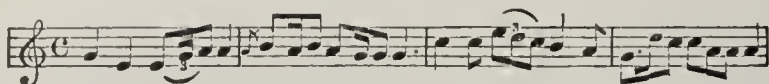
"Delaying not they hasten, speeding fast,
And reach the house, to find a medley strange,
Chaotic cries of grief, with turmoil mixed,
While from the archèd chamber, far within,
The piercing shrieks of mourning women ring,
Re-echoing to the stars."

In the islands off the west coast of Ireland, where ancient superstitions still linger in greatest exuberance, no funeral wail is allowed to be raised until three hours have elapsed from the time of death, as the sound of lamentation might hinder the soul from leaving the body, and would also place the many demons lying in wait for it on the alert.

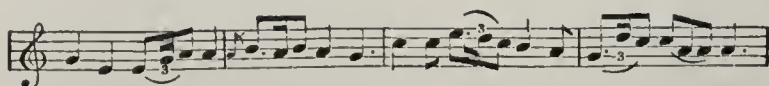
At an Irish wake the keener is almost invariably an aged woman: or if she be comparatively young, the habits

of her life make her look old. Mr. and Mrs. Hall state that they remember one, "whom the artist has pictured from our description. We can never forget a scene in which she played a conspicuous part. A young man had been shot by the police as he was resisting a warrant for his arrest. He was of 'decent people,' and had a 'fine wake.' The woman, when we entered the apartment, was sitting on a low stool by the side of the corpse. Her long black uncombed locks were hanging about her shoulders; her eyes were the deep-set grays peculiar to the country, and which are capable of every expression, from the bitterest hatred and the direst revenge to the softest and warmest affection. Her large blue cloak was confined at her throat, but not so closely as to conceal the outline of her figure, thin and gaunt, but exceedingly lithesome. When she arose, as if by sudden inspiration, first holding out her hands over the body, and then tossing them wildly above her head, she continued her chant in a low monotonous tone, occasionally breaking into a style earnest and animated, and using every variety of attitude to give emphasis to her words, and enforce her description of the virtues and good qualities of the deceased. 'Swift and sure was his foot,' she said, 'on hill and valley. His shadow struck terror to his foes; he could look the sun in the face like an eagle; the whirl of his weapon through the air was fast and terrible as the lightning. There had been full and plenty in his father's house, and the traveler never left it empty; but the tyrants had taken all except his heart's blood, and that they took at last. The girls of the mountain may cry by the running streams, and weep for the flower of the country, but he would return no more. He was the last of his father's house; but his people were many both on hill and valley; and they would revenge his death!' Then, kneeling, she clenched her hands together, and cursed bitter curses against whoever had aimed the fatal bullet—curses which illustrate but too forcibly the fervor of Irish hatred. 'May the light fade from your eyes, so that you may never see what you love! May the grass grow at your door! May you fade into nothing, like snow in summer! May your own blood rise against ye, and the sweetest drink ye take be the bitterest cup of sorrow! May ye die without benefit of priest or clergy.' To

each of her curses there was a deep ‘Amen,’ which the *ban caointhe* paused to hear, and then resumed her maledictions.”



Mo laoch sein u, laoch mo laoch. Leanabh mo leanabh, ghil cha-ómh
O my own youth, youth of my youth. Child of my child, gentle, valiant,



Mo chroidhe lium—nich mar long, Gulath bhrath cha n'ei—rich Os—car.
My heart cries like a blackbird's, For ever gone, never to rise, O Oscar.

Marbh Rann Oscar—The Death-Song of Oscar. From the *Transactions*,
Royal Irish Academy.

The above is the alleged keen of Finn Mac Cool over the corpse of his grandson Oscar, slain at the battle of Gabhra in the third century. The music was preserved in the wilds of Connaught, and in the Highlands of Scotland, the tune being nearly the same. Poetry and music are apparently coeval and of comparatively late date, having originated in the Bardic school of the Province of Connaught, a fountain from where flowed many of those Irish ballads and romances which have, in these latter ages, become the foundation of the numerous ideal superstructures relative to the history and antiquities of this island.

The power of the keen, as a vehicle for conveying the sentiments of the heart, has, in the present day, completely vanished; the Irish, like the Jews, Arabs, and other nations lamented over the dead, uttering cries of grief, tearing their hair, demanding of the deceased, “Why did he die?” “Had he not food, raiment, and friends: why then did he die?” Thomas Dineley, in the account of his tour through Ireland in the reign of Charles II., compares the funeral customs of some of the Caribbee Islanders to those of the Irish of his day. He mentions the “howlings and lamentations” practiced by these savages over the dead body, “to which they add the most ridiculous and nonsensical discourse imaginable, and not much unlike

the vulgar Irish. They talk to him of the best fruits their country doth afford, telling him that he might have eaten of them as much as he would. They put him in mind of the love his family had for him, and his reputation, etc., reproaching him, above all, for dying, as if it had been in his power to prevent it, as for example they tell him :

“ ‘Thou might have lived so well and made so good cheer, thou didst want neither manioc nor potatoes, bananas nor ananas.’

“ As the Irish.

“ ‘Thou didst want nor usquebaugh (whisky), oat cakes, sweet milk, bonny clobber (cheese), mallahaune (sour buttermilk), dillisk (an edible sea-weed), slugane (sloak), and good spoals (joints of meat). How is then that thou didst die? Thou didst live in so great esteem with all men every one did love and respect thee: what is the matter, then, that thou art dead? Thy friends and relations were so kind to thee; their greatest care was only to please thee, and to let thee lack nothing: pray tell us, then, why didst thou think of dying? Thou wast so useful and serviceable to the country; thou hadst signalized thyself in so many battles; thou wast our defense and security from the assault and fury of our enemies: why is it, then, that thou art dead?’ Which last words are always the burden of the howl and song to both people, and the conclusion of all these complaints, which they repeat a thousand times, reckoning over all the actions of his life with all the advantages wherewith he was endowed.”

O’Brien, in his *Irish Dictionary*, described the keen as comprising a lamentation of the dead, according to certain loud and mournful notes and verses, “wherein the pedigree, land, property, generosity, and good actions of the deceased person and his ancestors are diligently and harmoniously recounted in order to excite pity and compassion in the hearers, and to make them sensible of their great loss in the death of the person they lament.”

One of these modern keens attracted the notice of the poet Crabbe, who described it as very pathetic, the more so, as in it, as in many of its class, there is no suggested Christian consolation, no implied reunion in a quiet, far-off country; all is unqualified grief and, on that account alone, most deeply melancholy. Though stated to have

been composed in the commencement of the nineteenth century it is pure paganism. Its beautiful simplicity is in part sacrificed by its rendering into verse, so it is first given in the literal translation of Crofton Croker :

“Cold and silent is thy bed; damp is the blessed dew of night; but the sun will bring warmth and heat in the morning, and dry up the dew. But my heart cannot feel heat from the morning sun; no more will the print of your footsteps be seen in the morning dew on the mountains of Ivera, where you had so often hunted the fox and the hare, ever foremost amongst your men. Cold and silent is now thy bed.

“My sunshine you were; I loved you better than the sun itself, and when I see the sun going down in the west I think of my boy and of my black night of sorrow. Like the rising sun, he had a red glow on his cheek. He was as bright as the sun at midday; but a dark storm came on, and my sunshine was lost to me forever. My sunshine will never again come back. No, my boy cannot return. Cold and silent is his bed.

“Life-blood of my heart; for the sake of my boy I cared only for this world. He was brave; he was generous; he was noble-minded; he was beloved by rich and poor; he was clear-skinned. But why should I tell what everyone knows? Why should I now go back to what never can be more? He who was everything to me is dead. He is gone forever: he will return no more. Cold and silent is his repose!”

The following is a paraphrase of the foregoing keen :

“Oh ! silent and cold is thy lonely repose,
 Though chilly and damp falls the mist of the night ;
 Yet the sun shall bring joys with the morn, and the dews
 Shall vanish before his keen arrows of light;
 But the pulses of life in thy bosom no more
 Shall vibrate, nor morning awaken thine eye;
 No more shalt thou wander thy native hills o’er,
 The green hills of Erin, that bloom to the sky;
 And childhood’s gay scenes, when thy soul undefiled,
 First felt the dear blossoms of friendship unelose,
 Where infancy’s features in playfulness smiled;
 But ah! cold and silent is now thy repose!

“Thou wert dearer to me than the sun in the west,
 When he tinges with crimson the skirts of the sea;

But memory weeps, and my soul is distressed;
 When I look on his beauty, I think upon thee!
 In youth thou wert like him, all blooming and gay;
 And soft was the down on thy cheek, as the rose;
 In the splendor of manhood, like him at midday;
 But thy fate was untimely, and early thy close;
 He rises again when his journey is o'er,
 But thy life has been dimmed by misfortune and woes;
 Thou hast sunk to thy rest to return no more,
 For ah! cold and silent is now thy repose.

"Oh! thou who now sleepest in earth's narrow bed,
 As the nerve of my throbbing heart thou wert to me,
 And with thee all the charms of the world are fled,
 For though it was dear, it was dear but for thee.
 Thou wert generous and good: thou wert noble and just,
 In the morning of life thou wert beauteous and brave;
 But why look on virtue and worth that are past?
 For he who possessed them is gone to the grave;
 Or why call to memory the scenes that are o'er?
 The floweret is hid in dark evening's close;
 From the night of the tomb shall it blossom no more,
 For ah! cold and silent is now thy repose."

There is in this the deep pathos of the Greek poet, when he tearfully appeals to the human heart, and contrasts the lot of man with the flowers of the field, which renew their growth in the spring-time, while man, with all his vaunted superiority, once laid to rest in his dark and narrow bed, sleeps the sleep which knows no awaking.

A most touching lament, a keen of genuine and bitter grief, was taken down from the lips of a bereaved mother some years ago, and is thus given by Lady Wilde in a literal English version:

"O women, look on me! Look on me, women! Have you ever seen sorrow like mine? Have you ever seen the like of me in my sorrow? Arrah, then, my darling! my darling! 't is your mother that calls you. How long you are sleeping! Do you see all the people round you, my darling, and sorely weeping? Arrah, what is this paleness on your face? Sure, there was no equal to it in Erin for beauty and fairness, and your hair was heavy as the wing of a raven, and your skin was whiter than the hand of a lady. Is it the stranger must carry me to my grave, and my son lying here?"

The following keen of an Irish mother over her dead

son was written by Mrs. Hemans, in imitation of this peculiar style of lamentation :

“Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son.
Silent and dark.

There is blood upon the threshold
Whence thy step went forth at morn,
Like a dancer's in its fleetness,
Oh, my bright first-born.

“At the glad sound of that footstep,
My heart within me smiled;
Thou wert brought back all silent
On thy bier, my child.
Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son.
Silent and dark.

“I thought to see thy children
Laugh on me with thine eyes;
But my sorrow's voice is lonely
Where my life's-flower lies.

“I shall go to sit beside thee,
Thy kindred graves among;
I shall hear the tall grass whisper;
I shall hear it not long.
Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son.
Silent and dark.

“And I too shall find slumber
With my lost one in the earth;
Let none light up the ashes
Again on our hearth.

“Let the roof go down, let silence
On the home for ever fall,
Where my boy lay cold and heard not
His lone mother's call
Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son.
Silent and dark.”

Wakes and the customs attached to them portray varied phases of life in long past ages, and the idiosyncrasies of the people are no where so well displayed as at these meetings, where tragedy and comedy, all that is stern and all that is humorous in Irish character, are displayed in

unfettered freedom. Transition from deepest sorrow to mirth occurs with the greatest rapidity, so that there is melancholy in their mirth, and mirth in their melancholy. Great dramatic talent was displayed by the actors of certain plays, games, and sports performed at these meetings. A peasant who saw, for the first time, a play at one of the Dublin theaters, said: "I have now seen the great English actors, and heard plays in the English tongue, but poor and dull they seemed to me, after the acting of our own people at the wakes and fairs; for it is a truth the English cannot make us weep and laugh, as I have seen the crowds with us, when the players played and the poets recited their stories."

FRANCES WYNNE.

(— 1893.)

FRANCES WYNNE, the eldest daughter of Mr. Alfred Wynne, was born in Collon, County Louth. She lived nearly all her short life in the quiet village where she was born, but on her marriage to her cousin, the Rev. Henry Wynne, in 1892, she went to live in London, and died there in August, 1893, when her little son was born. Her one slender volume, 'Whisper!' is quite unique in its way—a most winning, charming, and roguish way, with much impulsive tenderness and a natural grace of style. This indeed was the very muse of young girlhood; and one imagines that the little book, slender and slight though it is, must be long beloved.

WHISPER!

You saucy south wind, setting all the budded beech boughs
 swinging

Above the wood anemones that flutter, flushed and white,
When far across the wide salt waves your quick way you were
 winging,

Oh! tell me, tell me, did you pass my sweetheart's ship last
 night?

Ah! let the daisies be,
South wind, and answer me:
Did you my sailor see?
Wind, whisper very low,
For none but you must know
I love my lover so.

You've come by many a gorsy hill, your breath has sweetness
 in it,

You've ruffled up the high white clouds that fleck the shining
 blue;

You've rushed and danced and whirled, so now perhaps you'll
 spare a minute

To tell me whether you have seen my lover brave and true?

Wind, answer me, I pray,
I'm lonelier every day,
My love is far away;
And, sweet wind, whisper low,
For none but you must know
I love my lover so.

EN ATTENDANT.

This morning there were dazzling drifts of daisies in the meadow,
 On sunny slopes the celandines were glittering like gold,
 Across the bright and breezy world ran shifting shine and shadow,
 The wind blew warmly from the west. Now all is changed and cold.

*He's half an hour late,
 While here I wait and wait.
 Well, it is just my fate—
 Too plainly I can see,
 He never cared for me.
 How cruel men can be!*

I wish those daffodils out there would cease their foolish flutter,
 And keep their bobbing yellow heads for just a second still.
 My eyes ache so! Would some one please to partly close the shutter,
 And move those hateful hyacinths from off the window-sill?

*He's half an hour late,
 No longer I shall wait.
 Hark, there's the garden gate!
 Love is this you at last?
 Ah, do not be downcast—
 I knew the clocks were fast.*

“PERHAPS.”

A whisper of spring's in the air—
 A soft west wind setting the elm-boughs a-sway—
 There are more flowers I'm sure on the gorse than there were
 When last I came this way.

I think, perhaps, it is true—
 That as long as the flower's on the gorse,
 Love is in season too.
 But it must be true, of course;
 And if not, why should I care?
 The sky is shining blue;
 The sparrows twitter anew
 Of beginning to pair,
 And we've passed the shortest day.

How the gorse will blaze
'Neath the flitting, rushing brightness of April days!
In a glowing mass 't will sweep down the bare hill-side,
The golden overflow round the bank will glide
Where the dear blue violets hide,
And the careless sunshine strays.

Shall I be all alone?
Or will some one come to love me
When the white clouds race above me,
And the buttercups have grown?
Perhaps—ah! who can tell?—
When the meadows flush with clover,
Perhaps I'll have a lover,
Perhaps he'll love me well.

All too surely the year will wane,
And the fair gorse-gold will tarnish and dim,
But lonely eyes shall ne'er seek in vain
A fugitive flower 'twixt the thorns so grim
While love and hope remain.

Perhaps if I had—him,
And he was kind,
And called me gently by my name,
Perhaps I should not mind
Even when winter came,
And the dreary, dreary rain.

W. B. YEATS

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

(1865 —)

THE great Irish poet of our day was born in Dublin, June 13, 1865. He is the son of Mr. John B. Yeats, himself an artist, and a true poet in feeling, though he has not made literature his profession.

W. B. Yeats was educated at Godolphin School, Hammersmith, and at the Dublin High School. He began his career as an art student, but gave up art for literature when he had reached the age of twenty-one.

The last decade of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century witnessed a great national awakening in Ireland, and the birth of ideas and ideals which have had a profound effect upon Irish politics, literature, and national life. In all of the organizations that have most largely contributed toward this change, W. B. Yeats has been among the foremost, and the chief standard-bearer of the intellectual and literary revival is this distinguished poet, dramatist, and orator. While his chief reputation rests on his poetry, essays, and dramas, no one has a deeper knowledge of the influences and energies, spiritual, intellectual, artistic, social, and economic, at work in Ireland to-day. Thousands who heard him in this country in 1903 know him to be a most gifted orator, and not a mere reader of essays or of selections from his works, and his oratory is not the least interesting phase of his versatile genius. In his view, verse should neither be sung nor said; it should be intoned, as it were, to a simple notation, whereby every word is pronounced so as to reach the ear like a conversational utterance, but also to reach a certain tone, like a definite note in a song. This, he maintains, is the original art of the minstrels and the troubadours, the original art in which all love, religion, and history were once embraced. He was one of the chief organizers and the head of the Irish Literary Theater, established some years ago, which undertook to do for Irish drama what Antoine, with the Théâtre Libre, did for the French drama; and he is President of its successor organization, the Irish National Theater Society, the story of which is told elsewhere in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

Of the quality of his writing, Mr. George W. Russell ("A. E.") writes thus:—

"When I was asked to write about our Irish poet my thoughts were like rambling flocks that have no shepherd, and without guidance my rambling thoughts have run anywhere. I have known the poet, and his poetry too, intimately for many years, and I find myself like the artist who is too close to his subject to view it as a whole. I confess I have feared to enter or linger too long in the many-colored land of Druid twilights and tunes. A beauty not our own, more perfect than we can ourselves conceive, is a danger to the imagination. I am too often tempted to wander with Usheen in Tirna-noge and to forget my own heart and its more rarely accorded vision of truth.

"I know I like my own heart best, but I never look into the world of my friend without feeling that my region lies in the temperate zone and is near the Arctic circle: the flowers grow more rarely and are paler, and the struggle for existence is keener. Southward and in the warm west are the Happy Isles among the shadowy waters. The pearly phantoms are dancing there, with blown hair amid cloud-pale daffodils. They have known nothing but beauty, or at the most a beautiful unhappiness. Everything there moves in procession or according to ritual, and the agony of grief, if it is felt, must be concealed. There are no faces blurred with tears there: some traditional gesture signifying sorrow is all that is allowed. I have looked with longing eyes into this world. It is Ildathach, the Many-colored Land, but not the Land of the Living Heart. That island where the multitudinous beatings of many hearts become one is yet unvisited; but the isle of our poet is the most beautiful of all the isles the mystic voyagers have found during the thousands of years literature was recorded in Ireland. What wonder that many wish to follow him, and already other voices are singing amid its twilights.

"They will make and unmake. They will discover new wonders, and will perhaps make commonplace some beauty which but for repetition would have seemed rare. I would that no one but the first discoverer should enter Ildathach, or at least, report of it. No voyage to the new world, however memorable, will hold us like the voyage of Columbus. I sigh sometimes, thinking of the light dominion dreams have over the heart. We cannot hold a dream for long; and that early joy of the poet in his new-found world has passed. It has seemed to him too luxuriant. He seeks for something more, and has tried to make its tropical tangle orthodox, and the glimmering water and winds are no longer beautiful natural presences, but have become symbolic voices, and preach obscurely some doctrine of their power to quench the light in the soul or to fan it to a brighter flame. I like their old voiceless motion and their natural wandering best, and would rather roam in the 'bee-loud glade' than under the 'boughs of beryl and chrysoberyl,' where I am put to school to learn the significance of every jewel. I like that natural infinity which a prodigal beauty suggests more than that revealed in esoteric hieroglyphs, even though the writing be in precious stones. Sometimes I wonder whether that insatiable desire of the mind for something more than it has yet attained, which blows the perfume from every flower, and plucks the flower from every tree, and hews down every tree in the valley until it goes forth gnawing itself in a last hunger, does not threaten all the cloudy turrets of the poet's soul. But whatever end or transformation or unveiling may happen, that which creates beauty must have beauty in its essence, and the soul must cast off many vestures before it comes to itself. We, all of us, poets, artists, and musicians, who work in shadows, must some time begin to work in substance, and why should we grieve if one labor ends and another begins? I am interested more in life than in the shadows of life, and as Ildathach grows fainter I await eagerly the revelation of the real nature of one who has built so many mansions in the heavens. The poet has concealed himself

under the embroidered cloths and has moved in secretness, and only at rare times, as when he says 'A pity beyond all telling is hid in the heart of love,' do we recognize a love which is not the love of the Sidhe ; and more rarely still do recognizable human figures, like the Old Pensioner or Moll Magee, meet us. All the rest are from another world, and are survivals of the proud and golden races who move with the old stateliness, and an added sorrow for the dark age which breaks in upon their loveliness. They do not war upon the new age, but build up about themselves in imagination the ancient beauty, and love with a love a little colored by the passion of the darkness from which they could not escape. They are the sole inheritors of many traditions, and have now come to the end of the ways and so are unhappy. We know why they are unhappy, but not the cause of a strange merriment which sometimes they feel, unless it be that beauty within itself has a joy in its own rhythmic being. They are changing, too, as the winds and waters have changed. They are not like Usheen, seekers and romantic wanderers, but have each found some mood in themselves where all quest ceases : they utter oracles ; and even in the swaying of a hand or the dropping of hair there is less suggestion of individual action than of a divinity living within them, shaping an elaborate beauty in dream for his own delight, and for no other end than the delight in his dream. Other poets have written of Wisdom overshadowing man and speaking through his lips, or a Will working within the human will, but I think in this poetry we find for the first time the revelation of the Spirit as the weaver of beauty. Hence it comes that little hitherto unnoticed motions are adored :

“ ‘ You need but lift a pearl-pale hand,
And bind up your long hair and sigh ;
And all men's hearts must burn and beat.’

This woman is less the beloved than the priestess of beauty who reveals the divinity, not as the inspired prophetess filled with the Holy Breath did in the ancient mysteries, but in casual gestures and in a waving of her white arms, in the stillness of her eyes, in her hair which trembles like a fairy flood of unloosed shadowy light over pale breasts ; and in many glimmering motions so beautiful that it is at once seen whose footfall it is we hear, and that the place where she stands is holy ground. This, it seems to me, is what is essential in this poetry, what is peculiar and individual in it—the revelation of great mysteries in unnoticed things ; and as not a sparrow may fall unconsidered by Him, so even in the swaying of a human hand His scepter may have dominion over the heart, and His paradise be entered in the lifting of an eyelid.”

In poetry Mr. Yeats has written 'The Wanderings of Oisín, and Other Poems' (1889), 'The Countess Kathleen, and Various Legends and Lyrics' (1892), 'The Land of Heart's Desire,' a play (1894), 'Poems, Selected' (1895), 'The Wind Among the Reeds' (1899), which was crowned by the London Academy as the best book of verse of the year ; 'Poems' (1899), 'The Shadowy Waters' (1900), 'Poems' (1901), 'In the Seven Woods,' poems chiefly of the Irish heroic age

(1903). His prose works are 'John Sherman and Dhoya' (1891), 'The Celtic Twilight' (1893), 'The Secret Rose' (1897), 'The Tables of the Law: the Adoration of the Magi'—privately printed (1897), 'Kathleen-ni-Houlihan,' a play (1901), 'The Celtic Twilight,' new and revised edition (1901), *Plays for an Irish Theater*, 2 vols. (1903), Vol. I. 'Where There is Nothing,' Vol. II. 'Shorter Plays'; 'Ideas of Good and Evil,' essays (1903). He has edited the following: 'Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry,' with introduction (1890); 'Stories from Carleton,' with introduction (1891); 'The Works of William Blake,' with introduction (1893); 'Irish Fairy Tales' (1894); 'A Book of Irish Verse,' with introduction (1895); 'A Book of Images,' drawings by W. T. Horton, with introduction (1895); 'Beltaine, the Organ of the Irish Literary Theater' (1899-1900); 'A Book of Irish Verse,' new issue, revised (1900); 'Samhain, the Organ of the Irish National Theater Society,' 2 vols. (1901-1902).

THE CELTIC ELEMENT IN LITERATURE.

From 'Ideas of Good and Evil.'

Once every people in the world believed that trees were divine, and could take a human or grotesque shape and dance among the shadows; and that deer, and ravens and foxes, and wolves and bears, and clouds and pools, almost all things under the sun and moon, and the sun and moon, were not less divine and changeable. They saw in the rainbow the still bent bow of a god thrown down in his negligence; they heard in the thunder the sound of his beaten water-jar, or the tumult of his chariot wheels; and when a sudden flight of wild duck, or of crows, passed over their heads, they thought they were gazing at the dead hastening to their rest; while they dreamed of so great a mystery in little things that they believed the waving of a hand, or of a sacred bough, enough to trouble far-off hearts, or hood the moon with darkness.

All our literatures are full of these or of like imaginations, and all the poets of races, who have not lost this way of looking at things could have said themselves, as the poet of the 'Kalavala' said of himself, "I have learned my songs from the music of many birds, and from the music of many waters." When a mother in the 'Kalavala' weeps for a daughter, who was drowned flying from an old suitor, she weeps so greatly that her tears become three rivers, and cast up three rocks, on which grow three birch-trees,

where three cuckoos sit and sing, the one "love, love," the one "suitor, suitor," the one "consolation, consolation." And the makers of the Sagas made the squirrel run up and down the sacred ash-tree carrying words of hatred from the eagle to the worm, and from the worm to the eagle; although they had less of the old way than the makers of the 'Kalavala' for they lived in a more crowded and complicated world, and were learning the abstract meditation which lures men from visible beauty, and were unlearning, it may be, the impassioned meditation which brings men beyond the edge of trance and makes trees, and beasts, and dead things talk with human voices.

The old Irish and the old Welsh, though they had less of the old way than the makers of the 'Kalavala,' had more of it than the makers of the Sagas, and it is this that distinguishes the examples Matthew Arnold quotes of their "natural magic," of their sense of "the mystery" more than of "the beauty" of nature. When Matthew Arnold wrote it was not easy to know as much as we know now of folk song and folk belief, and I do not think he understood that our "natural magic" is but the ancient religion of the world, the ancient worship of nature and that troubled ecstasy before her, that certainty of all beautiful places being haunted, which it brought into men's minds. The ancient religion is in that passage of the 'Mabinogion' about the making of "Flower Aspect." Gwydion and Math made her "by charms and illusions" "out of flowers." "They took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, and produced from them a maiden the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw; and they baptized her, and called her 'Flower Aspect';" and one finds it in the not less beautiful passage about the burning Tree, that has half its beauty from calling up a fancy of leaves so living and beautiful, they can be of no less living and beautiful a thing than flame: "They saw a tall tree by the side of the river one half of which was in flames from the root to the top, and the other half was green and in full leaf." And one finds it very certainly in the quotations he makes from English poets to prove a Celtic influence in English poetry; in Keats' "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in fairy lands

forlorn;" and his "moving waters at their priestlike task of pure ablution round earth's human shore;" in Shakespeare's "floor of heaven," "inlaid with patens of bright gold;" and in his Dido standing "on the wild sea banks," "a willow in her hand," and waving it in the ritual of the old worship of nature and the spirits of nature, to wave "her love to come again to Carthage." And his other examples have the delight and wonder of devout worshippers among the haunts of their divinities. Is there not such delight and wonder in the description of "Olwen" in the 'Mabinogion'? "More yellow was her hair than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood-anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountains." And is there not such delight and wonder in—

"Meet we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or on the beachèd margent of the sea"?

If men had never dreamed that fair women could be made out of flowers, or rise up out of meadow fountains and paved fountains, neither passage could have been written. Certainly, the descriptions of nature made in what Matthew Arnold calls "the faithful way" or in what he calls "the Greek way," would have lost nothing if all the meadow fountains or paved fountains were meadow fountains and paved fountains and nothing more. When Keats wrote, in the Greek way, which adds lightness and brightness to nature—

"What little town by river or sea-shore
Or mountain built with quiet citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn;"

when Shakespeare wrote in the Greek way—

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;"

when Virgil wrote in the Greek way—

"Muscosi fontes et somno mollior herba,"

and

"Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi"—

they looked at nature without ecstasy, but with the affection a man feels for the garden where he has walked daily and thought pleasant thoughts. They looked at nature in the modern way, the way of people who are poetical, but are more interested in one another than in a nature which has faded to be but friendly and pleasant, the way of people who have forgotten the ancient religion.

Men who lived in a world where anything might flow and change, and become any other thing; and among great gods whose passions were in the flaming sunset, and in the thunder and the thunder-shower, had not our thoughts of weight and measure. They worshiped nature and the abundance of nature, and had always, as it seems, for a supreme ritual that tumultuous dance among the hills or in the depths of the woods where unearthly ecstasy fell upon the dancers, until they seemed the gods or the god-like beasts, and felt their souls overtopping the moon; and, as some think, imagined for the first time in the world the blessed country of the gods and of the happy dead. They had imaginative passions because they did not live within our own strait limits, and were nearer to ancient chaos, every man's desire, and had immortal models about them. The hare that ran by among the dew might have sat upon his haunches when the first man was made, and the poor bunch of rushes under their feet might have been a goddess laughing among the stars; and with but a little magic, a little waving of the hands, a little murmuring of the lips, they too could become a hare or a bunch of rushes, and know immortal love and immortal hatred.

All folk literature, and all literature that keeps the folk tradition, delights in unbounded and immortal things. The 'Kalavala' delights in the seven hundred years that Luonaton wanders in the depths of the sea with Wäinämöinen in her womb, and the Mohamedan king in the Song of Roland, pondering upon the greatness of Charlemagne, repeats over and over, "He is three hundred years old, when will he weary of war?" Cuchulain in the Irish folk tale had the passion of victory, and he overcame all men, and died warring upon the waves, because they alone had the strength to overcome him. The lover in the Irish folk song bids his beloved come with him into the woods, and see the salmon leap in the rivers, and hear the

cuckoo sing, because death will never find them in the heart of the woods. Oisín, new come from his three hundred years of faeryland, and of the love that is in faeryland, bids Saint Patrick cease his prayers a while, and listen to the blackbird, because it is the blackbird of Darryearn that Finn brought from Norway, three hundred years before, and set its nest upon the oak-tree with his own hands. Surely if one goes far enough into the woods, one will find there all that one is seeking? Who knows how many centuries the birds of the woods have been singing?

All folk literature has indeed a passion whose like is not in modern literature and music and art, except where it has come by some straight or crooked way out of ancient times. Love was held to be a fatal sickness in ancient Ireland, and there is a love-poem in 'The Songs of Connacht' that is like a death cry: "My love, O she is my love, the woman who is most for destroying me, dearer is she for making me ill than the woman who would be for making me well. She is my treasure, O she is my treasure, the woman of the gray eyes . . . a woman who would not lay a hand under my head. . . . She is my love, O she is my love, the woman who left no strength in me; a woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, a woman who would not raise a stone at my tomb. . . . She is my secret love, O she is my secret love. A woman who tells me nothing, . . . a woman who does not remember me to be out. . . . She is my choice, O she is my choice, the woman who would not look back at me, the woman who would not make peace with me. . . . She is my desire, O she is my desire; a woman dearest to me under the sun, a woman who would not pay me heed, if I were to sit by her side. It is she ruined my heart, and left a sigh for ever in me."

There is another song that ends, "The Erne shall be in strong flood, the hills shall be torn down, and the sea shall have red waves, and blood shall be spilled, and every mountain valley and every moor shall be on high, before you shall perish, my little black rose." Nor do the old Irish weigh and measure their hatred. The nurse of O'Sullivan Bere in the folk song prays that the bed of his betrayer may be the red hearth-stone of hell for ever. And

an Elizabethan Irish poet cries: "Three things are waiting for my death. The devil, who is waiting for my soul and cares nothing for my body or my wealth; the worms, who are waiting for my body but care nothing for my soul or my wealth; my children, who are waiting for my wealth and care nothing for my body or my soul. O Christ, hang all three in the one noose." Such love and hatred seek no mortal thing but their own infinity, and such love and hatred soon become love and hatred of the idea. The lover who loves so passionately can soon sing to his beloved like the lover in the poem by "A. E.," "A vast desire awakes and grows into forgetfulness of thee."

When an early Irish poet calls the Irishman famous for much loving, and a proverb, a friend has heard in the Highlands of Scotland, talks of the lovelessness of the Irishman, they may say but the same thing, for if your passion is but great enough it leads you to a country where there are many cloisters. The hater who hates with too good a heart soon comes also to hate the idea only; and from this idealism in love and hatred comes, as I think, a certain power of saying and forgetting things, especially a power of saying and forgetting things in politics, which others do not say and forget. The ancient farmers and herdsmen were full of love and hatred, and made their friends gods, and their enemies the enemies of gods, and those who keep their tradition are not less mythological. From this "mistaking dreams" which are perhaps essences, for "realities" which are perhaps accidents, from this "passionate, turbulent reaction against the despotism of fact," comes, it may be, that melancholy which made all ancient peoples delight in tales that end in death and parting, as modern peoples delight in tales that end in marriage bells; and made all ancient peoples, who like the old Irish had a nature more lyrical than dramatic, delight in wild and beautiful lamentations.

Life was so weighed down by the emptiness of the great forests and by the mystery of all things, and by the greatness of its own desires, and, as I think, by the loneliness of much beauty; and seemed so little and so fragile and so brief, that nothing could be more sweet in the memory than a tale that ended in death and parting, and than a wild and beautiful lamentation. Men did not mourn

merely because their beloved was married to another, or because learning was bitter in the mouth, for such mourning believes that life might be happy were it different, and is therefore the less mourning; but because they had been born and must die with their great thirst unslaked.

And so it is that all the august sorrowful persons of literature, Cassandra and Helen and Deirdre, and Lear and Tristan, have come out of legends and are indeed but the images of the primitive imagination mirrored in the little looking-glass of the modern and classic imagination. This is that "melancholy a man knows when he is face to face" with nature, and thinks "he hears her communing with him about" the mournfulness of being born and of dying; and how can it do otherwise than call into his mind "its exiles, its flights, across the seas," that it may stir the ever-smoldering ashes? No Gaelic poetry is so popular in Gaelic-speaking places as the lamentations of Oisín, old and miserable, remembering the companions and the loves of his youth, and his three hundred years in faeryland and his faery love: all dreams withering in the winds of time lament in his lamentations: "The clouds are long above me this night; last night was a long night to me; although I find this day long, yesterday was still longer. Every day that comes to me is long. . . . No one in this great world is like me—a poor old man dragging stones. The clouds are long above me this night. I am the last man of the Fianna, the great Oisín, the son of Finn, listening to the sound of bells. The clouds are long above me this night." Matthew Arnold quotes the lamentation of Leyrach Hen as a type of the Celtic melancholy, but I prefer to quote it as a type of the primitive melancholy: "O my crutch, is it not autumn when the fern is red and the water flow yellow? Have I not hated that which I love? . . . Behold old age, which makes sport of me, from the hair of my head and my teeth, to my eyes which women loved. The four things I have all my life most hated fall upon me together—coughing and old age, sickness and sorrow. I am old, I am alone, shapeliness and warmth are gone from me, the couch of honor shall be no more mine; I am miserable, I am bent on my crutch. How evil was the lot allotted to Leyrach, the night he was brought forth! Sorrows without end and no deliverance from his burden."

An Elizabethan writer describes extravagant sorrow by calling it "to weep Irish"; and Oisín and Leyrach Hen are, I think, a little nearer even to us modern Irish than they are to most people. That is why our poetry and much of our thought is melancholy. "The same man," writes Dr. Hyde in the beautiful prose which he first writes in Gaelic, "who will to-day be dancing, sporting, drinking, and shouting, will be soliloquizing by himself to-morrow, heavy and sick and sad in his own lonely little hut, making a croon over departed hopes, lost life, the vanity of this world, and the coming of death."

IRELAND AND THE ARTS.

From 'Ideas of Good and Evil.'

The arts have failed; fewer people are interested in them every generation. The mere business of living, of making money, of amusing one's self, occupies people more and more, and makes them less and less capable of the difficult art of appreciation. When they buy a picture it generally shows a long-current idea, or some conventional form that can be admired in that lax mood one admires a fine carriage in or fine horses in; and when they buy a book it is so much in the manner of the picture that it is forgotten, when its moment is over, as a glass of wine is forgotten. We who care deeply about the arts find ourselves the priesthood of an almost forgotten faith, and we must, I think, if we would win the people again, take upon ourselves the method and the fervor of a priesthood. We must be half humble and half proud. We see the perfect more than others, it may be, but we must find the passions among the people. We must baptize as well as preach.

The makers of religions have established their ceremonies, their form of art, upon fear of death, on the hope of the father in his child, upon the love of man and woman. They have even gathered into their ceremonies the ceremonies of more ancient faiths, for fear a grain of the dust turned into crystal in some past fire, a passion that had mingled with the religious idea, might perish if the

ancient ceremony perished. They have renamed wells and images and given new meanings to ceremonies of spring and midsummer and harvest. In very early days the arts were so possessed by this method that they were almost inseparable from religion, going side by side with it into all life. But, to-day, they have grown, as I think, too proud, too anxious to live alone with the perfect, and so one sees them, as I think, like charioteers standing by deserted chariots and holding broken reins in their hands, or seeking to go upon their way drawn by the one passion which alone remains to them out of the passions of the world.

We should not blame them, but rather a mysterious tendency in things which will have its end some day. In England, men like William Morris, seeing about them passions so long separated from the perfect that it seemed as if they could not be changed until society had been changed, tried to unite the arts once more to life by uniting them to use. They advised painters to paint fewer pictures upon canvas, and to burn more of them on plates; and they tried to persuade sculptors that a candlestick might be as beautiful as a statue. But here in Ireland, when the arts have grown humble, they will find two passions ready to their hands, love of the Unseen Life and love of country. I would have a devout writer or painter often content himself with subjects taken from his religious beliefs; and if his religious beliefs are those of the majority, he may at last move hearts in every cottage. While even if his religious beliefs are those of some minority, he will have a better welcome than if he wrote of the rape of Persephone, or painted the burning of Shelley's body. He will have founded his work on a passion which will bring him to many besides those who have been trained to care for beautiful things by a special education. If he is a painter or a sculptor he will find churches awaiting his hand everywhere, and if he follows the masters of his craft our other passion will come into his work also, for he will show his Holy Family winding among hills like those of Ireland and his Bearer of the Cross among faces copied from the faces of his own town. Our art teachers should urge their pupils into this work, for I can remember, when I was myself a Dublin art student,

how I used to despond when eagerness burned low, as it always must now and then, at seeing no market at all.

But I would rather speak to those who, while moved in other things than the arts by love of country, are beginning to write, as I was some sixteen years ago, without any decided impulse to one thing more than another, and especially to those who are convinced, as I was convinced, that art is tribeless, nationless, a blossom gathered in No Man's Land. The Greeks, the only perfect artists of the world, looked within their own borders, and we, like them, have a history fuller than any modern history of imaginative events; and legends which surpass, as I think, all legends but theirs in wild beauty, and in our land, as in theirs, there is no river or mountain that is not associated in the memory with some event or legend; while political reasons have made love of country, as I think, even greater among us than among them. I would have our writers and craftsmen of many kinds master this history and these legends, and fix upon their memory the appearance of mountains and rivers and make it all visible again in their arts, so that Irishmen, even though they had gone thousands of miles away, would still be in their own country. Whether they chose for the subject the carrying off of the Brown Bull, or the coming of Patrick, or the political struggle of later times, the other world comes so much into it all that their love of it would move in their hands also, and as much, it may be, as in the hands of the Greek craftsmen. In other words, I would have Ireland recreate the ancient arts, the arts as they were understood in Judæa, in India, in Scandinavia, in Greece and Rome, in every ancient land; as they were understood when they moved a whole people and not a few people who have grown up in a leisured class and made this understanding their business.

I think that my reader will have agreed with most that I have said up till now, for we all hope for arts like these. I think indeed I first learned to hope for them myself in Young Ireland Societies, or in reading the essays of Davis. An Englishman, with his belief in progress, with his instinctive preference for the cosmopolitan literature of the last century, may think arts like these parochial, but they are the arts we have begun the making of.

I will not, however, have all my readers with me when I say that no writer, no artist, even though he choose Brian Boroihme or Saint Patrick for his subject, should try to make his work popular. Once he has chosen a subject he must think of nothing but giving it such an expression as will please himself. As Walt Whitman has written—

“The oration is to the orator, the acting is to the actor and actress, not to the audience:

And no man understands any greatness or goodness but his own or the indication of his own.”

He must make his work a part of his own journey towards beauty and truth. He must picture saint or hero, or hill-side, as he sees them, not as he is expected to see them, and he must comfort himself, when others cry out against what he has seen, by remembering that no two men are alike, and that there is no “excellent beauty without strangeness.” In this matter he must be without humility. He may, indeed, doubt the reality of his vision if men do not quarrel with him as they did with the Apostles, for there is only one perfection and only one search for perfection, and it sometimes has the form of the religious life and sometimes of the artistic life; and I do not think these lives differ in their wages, for “The end of art is peace” and out of the one as out of the other comes the cry: *Sero te amavi! Pulchritudo tam antiqua et tam nova! Sero te amavi!*

The Catholic Church is not the less the Church of the people because the Mass is spoken in Latin, and art is not less the art of the people because it does not always speak in the language they are used to. I once heard my friend Mr. Ellis say, speaking at a celebration in honor of a writer whose fame had not come till long after his death, “It is not the business of a poet to make himself understood, but it is the business of the people to understand him. That they are at last compelled to do so is the proof of his authority.” And certainly if you take from art its martyrdom, you will take from it its glory. It might still reflect the passing modes of mankind, but it would cease to reflect the face of God.

If our craftsmen were to choose their subjects under what we may call, if we understand faith to mean that belief in a spiritual life which is not confined to one

Church, the persuasion of their faith and their country, they would soon discover that although their choice seemed arbitrary at first, it had obeyed what was deepest in them. I could not now write of any other country but Ireland, for my style has been shaped by the subjects I have worked on, but there was a time when my imagination seemed unwilling, when I found myself writing of some Irish event in words that would have better fitted some Italian or Eastern event, for my style had been shaped in that general stream of European literature which has come from so many watersheds, and it was slowly, very slowly, that I made a new style. It was years before I could rid myself of Shelley's Italian light, but now I think my style is myself. I might have found more of Ireland if I had written in Irish, but I have found a little, and I have found all myself. I am persuaded that if the Irishmen who are painting conventional pictures or writing conventional books on alien subjects, which have been worn away like pebbles on the shore, would do the same, that they, too, might find themselves. Even the landscape-painter, who paints a place that he loves, and that no other man has painted, soon discovers that no style learned in the studios is wholly fitted to his purpose.

And I cannot but believe that if our painters of Highland cattle and moss-covered barns were to care enough for their country to care for what makes it different from other countries, they would discover when struggling, it may be, to paint the exact gray of the bare Burren Hills, and of a sudden it may be, a new style, their very selves. And I admit, though in this I am moved by some touch of fanaticism, that even when I see an old subject written of or painted in a new way, I am yet jealous for Cuchulain, and for Baile, and Aillinn, and for those gray mountains that still are lacking their celebration. I sometimes reproach myself because I cannot admire Mr. Hughes' beautiful, piteous 'Orpheus and Eurydice' with an unquestioning mind. I say with my lips, "The Spirit made it, for it is beautiful and the Spirit bloweth where it listeth," but I say in my heart, "Aengus and Etain would have served his turn;" but one cannot, perhaps, love or believe at all if one does not love or believe a little too much.

And I do not think with unbroken pleasure of our

scholars who write about German writers or about periods of Greek history. I always remember that they could give us a number of little books which would tell, each book for some one county, or some one parish, the verses, or the stories, or the events that would make every lake or mountain a man can see from his own door an excitement in his imagination. I would have some of them leave that work of theirs which will never lack hands, and begin to dig in Ireland, the garden of the future, understanding that here in Ireland the spirit of man may be about to wed the soil of the world.

Art and scholarship like these I have described would give Ireland more than they received from her, for they would make love of the unseen more unshakable, more ready to plunge deep into the abyss, and they would make love of country more fruitful in the mind, more a part of daily life. One would know an Irishman into whose life they had come—and in a few generations they would come into the life of all, rich and poor—by something that set him apart among men. He himself would understand that more was expected of him than of others because he had greater possessions. The Irish race would have become a chosen race, one of the pillars that uphold the world.

“DUST HATH CLOSED HELEN’S EYE.”

From ‘The Celtic Twilight.’

I.

I have been lately to a little group of houses, not many enough to be called a village, in the barony of Kiltartan in County Galway, whose name, Ballylee, is known through all the west of Ireland. There is the old square castle, Ballylee, inhabited by a farmer and his wife, and a cottage where their daughter and their son-in-law live, and a little mill with an old miller, and old ash-trees throwing green shadows upon a little river and great stepping-stones. I went there two or three times last year to talk to the miller about Biddy Early, a wise woman that lived in Clare some

years ago, and about her saying, "There is a cure for all evil between the two mill-wheels of Ballylee," and to find out from him or another whether she meant the moss between the running waters or some other herb. I have been there this summer, and I shall be there again before it is autumn, because Mary Hynes, a beautiful woman whose name is still a wonder by turf fires, died there sixty years ago; for our feet would linger where beauty has lived its life of sorrow to make us understand that it is not of the world. An old man brought me a little way from the mill and the castle, and down a long, narrow boreen that was nearly lost in brambles and sloe bushes, and he said, "That is the little old foundation of the house, but the most of it is taken for building walls, and the goats have ate those bushes that are growing over it till they've got cranky, and they won't grow any more. They say she was the handsomest girl in Ireland, her skin was like dribbled snow"—he meant driven snow, perhaps,—“and she had blushes in her cheeks. She had five handsome brothers, but all are gone now!” I talked to him about a poem in Irish, Raftery, a famous poet, made about her, and how it said, “there is a strong cellar in Ballylee.” He said the strong cellar was the great hole where the river sank underground, and he brought me to a deep pool, where an otter hurried away under a gray boulder, and told me that many fish came up out of the dark water at early morning “to taste the fresh water coming down from the hills.”

I first heard of the poem from an old woman who lives about two miles further up the river, and who remembers Raftery and Mary Hynes. She says, “I never saw anybody so handsome as she was, and I never will till I die,” and that he was nearly blind, and had “no way of living but to go round and to mark some house to go to, and then all the neighbors would gather to hear. If you treated him well he'd praise you, but if you did not, he'd fault you in Irish. He was the greatest poet in Ireland, and he'd make a song about that bush if he chanced to stand under it. There was a bush he stood under from the rain, and he made verses praising it, and then when the water came through he made verses dispraising it.” She sang the poem to a friend and to myself in Irish, and every

word was audible and expressive, as the words in a song were always, as I think, before music grew too proud to be the garment of words, flowing and changing with the flowing and changing of their energies. The poem is not as natural as the best Irish poetry of the last century, for the thoughts are arranged in a too obviously traditional form, so the old poor half-blind man who made it has to speak as if he were a rich farmer offering the best of everything to the woman he loves, but it has naïve and tender phrases. The friend that was with me has made some of the translation, but some of it has been made by the country people themselves. I think it has more of the simplicity of the Irish verses than one finds in most translations.

“ Going to Mass by the will of God,
The day came wet and the wind rose ;
I met Mary Hynes at the cross of Kiltartan,
And I fell in love with her then and there.

I spoke to her kind and mannerly,
As by report was her own way ;
And she said, ‘ Raftery, my mind is easy,
You may come to-day to Ballylee.’

When I heard her offer I did not linger,
When her talk went to my heart my heart rose.
We had only to go across the three fields,
We had daylight with us to Ballylee.

The table was laid with glasses and a quart measure,
She had fair hair, and she sitting beside me ;
And she said, ‘ Drink, Raftery, and a hundred welcomes,
There is a strong cellar in Ballylee.’

O star of light and O sun in harvest,
O amber hair, O my share of the world,
Will you come with me upon Sunday
Till we agree together before all the people ?

I would not grudge you a song every Sunday evening,
Punch on the table, or wine if you would drink it,
But, O King of Glory, dry the roads before me,
Till I find the way to Ballylee.

There is sweet air on the side of the hill
When you are looking down upon Ballylee ;
When you are walking in the valley picking nuts and black-
berries,
There is music of the birds in it and music of the Sidhe.

What is the worth of greatness till you have the light
 Of the flower of the branch that is by your side?
 There is no god to deny it or to try and hide it,
 She is the sun in the heavens who wounded my heart.

There was no part of Ireland I did not travel,
 From the rivers to the tops of the mountains,
 To the edge of Lough Greine whose mouth is hidden,
 And I saw no beauty but was behind hers.

Her hair was shining, and her brows were shining too;
 Her face was like herself, her mouth pleasant and sweet.
 She is the pride, and I give her the branch,
 She is the shining flower of Ballylee.

It is Mary Hynes, the calm and easy woman,
 Has beauty in her mind and in her face.
 If a hundred clerks were gathered together,
 They could not write down a half of her ways."

An old weaver, whose son is supposed to go away among the Sidhe (the faeries) at night, says, "Mary Hynes was the most beautiful thing ever made. My mother used to tell me about her, for she'd be at every hurling, and wherever she was she was dressed in white. As many as eleven men asked her in marriage in one day, but she wouldn't have any of them. There was a lot of men up beyond Kilbecanty one night sitting together drinking, and talking of her, and one of them got up and set out to go to Ballylee and see her; but Cloon Bog was open then, and when he came to it he fell into the water, and they found him dead there in the morning. She died of the fever that was before the famine." Another old man says he was only a child when he saw her, but he remembered that "the strongest man that was among us, one John Madden, got his death of the head of her, cold he got crossing rivers in the night-time to get to Ballylee." This is perhaps the man the other remembered, for tradition gives the one thing many shapes. There is an old woman who remembers her, at Derrybrien among the Echtge hills, a vast desolate place, which has changed little since the old poem said, "the stag upon the cold summit of Echtge hears the cry of the wolves," but still mindful of many poems and of the dignity of ancient speech. She says, "The sun and the moon never shone on anybody so handsome, and her skin was so white that it looked blue, and

she had two little blushes on her cheeks." And an old wrinkled woman who lives close by Ballylee, and has told me many tales of the Sidhe, says, "I often saw Mary Hynes, she was handsome indeed. She had two bunches of curls beside her cheeks, and they were the color of silver.

I saw Mary Molloy that was drowned in the river beyond, and Mary Guthrie that was in Ardrahan, but she took the sway of them both, a very comely creature. I was at her wake too—she had seen too much of the world. She was a kind creature. One day I was coming home through that field beyond, and I was tired, and who should come out but the Poisin Glegeal (the shining flower), and she gave me a glass of new milk." This old woman meant no more than some beautiful bright color by the color of silver, for though I knew an old man—he is dead now—who thought she might know "the cure for all the evils in the world," that the Sidhe knew, she has seen too little gold to know its color. But a man by the shore at Kinvara, who is too young to remember Mary Hynes, says, "Everybody says there is no one at all to be seen now so handsome; it is said she had beautiful hair, the color of gold. She was poor, but her clothes every day were the same as Sunday, she had such neatness. And if she went to any kind of a meeting, they would all be killing one another for a sight of her, and there was a great many in love with her, but she died young. It is said that no one that has a song made about them will ever live long."

Those who are much admired are, it is held, taken by the Sidhe, who can use ungoverned feeling for their own ends, so that a father, as an old herb doctor told me once, may give his child into their hands, or a husband his wife. The admired and desired are only safe if one says "God bless them" when one's eyes are upon them. The old woman that sang the song thinks, too, that Mary Hynes was "taken," as the phrase is, "for they have taken many that are not handsome, and why would they not take her? And people came from all parts to look at her, and maybe there were some that did not say 'God bless her.'" An old man who lives by the sea at Duras has as little doubt that she was taken, "for there are some living yet can remember her coming to the pattern there beyond,

and she was said to be the handsomest girl in Ireland." She died young because the gods loved her, for the Sidhe are the gods, and it may be that the old saying, which we forget to understand literally, meant her manner of death in old times. These poor countrymen and countrywomen in their beliefs, and in their emotions, are many years nearer to that old Greek world, that set beauty beside the fountain of things, than are our men of learning. She "had seen too much of the world;" but these old men and women, when they tell of her, blame another and not her, and though they can be hard, they grow gentle as the old men of Troy grew gentle when Helen passed by on the walls.

The poet who helped her to so much fame has himself a great fame throughout the west of Ireland. Some think that Raftery was half blind, and say, "I saw Raftery, a dark man, but he had sight enough to see her," or the like, but some think he was wholly blind, as he may have been at the end of his life. Fable makes all things perfect in their kind, and her blind people must never look on the world and the sun. I asked a man I met one day, when I was looking for a pool *na mna Sidhe* where women of faery have been seen, how Raftery could have admired Mary Hynes so much if he had been altogether blind? He said, "I think Raftery was altogether blind, but those that are blind have a way of seeing things, and have the power to know more, and to feel more, and to do more, and to guess more than those that have their sight, and a certain wit and a certain wisdom is given to them." Everybody, indeed, will tell you that he was very wise, for was he not only blind but a poet? The weaver whose words about Mary Hynes I have already given, says, "His poetry was the gift of the Almighty, for there are three things that are the gift of the Almighty—poetry and dancing and principles. That is why in the old times an ignorant man coming down from the hillside would be better behaved and have better learning than a man with education you 'd meet now, for they got it from God;" and a man at Coole says, "When he put his finger to one part of his head, everything would come to him as if it was written in a book;" and an old pensioner at Kiltartan says, "He was standing under a bush one time, and he talked to it, and it answered him back in Irish. Some say it was the bush

that spoke, but it must have been an enchanted voice in it, and it gave him the knowledge of all the things of the world. The bush withered up afterwards, and it is to be seen on the roadside now between this and Rahasine." There is a poem of his about a bush, which I have never seen, and it may have come out of the caldron of fable in this shape.

A friend of mine met a man once who had been with him when he died, but the people say that he died alone, and one Maurteen Gillane told Dr. Hyde that all night long a light was seen streaming up to heaven from the roof of the house where he lay, and "that was the angels who were with him;" and all night long there was a great light in the hovel, "and that was the angels who were waking him. They gave that honor to him because he was so good a poet, and sang such religious songs." It may be that in a few years Fable, who changes mortalities to immortalities in her caldron, will have changed Mary Hynes and Raftery to perfect symbols of the sorrow of beauty and of the magnificence and penury of dreams. 1900.

II.

When I was in a northern town awhile ago I had a long talk with a man who had lived in a neighboring country district when he was a boy. He told me that when a very beautiful girl was born in a family that had not been noted for good looks, her beauty was thought to have come from the Sidhe, and to bring misfortune with it. He went over the names of several beautiful girls that he had known, and said that beauty had never brought happiness to anybody. It was a thing, he said, to be proud of and afraid of. I wish I had written out his words at the time, for they were more picturesque than my memory of them. 1902.

THE DEVIL.

From 'The Celtic Twilight.'

My old Mayo woman told me one day that something very bad had come down the road and gone into the house opposite, and though she would not say what it was, I knew quite well. Another day she told me of two friends of hers who had been made love to by one whom they believed to be the devil. One of them was standing by the roadside when he came by on horseback, and asked her to mount up behind him and go riding. When she would not he vanished. The other was out on the road late at night waiting for her young man, when something came flapping and rolling along the road up to her feet. It had the likeness of a newspaper, and presently it flapped up into her face, and she knew by the size of it that it was the *Irish Times*. All of a sudden it changed into a young man, who asked her to go walking with him. She would not, and he vanished.

I know of an old man too, on the slopes of Ben Bulbin, who found the devil ringing a bell under his bed, and he went off and stole the chapel bell and rang him out. It may be that this, like the others, was not the devil at all, but some poor wood spirit whose cloven feet had got him into trouble.

VILLAGE GHOSTS.

From 'The Celtic Twilight.'

In the great cities we see so little of the world, we drift into our minority. In the little towns and villages there are no minorities; people are not numerous enough. You must see the world there, perforce. Every man is himself a class; every hour carries its new challenge. When you pass the inn at the end of the village you leave your favorite whimsy behind you; for you will meet no one who can share it. We listen to eloquent speaking, read books and write them, settle all the affairs of the universe. The dumb village multitudes pass on unchanging; the feel of

the spade in the hand is no different for all our talk: good seasons and bad follow each other as of old. The dumb multitudes are no more concerned with us than is the old horse peering through the rusty gate of the village pound. The ancient map-makers wrote across unexplored regions, "Here are lions." Across the villages of fishermen and turners of the earth, so different are these from us, we can write but one line that is certain, "Here are ghosts."

My ghosts inhabit the village of H——, in Leinster. History has in no manner been burdened by this ancient village, with its crooked lanes, its old abbey churchyard full of long grass, its green background of small fir-trees, and its quay, where lie a few tarry fishing-luggers. In the annals of entomology it is well known. For a small bay lies westward a little, where he who watches night after night may see a certain rare moth fluttering along the edge of the tide, just at the end of evening or the beginning of dawn. A hundred years ago it was carried here from Italy by smugglers in a cargo of silks and laces. If the moth-hunter would throw down his net, and go hunting for ghost tales or tales of the faeries and such-like children of Lillith, he would have need for far less patience.

To approach the village at night a timid man requires great strategy. A man was once heard complaining, "By the cross of Jesus! how shall I go? If I pass by the hill of Dunboy old Captain Burney may look out on me. If I go round by the water, and up by the steps, there is the headless one and another on the quays, and a new one under the old churchyard wall. If I go right round the other way, Mrs. Stewart is appearing at Hillside Gate, and the devil himself is in the Hospital Lane."

I never heard which spirit he braved, but feel sure it was not the one in the Hospital Lane. In cholera times a shed had been there set up to receive patients. When the need had gone by, it was pulled down, but ever since the ground where it stood has broken out in ghosts and demons and faeries. There is a farmer at H——, Paddy B—— by name—a man of great strength, and a teetotaler. His wife and sister-in-law, musing on his great strength, often wonder what he would do if he drank. One night when passing through the Hospital Lane, he saw what he supposed at first to be a tame rabbit; after a little

he found that it was a white cat. When he came near, the creature slowly began to swell larger and larger, and as it grew he felt his own strength ebbing away, as though it were sucked out of him. He turned and ran.

By the Hospital Lane goes the "Faeries' Path." Every evening they travel from the hill to the sea, from the sea to the hill. At the sea end of their path stands a cottage. One night Mrs. Arbunathy, who lived there, left her door open, as she was expecting her son. Her husband was asleep by the fire; a tall man came in and sat beside him. After he had been sitting there for a while, the woman said "In the name of God, who are you?" He got up and went out, saying, "Never leave the door open at this hour, or evil may come to you." She woke her husband and told him. "One of the good people has been with us," said he.

Probably the man braved Mrs. Stewart at Hillside Gate. When she lived she was the wife of the Protestant clergyman. "Her ghost was never known to harm any one," say the village people; "it is only doing a penance upon the earth." Not far from Hillside Gate, where she haunted, appeared for a short time a much more remarkable spirit. Its haunt was the bogen, a green lane leading from the western end of the village. I quote its history at length: a typical village tragedy. In a cottage at the village end of the bogen lived a house-painter, Jim Montgomery, and his wife. They had several children. He was a little dandy, and came of a higher class than his neighbors. His wife was a very big woman. Her husband, who had been expelled from the village choir for drink, gave her a beating one day. Her sister heard of it, and came and took down one of the window shutters—Montgomery was neat about everything and had shutters on the outside of every window—and beat him with it, being big and strong like her sister. He threatened to prosecute her; she answered that she would break every bone in his body if he did. She never spoke to her sister again, because she had allowed herself to be beaten by so small a man. Jim Montgomery grew worse and worse: his wife soon began to have not enough to eat. She told no one, for she was very proud. Often, too, she would have no fire on a cold night. If any neighbors came in

she would say she had let the fire out because she was just going to bed. The people about often heard her husband beating her, but she never told any one. She got very thin. At last one Saturday there was no food in the house for herself and the children. She could bear it no longer, and went to the priest and asked him for some money. He gave her thirty shillings. Her husband met her, and took the money, and beat her. On the following Monday she got very ill, and sent for a Mrs. Kelly. Mrs. Kelly, as soon as she saw her, said, "My woman, you are dying," and sent for the priest and the doctor. She died in an hour. After her death, as Montgomery neglected the children, the landlord had them taken to the workhouse. A few nights after they had gone, Mrs. Kelly was going home through the bogeen when the ghost of Mrs. Montgomery appeared and followed her. It did not leave her until she reached her own house. She told the priest, Father S——, a noted antiquarian, and could not get him to believe her. A few nights afterwards Mrs. Kelly again met the spirit in the same place. She was in too great terror to go the whole way, but stopped at a neighbor's cottage midway, and asked them to let her in. They answered they were going to bed. She cried out, "In the name of God let me in, or I will break open the door." They opened, and so she escaped from the ghost. Next day she told the priest again. This time he believed, and said it would follow her until she spoke to it.

She met the spirit a third time in the bogeen. She asked what kept it from its rest. The spirit said that its children must be taken from the workhouse, for none of its relations were ever there before, and that three masses were to be said for the repose of its soul. "If my husband does not believe you," she said, "show him that," and touched Mrs. Kelly's wrist with three fingers. The places where they touched swelled up and blackened. She then vanished. For a time Montgomery would not believe that his wife had appeared: "She would not show herself to Mrs. Kelly," he said—"she with respectable people to appear to." He was convinced by the three marks, and the children were taken from the workhouse. The priest said the masses, and the shade must have been at rest, for it has not since appeared. Some time afterwards Jim Mont-

gomery died in the workhouse, having come to great poverty through drink.

I know some who believe they have seen the headless ghost upon the quay, and one who, when he passes the old cemetery wall at night, sees a woman with white borders to her cap¹ creep out and follow him. The apparition only leaves him at his own door. The villagers imagine that she follows him to avenge some wrong. "I will haunt you when I die" is a favorite threat. His wife was once half-scared to death by what she considers a demon in the shape of a dog.

These are a few of the open-air spirits; the more domestic of their tribe gather within-doors, plentiful as swallows under southern eaves.

One night a Mrs. Nolan was watching by her dying child in Fluddy's Lane. Suddenly there was a sound of knocking heard at the door. She did not open, fearing it was some unhuman thing that knocked. The knocking ceased. After a little the front-door and then the back-door were burst open, and closed again. Her husband went to see what was wrong. He found both doors bolted. The child died. The doors were again opened and closed as before. Then Mrs. Nolan remembered that she had forgotten to leave window or door open, as the custom is, for the departure of the soul. These strange openings and closings and knockings were warnings and reminders from the spirits who attend the dying.

The house ghost is usually a harmless and well-meaning creature. It is put up with as long as possible. It brings good luck to those who live with it. I remember two children who slept with their mother and sisters and brothers in one small room. In the room was also a ghost. They sold herrings in the Dublin streets, and did not mind the ghost much, because they knew they would always sell their fish easily while they slept in the "ha'nted" room.

I have some acquaintance among the ghost-seers of western villages. The Connaught tales are very different from those of Leinster. These H—— spirits have a gloomy, matter-of-fact way with them. They come to

¹ I wonder why she had white borders to her cap. The old Mayo woman, who has told me so many tales, has told me that her brother-in-law saw "a woman with white borders to her cap going round the stacks in a field, and soon after he got a hurt, and he died in six months."

announce a death, to fulfil some obligation, to revenge a wrong, to pay their bills even—as did a fisherman's daughter the other day—and then hasten to their rest. All things they do decently and in order. It is demons, and not ghosts, that transform themselves into white cats or black dogs. The people who tell the tales are poor, serious-minded fishing people, who find in the doings of the ghosts the fascination of fear. In the western tales is a whimsical grace, a curious extravagance. The people who recount them live in the most wild and beautiful scenery, under a sky ever loaded and fantastic with flying clouds. They are farmers and laborers, who do a little fishing now and then. They do not fear the spirits too much to feel an artistic and humorous pleasure in their doings. The ghosts themselves share in their quaint hilarity. In one western town, on whose deserted wharf the grass grows, these spirits have so much vigor that, when a misbeliever ventured to sleep in a haunted house, I have been told they flung him through the window, and his bed after him. In the surrounding villages the creatures use the most strange disguises. A dead old gentleman robs the cabbages of his own garden in the shape of a large rabbit. A wicked sea-captain stayed for years inside the plaster of a cottage wall, in the shape of a snipe, making the most horrible noises. He was only dislodged when the wall was broken down; then out of the solid plaster the snipe rushed away whistling.

MIRACULOUS CREATURES.

From 'The Celtic Twilight.'

There are marten cats and badgers and foxes in the Enchanted Woods, but there are of a certainty mightier creatures, and the lake hides what neither net nor line can take. These creatures are of the race of the white stag that flits in and out of the tales of Arthur, and of the evil pig that slew Diarmuid where Ben Bulbin mixes with the sea wind. They are the wizard creatures of hope and fear, they are of them that fly and of them that follow

among the thickets that are about the Gates of Death. A man I know remembers that his father was one night in the wood of Inchy, "where the lads of Gort used to be stealing rods. He was sitting by the wall, and the dog beside him, and he heard something come running from Owbawn Weir, and he could see nothing, but the sound of its feet on the ground was like the sound of the feet of a deer. And when it passed him, the dog got between him and the wall and scratched at it there as if it was afraid, but still he could see nothing but only hear the sound of hoofs. So when it was passed he turned and came away home." "Another time," the man says, "my father told me he was in a boat out on the lake with two or three men from Gort, and one of them had an eel-spear, and he thrust it into the water, and it hit something, and the man fainted and they had to carry him out of the boat to land, and when he came to himself he said that what he struck was like a calf, but whatever it was, it was not fish!" A friend of mine is convinced that these terrible creatures, so common in lakes, were set there in old times by subtle enchanters to watch over the gates of wisdom. He thinks that if we sent our spirits down into the water we would make them of one substance with strange moods of ecstasy and power, and go out it may be to the conquest of the world. We would, however, he believes, have first to out-face and perhaps overthrow strange images full of a more powerful life than if they were really alive. It may be that we shall look at them without fear when we have endured the last adventure, that is death.

ENCHANTED WOODS.

From 'The Celtic Twilight.'

I.

Last summer, whenever I had finished my day's work, I used to go wandering in certain roomy woods, and there I would often meet an old countryman, and talk to him about his work and about the woods, and once or twice a friend came with me to whom he would open his heart

more readily than to me. He had spent all his life lopping away the witch elm and the hazel and privet and the horn-beam from the paths, and had thought much about the natural and supernatural creatures of the wood. He has heard the hedgehog—"grainne oge," he calls him—"grunting like a Christian," and is certain that he steals apples by rolling about under an apple tree until there is an apple sticking to every quill. He is certain too that the cats, of whom there are many in the woods, have a language of their own—some kind of old Irish. He says, "Cats were serpents, and they were made into cats at the time of some great change in the world. That is why they are hard to kill, and why it is dangerous to meddle with them. If you annoy a cat it might claw or bite you in a way that would put poison in you, and that would be the serpent's tooth."

Sometimes he thinks they change into wild cats, and then a nail grows on the end of their tails; but these wild cats are not the same as the marten cats, who have been always in the woods. The foxes were once tame, as the cats are now, but they ran away and became wild. He talks of all wild creatures except squirrels—whom he hates—with what seems an affectionate interest, though at times his eyes will twinkle with pleasure as he remembers how he made hedgehogs unroll themselves when he was a boy, by putting a wisp of burning straw under them.

I am not certain that he distinguishes between the natural and supernatural very clearly. He told me the other day that foxes and cats like, above all, to be in the "forths" and lisses after nightfall; and he will certainly pass from some story about a fox to a story about a spirit with less change of voice than when he is going to speak about a marten cat—a rare beast nowadays. Many years ago he used to work in the garden, and once they put him to sleep in a garden-house where there was a loft full of apples, and all night he could hear people rattling plates and knives and forks over his head in the loft. Once, at any rate, he has seen an unearthly sight in the woods. He says, "One time I was out cutting timber over in Inchy, and about eight o'clock one morning when I got there I saw a girl picking nuts, with her hair hanging down over her shoulders, brown hair, and she had a good, clean face,

and she was tall and nothing on her head, and her dress no way gaudy but simple, and when she felt me coming she gathered herself up and was gone as if the earth had swallowed her up. And I followed her and looked for her, but I never could see her again from that day to this, never again." He used the word clean as we would use words like fresh or comely.

Others too have seen spirits in the Enchanted Woods. A laborer told us of what a friend of his had seen in a part of the woods that is called Shanwalla, from some old village that was before the wood. He said, "One evening I parted from Lawrence Mangan in the yard, and he went away through the path in Shanwalla, an' bid me good-night. And two hours after, there he was back again in the yard, an' bid me light a candle that was in the stable. An' he told me that when he got into Shanwalla, a little fellow about as high as his knee, but having a head as big as a man's body, came beside him and led him out of the path an' round about, and at last it brought him to the lime-kiln, and then it vanished and left him."

A woman told me of a sight that she and others had seen by a certain deep pool in the river. She said, "I came over the stile from the chapel, and others along with me; and a great blast of wind came and two trees were bent and broken and fell into the river, and the splash of water out of it went up to the skies. And those that were with me saw many figures, but myself I only saw one, sitting there by the bank where the trees fell. Dark clothes he had on, and he was headless."

A man told me that one day, when he was a boy, he and another boy went to catch a horse in a certain field, full of bowlders and bushes of hazel and creeping juniper and rock roses, that is where the lake side is for a little clear of the woods. He said to the boy that was with him, "I bet a button that if I fling a pebble on to that bush it will stay on it," meaning that the bush was so matted the pebble would not be able to go through it. So he took up "a pebble of cow-dung, and as soon as it hit the bush there came out of it the most beautiful music that ever was heard." They ran away, and when they had gone about two hundred yards they looked back and saw a woman dressed in white, walking round and round the bush.

“ First it had the form of a woman, and then of a man, and it was going round the bush.”

II.

I often entangled myself in arguments more complicated than even those paths of Inchy as to what is the true nature of apparitions, but at other times I say as Socrates said when they told him a learned opinion about a nymph of the Ilissus, “ The common opinion is enough for me.” I believe when I am in the mood that all nature is full of people whom we cannot see, and that some of these are ugly or grotesque, and some wicked or foolish, but very many beautiful beyond any one we have ever seen, and that these are not far away when we are walking in pleasant and quiet places. Even when I was a boy I could never walk in a wood without feeling that at any moment I might find before me somebody or something I had long looked for without knowing what I looked for. And now I will at times explore every little nook of some poor cop-pice with almost anxious footsteps, so deep a hold has this imagination upon me. You too meet with a like imagination, doubtless, somewhere, wherever your ruling stars will have it, Saturn driving you to the woods, or the Moon, it may be, to the edges of the sea. I will not of a certainty believe that there is nothing in the sunset, where our forefathers imagined the dead following their shepherd the sun, or nothing but some vague presence as little moving as nothing. If beauty is not a gateway out of the net we were taken in at our birth, it will not long be beauty, and we will find it better to sit at home by the fire and fatten a lazy body or to run hither and thither in some foolish sport than to look at the finest show that light and shadow ever made among green leaves. I say to myself, when I am well out of that thicket of argument, that they are surely there, the divine people, for only we who have neither simplicity nor wisdom have denied them, and the simple of all times and the wise men of ancient times have seen them and even spoken to them. They live out their passionate lives not far off, as I think, and we shall be among them when we die if we but keep our natures simple and passionate. May it not even be that death shall unite us to all romance, and that some day we shall

fight dragons among blue hills, or come to that whereof all romance is but

“Foreshadowings mingled with the images
Of man’s misdeeds in greater days than these,”

as the old men thought in ‘The Earthly Paradise’ when they were in good spirits?

THE LAST GLEEMAN.

From ‘The Celtic Twilight.’

Michael Moran was born about 1794 off Black Pitts, in the Liberties of Dublin, in Faddle Alley. A fortnight after birth he went stone blind from illness, and became thereby a blessing to his parents, who were soon able to send him to rhyme and beg at street corners and at the bridges over the Liffey. They may well have wished that their quiver were full of such as he, for, free from the interruption of sight, his mind became a perfect echoing chamber, where every movement of the day and every change of public passion whispered itself into rhyme or quaint saying. By the time he had grown to manhood he was admitted rector of all the ballad-mongers of the Liberties. Madden the weaver, Kearney the blind fiddler from Wicklow, Martin from Meath, McBride from heaven knows where, and that M’Grane, who in after days, when the true Moran was no more, strutted in borrowed plumes, or rather in borrowed rags, and gave out that there had never been any Moran but himself, and many another, did homage before him, and held him chief of all their tribe. Nor despite his blindness did he find any difficulty in getting a wife, but rather was able to pick and choose, for he was just that mixture of raganuffin and of genius which is dear to the heart of woman, who, perhaps because she is wholly conventional herself, loves the unexpected, the crooked, the bewildering.

Nor did he lack, despite his rags, many excellent things, for it is remembered that he ever loved caper sauce, going so far indeed in his honest indignation at its absence upon

one occasion as to fling a leg of mutton at his wife. He was not, however, much to look at, with his coarse frieze coat with its cape and scalloped edge, his old corduroy trousers and great brogues, and his stout stick made fast to his wrist by a thong of leather: and he would have been a woful shock to the Glceman MacConglinne, could that friend of kings have beheld him in prophetic vision from the pillar stone at Cork. And yet though the short cloak and the leather wallet were no more, he was a true gleeman, being alike poet, jester, and newsman of the people. In the morning when he had finished his breakfast, his wife or some neighbor would read the newspaper to him, and read on and on until he interrupted with, "That 'll do—I have me meditations;" and from these meditations would come the day's store of jest and rhyme. He had the whole Middle Ages under his frieze coat.

He had not, however, MacConglinne's hatred of the Church and clergy, for when the fruit of his meditations did not ripen well, or when the crowd called for something more solid, he would recite or sing a metrical tale or ballad of saint or martyr or of Biblical adventure. He would stand at a street corner, and when a crowd had gathered would begin in some such fashion as follows (I copy the record of one who knew him)—"Gather round me, boys, gather round me. Boys, am I standin' in puddle? am I standin' in wet?" Thereon several boys would cry, "Ah, no! yez not! yer in a nice dry place. Go on with 'St. Mary;' go on with 'Moses'"—each calling for his favorite tale. Then Moran, with a suspicious wriggle of his body and a clutch at his rags, would burst out with "All me buzzin friends are turned backbiters;" and after a final "If yez don't drop your coddin' and diversion I'll lave some of yez a case," by way of warning to the boys, begin his recitation, or perhaps still delay, to ask, "Is there a crowd round me now? Any blackguard heretic around me?" The best-known of his religious tales was 'St. Mary of Egypt,' a long poem of exceeding solemnity, condensed from the much longer work of a certain Bishop Coyle.

It told how a fast woman of Egypt, Mary by name, followed pilgrims to Jerusalem for no good purpose, and then turning penitent on finding herself withheld from entering the Temple by supernatural interference, fled to the desert

and spent the remainder of her life in solitary penance. When at last she was at the point of death, God sent Bishop Zozimus to hear her confession, give her the last sacrament, and with the help of a lion, whom He sent also, dig her grave. The poem has the intolerable cadence of the eighteenth century, but was so popular and so often called for that Moran was soon nicknamed Zozimus, and by that name is he remembered. He had also a poem of his own called 'Moses,' which went a little nearer poetry without going very near. But he could ill brook solemnity, and before long parodied his own verses in the following ragamuffin fashion:

" In Egypt's land, contagious to the Nile,
King Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style.
She tuk her dip, then walked unto the land,
To dry her royal pelt she ran along the strand.
A bulrush tripped her, whereupon she saw
A smiling babby in a wad o' straw.
She took it up, and said with accents mild,
'Tare-and-agers, girls, which av yez owns the child?'"

His humorous rhymes were, however, more often quips and cranks at the expense of his contemporaries. It was his delight, for instance, to remind a certain shoemaker, noted alike for display of wealth and for personal uncleanness, of his inconsiderable origin in a song of which but the first stanza has come down to us:

" At the dirty end of Dirty Lane,
Lived a dirty cobbler, Dick Maclane;
His wife was in the old king's reign
A stout brave orange-woman.
On Essex Bridge she strained her throat,
And six-a-penny was her note.
But Dickey wore a bran-new coat,
He got among the yeomen.
He was a bigot, like his clan,
And in the streets he wildly sang
O Roly, toly, toly raid, with his old jade."

He had troubles of divers kinds, and numerous interlopers to face and put down. Once an officious peeler arrested him as a vagabond, but was triumphantly routed amid the laughter of the court, when Moran reminded his worship of the precedent set by Homer, who was also, he declared, a poet, and a blind man, and a beggarman. He

had to face a more serious difficulty as his fame grew. Various imitators started up upon all sides. A certain actor, for instance, made as many guineas as Moran did shillings by mimicking his sayings and his songs and his get-up upon the stage. On night this actor was at supper with some friends, when dispute arose as to whether his mimicry was overdone or not. It was agreed to settle it by an appeal to the mob. A forty-shilling supper at a famous coffee-house was to be the wager. The actor took up his station at Essex Bridge, a great haunt of Moran's, and soon gathered a small crowd. He had scarce got through "In Egypt's land, contagious to the Nile," when Moran himself came up, followed by another crowd. The crowds met in great excitement and laughter. "Good Christians," cried the pretender, "is it possible that any man would mock the poor dark man like that?"

"Who's that? It's some imposhterer," replied Moran.

"Begone, you wretch! it's you'ze the imposhterer. Don't you fear the light of heaven being struck from your eyes for mocking the poor dark man?"

"Saints and angels, is there no protection against this? You're a most inhuman blaguard to try to deprive me of my honest bread this way," replied poor Moran.

"And you, you wretch, won't let me go on with the beautiful poem. Christian people, in your charity won't you beat this man away? he's taking advantage of my darkness."

The pretender, seeing that he was having the best of it, thanked the people for their sympathy and protection, and went on with the poem, Moran listening for a time in bewildered silence. After a while Moran protested again with:

"Is it possible that none of yez can know me? Don't yez see it's myself; and that's some one else?"

"Before I can proceed any further in this lovely story," interrupted the pretender, "I call on yez to contribute your charitable donations to help me to go on."

"Have you no sowl to be saved, you mocker of heaven?" cried Moran, put completely beside himself by this last injury. "Would you rob the poor as well as desave the the world? O, was ever such wickedness known?"

"I leave it to yourselves, my friends," said the pretender, "to give to the real dark man, that you all know so well, and save me from that schemer," and with that he collected some pennies and half-pence. While he was doing so, Moran started his 'Mary of Egypt,' but the indignant crowd seizing his stick were about to belabor him, when they fell back bewildered anew by his close resemblance to himself. The pretender now called to them to "just give him a grip of that villain, and he'd soon let him know who the imposhterer was!" They led him over to Moran, but instead of closing with him he thrust a few shillings into his hand, and turning to the crowd explained to them he was indeed but an actor, and that he had just gained a wager, and so departed amid much enthusiasm, to eat the supper he had won.

In April, 1846, word was sent to the priest that Michael Moran was dying. He found him at 15 (now 14 1-2) Patrick Street, on a straw bed, in a room full of ragged ballad-singers come to cheer his last moments. After his death the ballad-singers, with many fiddles and the like, came again and gave him a fine wake, each adding to the merriment whatever he knew in the way of rann, tale, old saw, or quaint rhyme. He had had his day, had said his prayers and made his confession, and why should they not give him a hearty send-off? The funeral took place the next day. A good party of his admirers and friends got into the hearse with the coffin, for the day was wet and nasty. They had not gone far when one of them burst out with "It's cruel cowl'd, isn't it?" "Garra'," replied another, "we'll all be as stiff as the corpse when we get to the ber-rin-ground." "Bad cess to him," said a third; "I wish he'd held out another month until the weather got decent." A man called Carroll thereupon produced a half-pint of whisky, and they all drank to the soul of the departed. Unhappily, however, the hearse was over-weighted, and they had not reached the cemetery before the spring broke, and the bottle with it.

Moran must have felt strange and out of place in that other kingdom he was entering, perhaps while his friends were drinking in his honor. Let us hope that some kindly middle region was found for him, where he can call di-

sheveled angels about him with some new and more rhyth-
mical form of his old

“Gather round me, boys, will yez
Gather round me?
And hear what I have to say
Before ould Salley brings me
My bread and jug of tay;”

and fling outrageous quips and cranks at cherubim and seraphim. Perhaps he may have found and gathered, ragamuffin though he be, the Lily of High Truth, the Rose of Far-sought Beauty, for whose lack so many of the writers of Ireland, whether famous or forgotten, have been futile as the blown froth upon the shore.

CATHLEEN NI HOOLIHAN.¹

PERSONS.

PETER GILLANE.

MICHAEL GILLANE.—*His son, going to be married.*

PATRICK GILLANE.—*A lad of twelve, Michael's brother.*

BRIDGET GILLANE.—*Peter's wife.*

DELIA CAHEL.—*Engaged to Michael.*

THE POOR OLD WOMAN.

NEIGHBORS.

SCENE.—*Interior of a cottage close to KILLALA, in 1798.*

BRIDGET is standing at a table undoing a parcel. PETER is sitting at one side of the fire, PATRICK at the other.

PETER. What is that sound I hear?

PATRICK. I don't hear anything. (*He listens.*) I hear it now. It's like cheering. (*He goes to the window and looks out.*) I wonder what they are cheering about. I don't see anybody.

PETER. It might be a hurling match.

PATRICK. There's no hurling to-day. It must be down in the town the cheering is.

BRIDGET. I suppose the boys must be having some sport of their own. Come over here, Peter, and look at Michael's wedding clothes.

¹ See Mr. Stephen Gwynn's article on 'The Irish Drama.'

PETER (*shifts his chair to table*). Those are grand clothes, indeed.

BRIDGET. You hadn't clothes like that when you married me, and no coat to put on of a Sunday more than any other day.

PETER. That is true, indeed. We never thought a son of our own would be wearing a suit of that sort at his wedding, or have so good a place to bring a wife to.

PATRICK (*who is still at the window*). There is an old woman coming down the road. I don't know is it here she's coming.

BRIDGET. It will be a neighbor coming to hear about Michael's wedding. Can you see who it is?

PATRICK. I think it is a stranger, and she's not coming to the house. She has not turned up the path. She's turned into the gap that goes down where Maurteen and his sons are shearing sheep. (*He turns toward them.*) Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying the other night about the strange woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming?

BRIDGET. Don't be bothering us about Winnie's talk but go and open the door for your brother. I hear him coming up the path.

PETER. I hope he has brought Delia's fortune with him safe, for fear her people might go back of the bargain, and I after making it. Trouble enough I had making it.

(PATRICK *opens the door and* MICHAEL *comes in.*)

BRIDGET. What kept you, Michael? We were looking out for you this long time.

MICHAEL. I went round by the priest's house to bid him be ready to marry us to-morrow.

BRIDGET. Did he say anything?

MICHAEL. He said it was a very nice match, and that he was never better pleased to marry any two in his parish than myself and Delia Cahel.

PETER. Have you got the fortune, Michael?

MICHAEL. Here it is. (*He puts bag on the table and goes over and leans against chimney jamb.*)

(BRIDGET, *who has been all this time examining the clothes, pulling the seams, and trying the lining of the pockets, etc., puts clothes on dresser.*)

PETER (*getting up and taking the bag in his hand and turning out the money*). Yes, I made the bargain well for you, Michael. Old John Cahel would sooner have kept a share of this a while longer. "Let me keep the half of it till the first boy is born," says he. "You will not," says I. "Whether there is or is not a boy, the whole hundred pounds must be in Michael's hands before he brings your daughter to the house." The wife spoke to him then, and he gave in at the end.

BRIDGET. You seem well pleased to be handling the money, Peter.

PETER. Indeed, I wish I'd had the luck to get a hundred pounds, or twenty pounds itself, with the wife I married.

BRIDGET. Well, if I didn't bring much, I didn't get much. What had you the day I married you but a flock of hens and you feeding them, and a few lambs and you driving them to the market at Ballina? (*She is vexed and bangs a jug on the dresser.*) If I brought no fortune I worked it out in my bones, laying down the baby—Michael, that is standing there now—on a stook of straw, while I dug the potatoes, and never asking big dresses or anything but to be working.

PETER. That is true, indeed. (*He pats her arm.*)

BRIDGET. Leave me alone now till I ready the house for the woman that is to come into it.

PETER. You are the best woman in Ireland, but money is good, too. (*He begins handling the money again and sits down.*) I never thought to see so much money within my four walls. We can do great things now we have it. We can take the ten acres of land we have a chance of since Jamsie Dempsey died, and stock it. We will go to the fair of Ballina to buy the stock. Did Delia ask any of the money for her own use, Michael?

MICHAEL. She did not indeed. She did not seem to take much notice of it, or to look at it at all.

BRIDGET. That's no wonder. Why would she look at it when she had yourself to look at—a fine strong young man? It is proud she must be to get you—a good, steady boy, that will make use of the money, and will not be running through it, or spending it on drink, like another.

PETER. It's likely Michael himself was not thinking

much of the fortune either, but of what sort the girl was to look at.

MICHAEL (*coming over toward the table*). Well, you would like a nice comely girl to be beside you, and to go walking with you. The fortune only lasts for a while, but the woman will be there always.

PATRICK (*turning round from the window*). They are cheering again down in the town. Maybe they are landing horses from Enniscrone. They do be cheering when the horses take the water well.

MICHAEL. There are no horses in it. Where would they be going and no fair at hand? Go down to the town, Patrick, and see what is going on.

PATRICK (*opens the door to go out, but stops for a moment on the threshold*). Will Delia remember, do you think, to bring the greyhound pup she promised me when she would be coming to the house?

MICHAEL. She will surely. (PATRICK *goes out leaving the door open.*)

PETER. It will be Patrick's turn next to be looking for a fortune, but he won't find it so easy to get it, and he with no place of his own.

BRIDGET. I do be thinking sometimes, now things are going so well with us, and the Cahels such a good back to us in the district, and Delia's own uncle a priest, we might be put in the way of making Patrick himself a priest some day, and he so good at his books.

PETER. Time enough, time enough; you have always your head full of plans.

BRIDGET. We will be well able to give him learning, and not to send him tramping the country like a poor scholar that lives on charity.

MICHAEL. They're not done cheering yet. (*He goes over to the door and stands there for a moment putting up his hand to shade his eyes.*)

BRIDGET. Do you see anything?

MICHAEL. I see an old woman coming up the path.

BRIDGET. Who is it, I wonder?

MICHAEL. I don't think it's one of the neighbors, but she has her cloak over her face.

BRIDGET. Maybe it's the same woman Patrick saw a while ago. It might be some poor woman heard we were

making ready for the wedding, and came to look for her share.

PETER. I may as well put the money out of sight. There's no use leaving it out for every stranger to look at. (*He goes over to a large box by the wall, opens it and puts the bag in, and fumbles with the lock.*)

MICHAEL. There she is, father! (*An OLD WOMAN passes the window slowly. She looks at MICHAEL as she passes.*) I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding.

BRIDGET. Open the door, Michael: don't keep the poor woman waiting. (*The OLD WOMAN comes in; MICHAEL stands aside to make way for her.*)

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. God save all here!

PETER. God save you kindly.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. You have good shelter here.

PETER. You are welcome to whatever shelter we have.

BRIDGET. Sit down there by the fire and welcome.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN (*warming her hands*). There's a hard wind outside.

(*MICHAEL watches her curiously from the door. PETER comes over to the table.*)

PETER. Have you traveled far to-day?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. I have traveled far, very far; there are few have traveled so far as myself.

PETER. It is a pity, indeed, for any person to have no place of their own.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. That is true for you indeed, and it is long I am on the road since I first went wandering. It is seldom I have any rest.

BRIDGET. It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet, they think old age has come on me, and that all the stir has gone out of me.

BRIDGET. What was it put you astray?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET. Indeed you look as if you had had your share of trouble.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET. What was it put the trouble on you?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. My land that was taken from me.

PETER. Was it much land they took from you?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to BRIDGET*). Do you think she could be the Widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglas a while ago?

BRIDGET. She is not. I saw the Widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout, fresh woman.

PETER (*to OLD WOMAN*). Did you hear a noise of cheering, and you coming up the hill?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

“I will go cry with the woman,
For yellow-haired Donough is dead;
With a hempen rope for a neckcloth
And a white cloth on his head.”

MICHAEL (*coming from the door*). What is that you are singing, ma'am?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. Singing I am about a man I knew one time, yellow-haired Donough, that was hanged in Galway. (*She goes on singing much louder.*)

“I am come to cry with you, woman,
My hair is unwound and unbound;
I remember him plowing his field,
Turning up the red side of the ground.

“And building his barn on the hill
With the good mortared stone;
O! we'd have pulled down the gallows
Had it happened in Enniscrone!”

MICHAEL. What was it brought him to his death?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. He died for love of me; many a man has died for love of me.

PETER (*aside to BRIDGET*). Her trouble has put her wits astray.

MICHAEL. Is it long since that song was made? Is it long since he got his death?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. Not long, not long. But there were others that died for love of me a long time ago.

MICHAEL. Were they neighbors of your own, ma'am?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. Come here beside me and I'll tell you about them. (MICHAEL *sits down beside her at the hearth.*) There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf, by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow.

MICHAEL. Is it in the West that men will die to-morrow?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. Come nearer, nearer to me.

BRIDGET. Is she right, do you think? or is she a woman from the North?

PETER. She doesn't know well what she's talking about, with the want and the trouble she has gone through.

BRIDGET. The poor thing, we should treat her well.

PETER. Give her a drink of milk and a bit of the oaten cake.

BRIDGET. Maybe we should give her something along with that to bring her on her way—a few pence, or a shilling itself, and we with so much money in the house.

PETER. Indeed, I'd not begrudge it to her if we had it to spare; but if we go running through what we have, we'll soon have to break the hundred pounds, and that would be a pity.

BRIDGET. Shame on you, Peter. Give her the shilling and your blessing with it, or our own luck will go from us.

(PETER *goes to the box and takes out a shilling.*)

BRIDGET (*to the OLD WOMAN*). Will you have a drink of milk?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. It is not food or drink that I want.

PETER (*offering the shilling*). Here is something for you.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. That is not what I want. It is not silver I want.

PETER. What is it you would be asking for?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. If anyone would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all. (PETER *goes over to the table, staring at the shilling in his hand in a bewildered way and stands whispering to BRIDGET.*)

MICHAEL. Have you no man of your own, ma'am?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. I have not. With all the lovers that brought me their love, I never set out the bed for any.

MICHAEL. Are you lonely going the roads, ma'am?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. I have my thoughts and I have my hopes.

MICHAEL. What hopes have you to hold to?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. The hope of getting my beautiful fields back again; the hope of putting the strangers out of my house.

MICHAEL. What way will you do that, ma'am?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. I have good friends that will help me. They are gathering to help me now. I am not afraid. If they are put down to-day, they will get the upper hand to-morrow. (*She gets up.*) I must be going to meet my friends. They are coming to help me, and I must be there to welcome them. I must call the neighbors together to welcome them.

MICHAEL. I will go with you.

BRIDGET. It is not her friends you have to go and welcome, Michael; it is the girl coming into the house you have to welcome. You have plenty to do; it is food and drink, you have to bring to the house. The woman that is coming is not coming with empty hands; you would not have an empty house before her? (*To the OLD WOMAN.*) Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER (*to BRIDGET*). What is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET. You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen the daughter of Hoolihan.

PETER. I think I knew some one of that name once. Who was it, I wonder? It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy. No, no, I remember I heard it in a song.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN (*who is standing in the doorway*). They are wondering that there were songs made for me; there have been many songs made for me; I heard one on the wind this morning. (*She sings.*)

“ Do not make a great keening
 When the graves have been dug to-morrow.
 Do not call the white-searfed riders
 To the burying that shall be to-morrow.
 Do not spread food to call strangers
 To the wakes that shall be to-morrow
 Do not give money for prayers
 For the dead that shall die to-morrow.
 They will have no need of prayers, they will have no need of
 prayers.”

MICHAEL. I do not know what that song means; but tell me something I can do for you.

PETER. Come over to me, Michael.

MICHAEL. Hush, father; listen to her.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. It is a hard service they take that help me. Many that are red-cheeked now will be pale-cheeked; many that have been free to walk the hills and the bogs and the rushes will be sent to walk hard streets in far countries; many a good plan will be broken; many that have gathered money will not stay to spend it; many a child will be born and there will be no father at its christening to give it a name. They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid. (*She goes out. Her voice is heard outside singing.*)

“ They shall be remembered for ever
 They shall be alive for ever
 They shall be speaking for ever
 The people shall hear them for ever.”

BRIDGET (*to PETER*). Look at him, Peter; he has the look of a man that has got the touch. (*Raising her voice.*) Look here, Michael, at the wedding clothes. (*Taking clothes from dresser.*) You have a right to fit them on now. It would be a pity to-morrow if they did not fit; the boys would be laughing at you. Take them, Michael, and go into the room and fit them on. (*She puts them on his arm.*)

MICHAEL. What wedding are you talking of? What clothes will I be wearing to-morrow?

BRIDGET. These are the clothes you are going to wear when you marry Delia Cahel to-morrow.

MICHAEL. I had forgotten that. (*He looks at the*

clothes and turns toward the inner room, but stops at the sound of cheering outside.)

PETER. There is the shouting come to our own door. What is it has happened?

(Neighbors come crowding in, PATRICK and DELIA with them.)

PATRICK. There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala. *(PETER takes his pipe from his mouth and his hat off and stands up. The clothes slip from MICHAEL'S arm.)*

DELIA. Michael! *(He takes no notice.)* Michael! *(He turns towards her.)* Why do you look at me like a stranger? *(She drops his arm. BRIDGET goes over toward her.)*

PATRICK. The boys are all hurrying down the hillsides to meet the French.

DELIA. Michael won't be going to join the French.

BRIDGET. *(To PETER.)* Tell him not to go, Peter.

PETER. It's no use. He doesn't hear a word we're saying.

BRIDGET. Try, Delia, and coax him over to the fire.

DELIA. Michael, Michael, you won't leave me! You won't join the French and we going to be married to-morrow! *(She puts her arms about him. He turns to her as if about to yield.)*

OLD WOMAN'S voice outside—

“They shall be remembered for ever
The people shall hear them for ever.”

(MICHAEL breaks away from DELIA and goes out.)

BRIDGET *(laying her hand on PATRICK'S arm)*. Did you see an old woman going down the path?

PATRICK. I did not, but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen.

THE OLD AGE OF QUEEN MAEVE.

Maeve, the great queen, was pacing to and fro,
Between the walls covered with beaten bronze
In her high house at Cruachan; the long hearth,

Flickering with ash and hazel, but half showed
 Where the tired horse-boys lay upon the rushes,
 Or on the benches underneath the walls,
 In comfortable sleep. All living slept;
 But that great queen, who more than half the night
 Had paced from door to fire, and fire to door.
 Though now in her old age, in her young age
 She had been beautiful in that old way
 That 's all but gone, for the proud heart is gone,
 And the fool heart of the counting-house fears all
 But soft beauty and indolent desire.
 She could have called over the rim of the world
 Whatever woman's lover had hit her fancy,
 And yet had been great bodied and great limbed,
 Fashioned to be the mother of strong children,
 And she'd had lucky eyes and a high heart,
 And wisdom that caught fire like the dried flax,
 At need, and made her beautiful and fierce,
 Sudden and laughing.

O, unquiet heart,
 Why do you praise another, praising her
 As if there were no tale but your own tale
 Worth knitting to a measure of sweet sound!
 Have I not bid you tell of that great queen
 Who has been buried some two thousand years?

When night was at its deepest, a wild goose
 Cried from the porter's lodge, and with long clamor
 Shook the ale-horns and shields upon their hooks,
 But the horse-boys slept on, as though some power
 Had filled the house with Druid heaviness;
 And wondering who of the many-changing Sidhe
 Had come, as in old times, to counsel her,
 Maeve walked, yet with slow footfall, being old,
 To that small chamber by the outer gate.

The porter slept, although he sat upright
 With still and stony limbs and open eyes.
 Maeve waited, and when that ear-piercing noise
 Broke from his parted lips, and broke again,
 She laid a hand on either of his shoulders
 And shook him wide awake, and bid him say:
 Who of the wandering many-changing ones
 Had troubled his sleep. But all he had to say
 Was that the air, being heavy, and the dogs
 More still than they had been for a good month,

He had fallen asleep, and though he had dreamed nothing,
He could remember when he had had fine dreams,
It was before the time of the great war
Over the White-horned Bull, and the Brown Bull.

She turned away; he turned again to sleep,
That no god troubled now, and, wondering
What matters were afoot among the Sidhe,
Maeve walked through that great hall, and with a sigh
Lifted the curtain of her sleeping-room,
Remembering that she, too, had seemed divine
To many thousand eyes, and to her own
One that the generations had long waited
That work too difficult for mortal hands
Might be accomplished. Bunching the curtain up
She saw her husband, Ailell, sleeping there,
And thought of days when he 'd had a straight body,
And of that famous Fergus, Nessa's husband,
Who had been the lover of her middle life.

Suddenly Ailell spoke out of his sleep,
And not with his own voice, or a man's voice,
But with the burning, live, unshaken voice
Of those that it may be shall never fade.
He said, "High queen of Cruachan and Magh Ai,
A king of the Great Plain would speak with you."
And with glad voice Maeve answered him, "What king
Of the far-wandering shadows has come to me,
As in the old days, when they would come and go
About my threshold to counsel and to help?"
The parted lips replied, "I seek your help,
For I am Aengus, and I am crossed in love."
"How may a mortal whose life gutters out,
Help them that wander, with hand clasping hand,
By rivers where the rain has never dimmed
Their haughty images that cannot fade,
For all their beauty, like a hollow dream?"
"I come from the undimmed rivers to bid you call
The children of the Maines out of sleep,
And set them digging into Anbual's hill.
We shadows, while they uproot his earthy house,
Will overthrow his shadows, and carry off
Caer, his blue-eyed daughter, that I love.
I helped your fathers when they built these walls,
And I would have your help in my great need,
Queen of high Cruachan."

"I obey your will

With speedy feet and a most thankful heart,
 For you have been, O Aengus of the birds,
 Our giver of good counsel and good luck."
 And with a groan as if the mortal breath
 Could but awaken sadly upon lips
 That happier breath had moved, her husband turned
 Face downward, tossing in a troubled sleep;
 But Maeve, and not with a slow, feeble foot,
 Came to the threshold of the painted house,
 Where her grandchildren slept, and cried aloud
 Until the pillared dark began to stir
 With shouting and the clang of unhooked arms.
 She told them of the many-changing ones;
 And all that night, and all through the next day
 To middle night they dug into the hill.
 At middle night, great cats with silver claws,
 Bodies of shadow, and blind eyes like pearls,
 Came up out of the hole, and red-eared hounds
 With long white bodies came out of the air
 Suddenly, and ran at them and harried them.

The Maines' children dropped their spades and stood
 With quaking joints and terror-stricken faces,
 Till Maeve called out, "These are but common men,
 The Maines' children have not dropped their spades
 Because Earth, crazy for its broken power,
 Casts up a show, and the winds answer it
 With holy shadows." Her high heart was glad,
 And when the uproar ran along the grass,
 She followed with light footfall in the midst,
 Till it died out where an old thorn tree stood.
 Friend of these many years, you too have stood
 With equal courage in that whirling rout,
 For you, although you have not her wandering heart
 Have all that greatness, and not hers alone,
 For there is no high story about queens
 In any ancient book but tells of you,
 And when I've heard how they grew old and died,
 Or fell into unhappiness, I've said,
 "She will grow old and die, and she has wept,"
 And when I'd write it out anew, the words
 Half crazy with the thought, "she too has wept,"
 Outrun the measure.

I'd tell of that great queen,
 Who stood amid a silence by the thorn

Until two lovers came out of the air
With bodies made out of soft fire. The one
About whose face birds wagged their fiery wings
Said, "Aengus and his sweetheart give their thanks
To Maeve and to Maeve's household, owing all
In owing them the bride-bed that gives peace."
Then Maeve, "O, Aengus, master of all lovers,
A thousand years ago you held high talk
With the first kings of many pillared Cruachan,
O, when will you grow weary?"

They had vanished,
But out of the dark air over her head there came
A murmur of soft words and meeting lips.

THE HOST OF THE AIR.

O'Driscoll drove with a song
The wild duck and the drake
From the tall and the tufted reeds
Of the drear Hart Lake.

And he saw how the reeds grew dark
At the coming of night tide,
And dreamed of the long dim hair
Of Bridget his bride.

He heard, while he sang and dreamed,
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls
Who danced on a level place,
And Bridget his bride among them
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him
And many a sweet thing said,
And a young man brought him red wine
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve
Away from the merry bands,

To old men playing at cards
 With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,
 For these were the host of the air.
 He sat and played in a dream
 Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men
 And thought not of evil chance,
 Until one bore Bridget his bride
 Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,
 The handsomest young man there,
 And his neck and his breast and his arms
 Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll scattered the cards
 And out of his dream awoke.
 Old men and young men and young girls
 Were gone like a drifting smoke.

But he heard high up in the air
 A piper piping away,
 And never was piping so sad
 And never was piping so gay.

THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN.

The old priest Peter Gilligan
 Was weary night and day;
 For half his flock were in their beds,
 Or under green sods lay.

Once while he nodded on a chair
 At the moth-hour of eve,
 Another poor man sent for him,
 And he began to grieve.

"I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
 For people die and die."
 And after cried he, "God forgive!
 My body spake, not I!"

And then, half-lying on the chair,
He knelt, prayed, fell asleep;
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
When the moths came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.

"Mavrone, mavrone! the man has died.
While I slept on the chair."
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen;
The sick man's wife opened the door:
"Father, you come again!"

"And is the poor man dead?" he cried.
"He died an hour ago."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
In grief swayed to and fro.

"When you were gone, he turned and died
As merry as a bird."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
He knelt him at that word.

"He who hath made the night of stars
For souls, who tire and bleed,
Sent one of His great angels down
To help me in my need.

"He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair."

THE PITY OF LOVE.

A pity beyond all telling
 Is hid in the heart of love;
 The folk who are buying and selling,
 The clouds on their journey above,
 The cold wet winds ever blowing,
 And the shadowy hazel grove,
 Where mouse-gray waters are flowing,
 Threaten the head that I love.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD.

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
 And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
 And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
 Your eyes had once: and of their shadows deep;

 How many loved your moments of glad grace,
 And loved your beauty with love false or true,
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

 And bending down beside the glowing bars
 Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
 And paced upon the mountains overhead
 And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

A FAERY SONG.¹

From 'Poems.'

We who are old, old and gay,
 O so old!
 Thousands of years, thousands of years,
 If all were told:

Give to these children, new from the world,
 Silence and love;

¹ Sung by the people of faery over Diarmuid and Grania, who lay in their bridal sleep under a Cromlech.

And the long dew-dropping hours of the night,
And the stars above:

Give to these children, new from the world,
Rest far from men.
Is anything better, anything better?
Tell us it then.

Us who are old, old and gay:
O so old!
Thousands of years, thousands of years,
If all were told.

DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS.

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her could not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid a snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

INTO THE TWILIGHT.

From 'The Wind Among the Reeds.'

Outworn heart, in a time outworn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right;
Laugh, heart, again in the gray twilight,
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.

Your mother Eire is always young,
Dew ever shining and twilight gray;
Though hope fall from you and love decay,
Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill:
For there the mystical brotherhood
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
And river and stream work out their will;

And God stands winding His lonely horn,
And time and the world are ever in flight;
And love is less kind than the gray twilight,
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

A DREAM OF A BLESSED SPIRIT.

All the heavy days are over;
Leave the body's colored pride
Underneath the grass and clover,
With the feet laid side by side.

One with her are mirth and duty;
Bear the gold-embroidered dress,
For she needs not her sad beauty,
To the scented oaken press.

Hers the kiss of Mother Mary,
The long hair is on her face;
Still she goes with footsteps wary,
Full of earth's old timid grace:

With white feet of angels seven
Her white feet go glimmering;
And above the deep of heaven,
Flame on flame and wing on wing.

THE ROSE OF THE WORLD.

Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?
For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,
And Usna's children died.

We and the laboring world are passing by:
Amid men's souls, that waver and give place,
Like the pale waters in their wintry race,
Under the passing stars, foam of the sky,
Lives on this lonely face.

Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode:
Before you were, or any hearts to beat,
Weary and kind one lingered by His seat;
He made the world to be a grassy road
Before her wandering feet.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes-dropping
slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket
sings;
There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

THE HOSTING OF THE SIDHE.

The host is riding from Knocknarea
And over the grave of Clooth-na-bare;
Caolte tossing his burning hair,
And Niamh calling: *Away, come away:*
Empty your heart of its mortal dream.
The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round,
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound,
Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are a-gleam,
Our arms are waving, our lips are apart;
And if any gaze on our rushing band,
We come between him and the deed of his hand—
We come between him and the hope of his heart.
The host is rushing 'twixt night and day,
And where is there hope or deed as fair?
Caolte tossing his burning hair,
And Niamh calling: *Away, come away.*

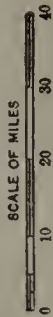


MICHAEL ROBARTES REMEMBERS FORGOTTEN
BEAUTY.

When my arms wrap you round, I press
My heart upon the loveliness
That has long faded from the world;
The jeweled crowns that kings have hurled
In shadowy pools, when armies fled;
The love-tales wove with silken thread
By dreaming ladies upon cloth
That has made fat the murderous moth;
The roses that of old time were
Woven by ladies in their hair;
The dew-cold lilies ladies bore
Through many a sacred corridor,
Where such gray clouds of incense rose
That only the gods' eyes did not close:
For that pale breast and lingering hand
Come from a more dream-heavy land—
A more dream-heavy hour than this.
And when you sigh from kiss to kiss
I hear white Beauty sighing, too,
For hours when all must fade like dew;
But flame on flame, deep under deep,
Throne over throne, where in half-sleep
Their swords upon their iron knees
Brood her high lonely mysteries.



Historical Map of IRELAND



Battlefields





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